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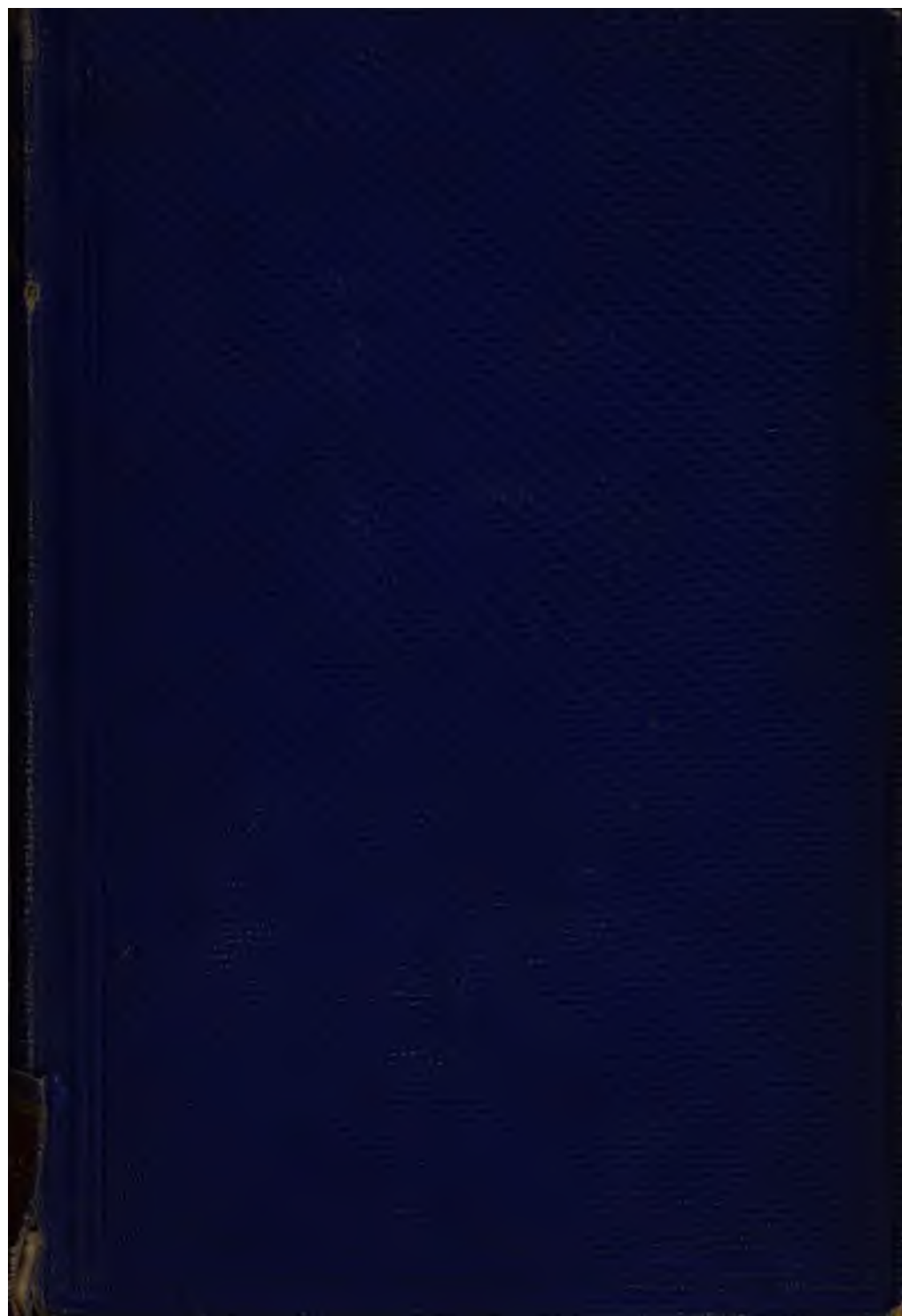
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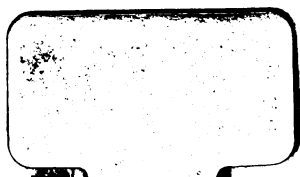
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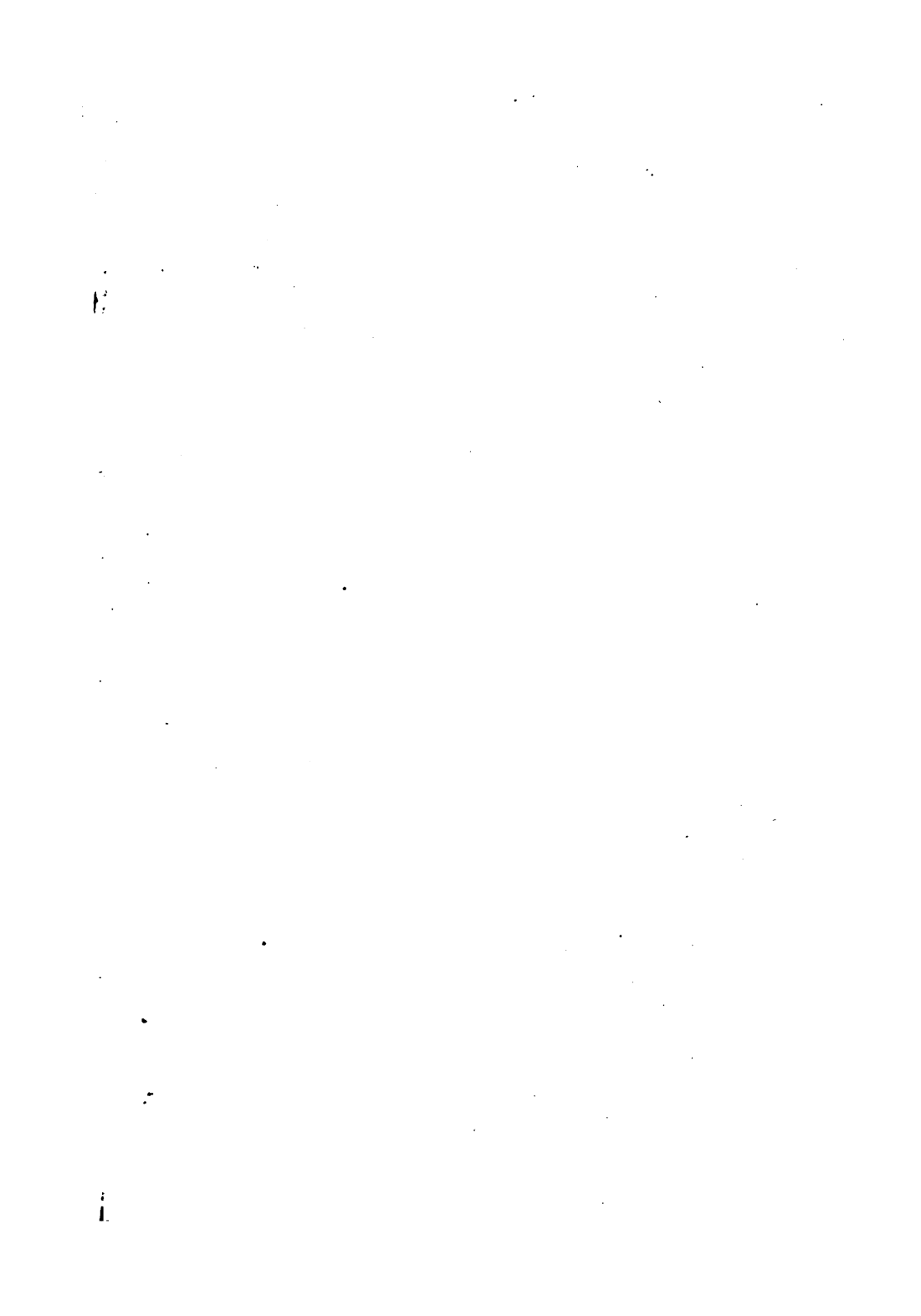
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ECCENTRIC PERSONAGES

BY

W. RUSSELL, LL.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.



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ECCENTRIC PERSONAGES.

Jonathan Swift, D.D. and Dean of Saint Patrick.

THERE can be no doubt of the audacious eccentricity of this reverend and dignified gentleman,—dignified by position, not by character, nor by seemly observance of even the common decencies of life. It is difficult to understand how Swift acquired his great reputation. Sir Walter Scott, in the feeblest paper he ever wrote (1824), pronounced him to be one of the greatest men this country had produced. One feels astounded that such a sentence should have flowed from such a pen. No question that Dean Swift possessed a vigorous, sledge-hammer kind of intellect. He was a sort of clerical William Cobbett, wearing a gown instead of a smock-frock, but utterly deficient in the tenderness for women

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which was the most amiable characteristic of the Hampshire ploughman. With the exception of "Gulliver's Travels," nothing of Swift's really lives in the popular mind. The taste of readers has so far improved since his time that indecent coarseness no longer passes for wit, nor irreverent mockery of all that constitutes the grace and glory of life, for profound, searching wisdom. The true solution of the enigma presented by the career of Dean Swift is, in my judgment, this—that he was in a certain morbid sense insane from an early age. The mental malady grew upon him with advancing years, and at last became apparent to the dullest observer, fully justifying the second line of an often-quoted couplet:—

"Down Marlboro's cheeks the tears of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show."

This much-talked-of Dean is commonly claimed by Irishmen as a countrymen of theirs. No one would grudge the Isle of Saints such honour as that circumstance might be supposed to confer: but the fact is not so; except, to use a trite vulgarism, a man is a horse if he happens to be born in a stable. Jonathan Swift's father was a Yorkshireman, and married Mrs. Abigail Erick, of Leicestershire. Famous people were the Swifts of Yorkshire, if we are to believe

the Dean's historiographers; though not by any means equal in historic lustre to the Ericks, — Mrs. Abigail Erick having been a direct descendant of Erick the Forester, who flourished in the days of William the Norman!

Mr. and Mrs. Swift, though rich in ancestral honours, were poor in an actual money sense. The father of the celebrated Dean was the youngest son of his father, and inherited a youngest son's portion. He accepted the situation or office of steward to the Society of King's Inn, Dublin; went to reside in that city; and there was born, before the expiration of the honey-year, if such a phrase be permissible, the subject of the present sketch, on the 30th of November, 1667. His father died when he was about a year old, leaving his widow almost penniless. She had recourse to her deceased husband's brother, reputedly a rich man, but not really so. Godwin Swift befriended her to an extent much beyond his real ability. Jonathan's education was secured, and ultimately he entered Trinity College, Dublin. He was not very successful in his studies there, and prone to all sorts of vagaries. He incurred seventy penalties for gross offences against the discipline of the

College, and was compelled to make a humiliating apology to Mr. Owen Loyd, the Junior Dean. He, however, obtained a degree, which seems to have been conferred upon him more from compassion than as the guerdon of merit. Swift was already at war with the world; but with the astuteness which is often found in men of unsound but powerful intellect, he early determined to be on the *right* side of the world, which he secretly scorned and despised. He sketched the first rough outline of his "Tale of a Tub," and showed it to his college friend, Mr. Warying, who did not greatly approve of the High-Church dogmas which it set forth. He did not, however, suspect that the production was a sample of Jonathan Swift's rabid insincerity.

Pecuniary troubles again clouded the never-very-bright morning of young Swift's life. Godwin Swift was unable any longer to afford "supplies." Dryden William Swift filled up the gap for awhile, not very efficiently; but his cousin Swift, settled abroad as a merchant, came to the rescue in the very nick of time. Jonathan Swift was at his wits' end—and that, whatever we may think of his moral character, was a long way to go—when the captain of a merchant vessel came to Trinity College, and having

found out the person he was in quest of, presented him with a considerable sum of money, a gift from the cousin. Young Swift was overjoyed, as well he might be. He offered the captain a large fee for his fidelity in the transaction, which the honest sailor refused to receive.

Swift meanwhile had made great progress in what was, and still is, esteemed learning. He was a fair Greek and Latin scholar, and he had given evidence of the possession of a fluent biting tongue and coarsely-sarcastic pen.

His worldly prospects still, however, looked gloomy enough, when a ray of light, though but a faint one, pierced through the clouds. He attracted the notice of Mr. Temple, who procured him a situation as secretary or amanuensis to his uncle, Sir William Temple, of Moor Park, Hampshire, brother of the then Lord Palmerston.

The connexion was not an agreeable one to either Swift or Sir William Temple. The former thought himself undervalued, which was true enough; and the baronet, whose lofty opinion of himself is well known, was annoyed by the supercilious assumption of the secretary. A truce was, however, for a time patched up. Sir William Temple had drawn up a series of

papers upon State affairs, for the edification of King William the Third, and sent them by his secretary, who was charged to make clear to his majesty any point or passage which the monarch might not distinctly comprehend.

Swift acquitted himself so well of this duty, "that his majesty offered me," says the facetious Dean. "the command of a troop of horse, and to show me how to cut asparagus the Dutch way." Whatever may have been the Dutch mode of *cutting* asparagus, the manner of eating it seems to have been extraordinary. Some time after his interview with the King, Swift was dining with an acquaintance, who heartily partook of the asparagus on the table, and pronounced it excellent. "How is it, then, you do not eat it?" exclaimed Swift. "You have left the stalks." "Of course I have; who the devil could eat the stalks?" "Sir, his gracious majesty eats the stalks. The King, sir, when, as I was just now remarking, he offered me a troop of horse, showed me not only how to cut asparagus, but how to eat it. He and his nation always eat the stalks." If the King had offered Swift a lucrative post in the civil service instead of a troop of horse, we may be sure that the asparagus joke, i'

joke it can be called, would never have been uttered.

In 1692 we find Mr. Jonathan Swift at Oxford University, where he obtained the degree of M.A., and wrote Pindaric odes, not much worse than those of Cowley or Donne. His cousin, John Dryden, to whom he sent a copy, wrote slightly of them, an offence which the High-Church author of "A Tale of a Tub" never forgave.

Jonathan Swift, M.A., returned to Moor Park, but not to abide long there. He and Sir William Temple had an angry quarrel, the secretary not being as decorous in his life and conversation as the baronet was desirous he should be. That being so, Mr. Swift announced his intention to go to Ireland, and there take holy orders. He went and took holy orders; but as that initiatory ceremony is barren of desirable fruit unless supplemented by a living, the Rev. Mr. Swift wrote a penitential letter to Sir William Temple, soliciting his pardon and good offices with the Lord Deputy of Ireland, who had livings in his gift. The good-natured baronet was at once mollified, freely forgave his reverend correspondent, and so warmly commended him to the favour of the Lord Deputy, that that

high officer presented the young clergyman with the living or prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, worth about one hundred pounds a year.

Previous to this the Rev. Mr. Swift had wooed Jane Warying, sister of his college friend; and promised to marry her as soon as circumstances should enable him to do so with prudence. The courtship lasted four years, and was chiefly carried on by letter. At last the lady, wearying of the long delay, asked that some day should be fixed for the celebration of the marriage. To this the reverend suitor replied that he had changed his mind; he had discovered she was too ugly for his wife. This lady he was accustomed to address by the name of "Varina." Swift had a fancy for such *noms d'amant*—though genuine lover he never was throughout his chameleon life.

A curious anecdote, variously reported, is related of the Reverend Jonathan Swift. Whilst vegetating at Kilroot, and preaching to a congregation which sometimes reached the unusual number of seven persons, the clerk inclusive, he being out for a walk, met a poor clergyman—one much poorer than himself, as he had to maintain a wife and eight

children upon forty pounds a year. It is only in the pages of the poet—a true poet notwithstanding—who lamented the good old times of England when every rood of ground maintained its man, that a parson can be passing rich upon that stipend. And yet, as the story goes, this starving clergyman bestrode a fine black mare, his own property. The Reverend Mr. Swift was desirous of doing the poor curate a good turn, but naturally expecting some recompense for a charitable deed, asked for the loan of the horse. As the Reverend Swift was, we may presume, personally known to the poor parson, the request was complied with. Shortly afterwards, according to Sir Walter Scott, the prebend of Kilroot was vacated by Swift and presented to the indigent clergyman, the Reverend Jonathan retaining the black mare as a fee for the conversion of forty into one hundred pounds per annum, through his, the Reverend Swift's, influence and exertions. It is a strange story, and scarcely credible, though believed in by Sir Walter Scott. Lord Orrery—no friend of Swift's—gives a very different version of the affair; but as his imputations are not sustained by proof, it would be unfair to quote them. The truth of the matter I suppose to be

this:—Swift had obtained of Lord Berkeley, one of the Lord Justices of Ireland, a promise of the rich deanery of Derry, and being about to leave Kilroot, recommended the clergyman with a wife and eight children to the vacated prebend, and accepted the “fine black mare” as a present of gratitude.

The Reverend Jonathan Swift was grievously disappointed in his expectation of the rich deanery of Derry. The Lord Justice’s private secretary had an insuperable objection to the arrangement. Another candidate, anxious to be the instrument of saving souls in that particular deanery, was willing to hand over one thousand pounds for the possession of the blessed privilege. The Reverend Jonathan Swift had not, perhaps, a thousand pence. A sufficiently rich client was found, the secretary of the Lord Justice pocketed the thousand pounds, and Swift’s anger found impotent expression in a letter, wherein he exclaimed, with reference to the Lord Justice and his secretary, “God confound you both for a couple of scoundrels.”

The Lady Berkeley was friendly to Swift, and through her influence the youthful Divine obtained the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan, with the prebend of Dunlain—

the gross income derived from which amounted to four hundred pounds a year.

About this time the Reverend Jonathan carried out a practical joke which caused much amusement. One John Partridge published a Prophetic Almanack, which had a large sale. It was not, perhaps, more absurdly audacious than our modern Francis Moore and Zadkiel's publications. It, however, so stirred Swift's bile that he sent a letter to the papers, subscribed "Isaac Bickerstaff, the Modern Merlin"—in which he foretold the death of Partridge, naming the day and hour when that sad and solemn event would take place.

Poor Partridge was terribly annoyed: the prediction seemed likely, as sometimes happens, to fulfil itself. He, however, survived the day upon which Isaac Bickerstaff, as interpreter of the stars, had foretold that he would die. He announced that important fact in the belief that it would put his persecutor to shame. Not at all; very far from that. The only notice taken by Swift of the Almanack maker's assertion that he was alive and well was the publication of a monody on his death. The assertion of his being alive was coolly ignored. Vainly did the persecuted Partridge write again to the newspapers,

"Blessed be God, John Partridge *is* still living and in health, and they are all knaves who report otherwise." Strange to say, the Stationers' Company believed Isaac Bickerstaff and prohibited the publication of Partridge's Almanack—forasmuch as that person was defunct. In his extremity, Partridge engaged the facile pen of Dr. Yalden, who wrote a pamphlet which set forth the pros and cons of the argument, very elaborately summing up the case by a hesitating opinion that John Partridge *was* still in the flesh. The Doctor was a wag and a friend of Swift's. John Partridge was never able to successfully prove his own identity, and at last he appears to have been himself somewhat doubtful of it.

I shall pass rapidly over those sad episodes, so to speak, in the life of this misplaced man, which repute has connected with Miss Esther Johnson and Miss Vanhomrig—the Stella and Vanessa of his repulsively selfish, egotistical verses. Esther Johnson he met with at Moor Park. She was his pupil, and a beautiful girl. He gained her affections, and with her sister, Mrs. Dingle, she followed him to Ireland. Miss Vanhomrig was a later acquaintance, and she also pursued the fasci-

nating parson to the Emerald Isle. Ultimately, Swift married Esther Johnson (Stella), privately, in Dublin—the condition being that the union should not be acknowledged till such time as he himself chose to announce it. That time never came. Miss Vanhomrigh (Vanessa) died of a broken heart, to use a conventional phrase, which sometimes expresses a substantial truth. A great reverse in life, whether it arise from disappointed affection or baffled ambition, will often so weaken and depress the vital force of life, that the slightest physical disorder will extinguish the flickering flame.

The Reverend Jonathan Swift had not, and did not care to have, an extensive cure of souls. His congregation usually consisted of about half a dozen hearers, and upon one occasion he had only one auditor, the parish clerk, one Roger Coxe, whom, on commencing his sermon, this facetious champion of High Church orthodoxy addressed as “Dearly beloved Roger!”

The Reverend Jonathan Swift, in sooth, cared but for the emoluments of the Church, though he did write a pamphlet upon the best mode of promoting the advancement of religion. A Whig in politics, he, finding Harley and Bolingbroke in favour with Queen

Anne, abandoned his former friends, and employed his bitter pen to vilify them. He was constantly in London soliciting and importuning for preferment—money! “If the Queen,” wrote the high-flying Churchman to Stella, “does not give me a thousand pounds, I am ruined.”

When in London, Swift used to frequent Button’s Coffee-house, where he was known as “the Mad Parson.” He rarely spoke to any one, and was in the habit of pacing the room to and fro in moody silence. He broke that silence one day by an odd sally. A country gentleman in mud-bespattered boots came in. Swift instantly accosted him with, “Pray, sir, do you remember any fine weather in the world?” The country gentleman thanked God that he had in his lifetime known much fine weather. “Well, sir, then your experience and mine differ. The weather is always too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry.” Recollecting his Church livery, Swift sanctimoniously added, “However, God contrives it is all well at the end of the year.”

Dr. Arbuthnot, who now and then dropped in at Button’s, tried a fall with the mad parson, and got the worst of it. He had written a note in the coffee-room, and stepping up to the

"mad parson," asked if he could favour him with a little sand to dry the ink. "No, sir," said Swift; "I have no sand, but I could accommodate you with a little gravel."

Lord Wharton, of not very odorous reputation, was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and was, of course, pursued by the importunities of Swift. He was unsuccessful. Dr. Loyd, who was on sufficiently intimate terms with Lord Wharton, had observed that an attendant upon her ladyship, upon whom she had bestowed the sobriquet of Foysdy, was an especial favourite with his lordship. Dr. Loyd made vehement court to the young lady—actually proposed marriage to her; upon hearing which, Lord Wharton exclaimed, with the fervour inspired by a great deliverance, "Why, then, he shall have the first bishopric that falls vacant." Dr. Loyd was in no hurry to make dear Foysdy Mrs. Loyd. He waited till a bishopric did fall vacant—that of Cork, and immediately married Foysdy. Lord Wharton endeavoured faithfully to fulfil his part of the bargain, but Queen Anne could not be persuaded to nominate Loyd Bishop of Cork, and that eminent divine was compelled to accept a not very lucrative deanery in the North, as the best *solatium*

obtainable for his disappointment. Swift indulged in much coarse merriment at Dr. Loyd's expense.

Mrs. Masham, the influential favourite of Queen Anne, was a steady friend to Swift, and but for his irritable temper, might have succeeded in procuring him the bishopric of Hereford. There were, however, *two* favourites—the Duchess of Somerset, and Mrs., subsequently Lady Masham. Her majesty alternately listened to the advice of one and of the other. Swift knew that her Grace of Somerset disliked him, and in a fit of petulance wrote and caused to be printed a scurrilous libel, in which he charged her with the murder of her first husband. At the earnest request of Lady Masham, to whom he had sent a copy, and who knew how much it would offend the Queen, he gave orders to the printer to destroy all the copies. He was too late. The Duchess had obtained one of them, which she showed to the Queen, who was exceedingly indignant that such a charge should be made against a person whom she held in favour and esteem. The Archbishop of York also opposed himself to Swift's pretensions, and spite of Lady Masham's powerful support, the bishopric, which he believed himself to be in

almost actual possession of, became a rapidly dissolving view. He afterwards avenged himself, after his fashion, by the following couplet :—

“By an old murderess pursued,
A crazy prelate, and a royal prude.”

At last he so far succeeded in the struggle for the loaves and fishes of the Church as to obtain the deanery of St. Patrick, Dublin. There being nothing more to hope for from the English Ministry, Swift determined to set up for a flaming Irish patriot,—he, who had always proclaimed his disgust with Ireland and all things Irish. Once at the town of Kells, he asked the landlord of the tavern in which he was staying, his name and country. The reply was, “My name is Jonathan Belcher, and I am an Englishman by birth.” “Good heavens!” exclaimed Swift, “an Englishman baptized Jonathan *here* !”

The Dean preached political pamphlets, not sermons ; and soon came to be very popular in Dublin. He had not to wait very long for an opportunity of displaying his newly-kindled Irish zeal.

William Wood was authorized by Royal patent to coin copper money for Ireland to the amount of one hundred and eight thousand pounds. This would have been a perfectly

legitimate, unobjectionable transaction, had it not oozed out that the patent had been obtained through the influence of the Duchess of Kendal, the King's mistress, who was to share half the profits with Wood.

Swift at once took up the cudgels nominally against Wood—really against the Ministry. He wrote under the name of "A Drapier," and his vigorous Billingsgate produced immense effect. Harding, the printer of the letters, was thrown into gaol, and a reward of three hundred pounds was offered for the discovery of the writer. Everybody knew the Dean was the author—the moral proof was conclusive, but legal evidence of the fact was not obtainable. Harding steadily refused to give up the name of the author. Swift himself was a witness of the man's constancy. He visited Harding disguised as an Irish peasant. Whilst there, Government emissaries arrived; they came with liberal offers from the viceregal government if Harding would enable them to convict the seditious pamphleteer. Harding refused—preferring to remain in prison rather than betray the confidence which Swift had reposed in him. The Dean found himself nevertheless in great jeopardy. A servant who had taken the manu-

script to Harding and brought back proofs, presuming upon the possession of so perilous a secret, replied to the Dean in an insolent manner, hinting that he might be induced to claim the reward offered by the Government. "Strip off your livery!" exclaimed the enraged Dean. "Begone, and do your worst!" The man begged pardon and was forgiven.

One curious incident in this absurd imbroglío deserves notice. Swift attended a levée held by Lord Calcot, the lord-lieutenant, and bursting through the brilliant *entourage*, fiercely demanded how his lordship dared to keep such an honest man as Harding in gaol. Lord Calcot, who knew perfectly well, as everyone else did, that Swift was the Drapier, replied with a good-humoured classical quotation, and the matter ended. The obnoxious patent was ultimately cancelled.

There are innumerable anecdotes related of the Dean, all, or nearly all, exhibitivè of a coarse, offensive nature. Nasty is the true word. His deanship did not engage a servant without first questioning him or her as to their willingness to perform the most servile, unpleasant offices. If the answers given were satisfactory, showing the requisite slavish spirit, the man or woman was engaged, not otherwise.

One *not* unsavoury anecdote told of this man is that when "Mary Cook" sent him to table a leg of mutton overdone, he rang for and desired her to take it away, "and do it less."

The fierce, erratic intellect gave rapidly away at last. He was himself conscious—had for years felt conscious that his brain was flawed. It was a morbid sympathy with unfortunates afflicted with mental derangement which prompted him to found the Hospital for Idiots. One day, reading his "Tale of a Tub," he suddenly exclaimed, "Good Heavens! what a genius I had when I wrote that book. It is gone now—gone—gone for ever." This reminds us of the anecdote of Marlborough, who, when in his dotage, gazing upon a portrait of himself when he was in the flush and heyday of life, exclaimed, in a childish, treble voice, "That *was* a man."

When strolling with a friend in the country, Swift gave utterance to the dismal forebodings which had long possessed him. They came upon a noble elm, the topmost branches of which were withered. "Ah, my friend!" exclaimed Swift, "like that tree, I shall *die at the top!*"

Prophetic words—soon to be realized. Dean Swift died raving mad, leaving little behind him, spite of great talents, which the world has not willingly allowed to die.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

THE Lady Mary Pierrepont was the eldest of the three daughters of the Earl of Dorchester, afterwards Duke of Kingstown. She was his favourite, very beautiful as a child, and of that type of beauty which maturity perfects and enhances. A singularly precocious girl was the Lady Mary Pierrepont; her talent, genius—such talent and genius as she possessed—not only budded, but flowered early. The splendour and the perfume were, in a comparative degree, but the suppliance of a minute—sweet, not lasting, forward, not permanent.

The first distinct view we have of her ladyship is at the once famous Kit-Kat Club in 1698. It was the custom at that very aristocratic *réunion* to assemble at the commencement of the London season, to nominate the lady who should be their standing toast for the year, have her name inscribed upon their drinking-glasses, and her portrait painted in Kit-Kat fashion—head and bust merely. In the year named, 1698, the members of the Club were somewhat puzzled as to the choice

of a lady who would accept the honour. To end the difficulty the Earl of Dorchester proposed his daughter, the Lady Mary Pierrepont. There was some demur to the proposal, no member of the Club having seen the young lady. To obviate that objection the earl said he would go at once and fetch her if the members were willing that he should do so. There could be no possible objection, and it was not long before the earl returned with a beautiful girl not quite nine years old. She was received and nominated with exuberant acclamation. The members were delighted, and the Lady Mary received their compliments with a grace and sweetness almost womanly, which won upon the hearts of all. She herself was in an ecstasy of delight. The incense of admiration intoxicated her at that child-age. "Pleasure," she afterwards wrote, "Pleasure were too poor a word to express my sensations; never again throughout my life have I spent so happy a day." There is in these few words a self-revelation which gives the key to her wayward ladyship's whole life, a life of which the master passion was vanity, insatiable vanity, a craving after notoriety, from the attainment of which she would certainly not be hindered by old humdrum prejudices.

The charming nominee of the Kit-Kat Club was born in 1690, at Thoresby, Nottinghamshire. She was in her fifth year when the Countess of Dorchester died, since when her studies had been directed by the earl, her father. The curriculum adopted was identical with that pursued by her brother, the Earl of Newark. The girl soon distanced the boy. He was nowhere in classics. When she was still in her early teens the Lady Mary had mastered the Greek and Latin languages, and acquired so true an insight into the social and political condition of England, that she translated "Epictetus," after a fashion, and sent the manuscript to the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, accompanying it with a long, laboured epistle, in which she proved to her own perfect satisfaction that the "sinking liberties of England" could only be saved from speedy and total wreck by the patriotic fortitude of soul which his lordship was known to possess. The elixir vitæ recommended by her young ladyship for the effectual renovation of England, whose fine ladies, this pretty minx of fifteen assured the bishop, were more atheistic than the loosest rakes, was the enforced education of English girls and women in the dead languages; which means that they should be consecrated to Christianity by the

baptism of Pagan moralists. What answer was returned by my lord the bishop to this silly stuff does not appear. Mr. Stuart Wortley, the present Recorder of London, if I mistake not, is of opinion that that early flight of genius showed that the charming girl's talents would bear her very high in the literary Empyrean. His Recordership's law, we may be permitted to hope, is sounder than his critical acumen.

It is difficult, if not impossible, accurately to estimate Greek and Latin scholarship. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is a pretentious sham. Porson, the most famous of Greek scholars, used to admit in his cups that he really knew less of the Greek language than an ancient Greek cow-boy. Mr. Gladstone would probably make the same admission. Professor Porson, moreover, denied that the scholastic Germans knew anything of Greek :—

“The Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek,
Not one in ten score,
Nor yet in ten more,
Except my friend Hermann,
And Hermann 's a German.”

There are other tests more decisive than mere critical dicta. The highly-cultivated classic taste of Lady Mary Pierrepont was of so

refining a quality as to cause her to revel with delight over the highly-intellectual pages printed at the Minerva Press, to admire and effusively sympathize with Corydons, Celias, Grandisons, Aramintas, who sigh, simper, maunder, and preach through dreary records of impossible life. The English dramatic writing which this young lady (whom her biographers would have the world believe could not only read in the original but fully appreciate Sophocles and Euripides) most highly esteemed, was not Shakspeare's. She seems to have condescendingly patronized the author of "Hamlet," something after the supercilious fashion of Mrs. Montagu and the author of "Irene." Her admiration of the British stage culminated in Lilly's magnificent "George Barnwell." The force of genius could not soar a loftier flight than was evinced in that immortal drama. After this the anecdote of the enthusiastic Scotchman who, standing up in the pit, after the successful representation of Home's tragedy of "Douglas," exultingly exclaimed, looking down upon the English audience from the immeasurable height of Caledonian conceit—"What do you think of your Woolly Shakspeare noo?" reads like the utterance of a sensible man.

Beautiful Lady Mary was, it would seem, by her own confession, by no means fastidious as to personal cleanliness. One of her French intimates remarked that her hands were not so clean as they might be. "*Mes mains! C'est vrai; mais si vous voyiez mes pieds!*" ("My hands! It is true; but if you could see my feet!")

A frolicsome girl was this daughter of the Duke of Kingston, destined in that age of literary gourd tribe luxuriance to attain rapidly as lofty as spurious a reputation for genius. She ordered a boy's fantastic dress of many colours, very picturesque, becoming in a certain sense, no doubt, and used to delight in riding a favourite pony, boy-fashion, at a pace which made the attendant groom, though well mounted, toil after her in vain. She was, perhaps, as good a horse-woman as Queen Victoria.

Her eccentricities, whilst she was still young—not unsexed, un-Englished, by a cosmopolitan cynical scepticism—often inclined to virtue's side, to use a much quoted namby-pambyism. An elderly servant in the establishment had been guilty of some impertinence towards her, which coming to the Earl of Dorchester, or the Duke of Kingston's knowledge [the date of the

anecdote is not so clear as the fact itself], the woman was discharged without notice. She was poor. The Lady Mary—her anger, excited by the servant's want of manners, having subsided—managing, under pretence that she required a considerable sum of money for the replenishment of her wardrobe, to obtain fifty guineas of the earl or duke, went herself to the woman's dwelling, and handing her the fifty-guinea purse, said, "Now mind, you very impudent creature, that if you ever dare mention that I have given you money, not only will I never give you another farthing, but I will have you hunted out of the country. Remember that!" The woman, or some other person cognizant of the circumstance, must have mentioned it, as it soon became known in the Lady Mary's father's establishment, and the servant was before long readmitted to the situation from which she had been abruptly dismissed.

The home-education of the Lady Mary Pierrepont was well adapted to early fashion a girl of her peculiar idiosyncrasy and temperament into a self-willed, vain, self-confident girl-woman of the world. She was mistress of her father's household, presided at her father's table when she was in her sixteenth year. The conver-

sational contact incident to such a position, in a house where the guests were chiefly men, could not be otherwise than destructive of the maidenly modesty of manner which constitutes the charm of girlhood.

Still she was a much-admired, much-toasted young lady, not only at the Kit-Kat Club, but other resorts of fashionable gentlemen. No wonder that her not very powerful, though to a certain extent creative brain was turned by the adulation of society, that the incense lavishly burnt before the shrine of the noble young beauty by a multitude of titled fools and tuft-hunters, should have developed her organ of vanity—originally large enough, in all conscience—to a prodigious extent. Beautiful—fascinating, when she chose to be so—and declared to be the wittiest woman of that or any other age, it is not surprising that she esteemed herself to be superior to all the men and women in the world—in that hallucination presenting a marked resemblance to Margaret Fuller, the American phenomenon, who made her brilliant *début*, passed across, and made her sudden exit from the stage of the world a century and a half after her English prototype. Well, the Lady Mary was certainly witty—not with the wit of Rosalind or

Beatrice, or its faintest reflex, but she could string together shining sentences. Not much in them, but the gold varnish glittered. There have been, are, and I suppose always will be, adepts in that art. They resemble the artist-workers of Birmingham, who, it is said, can manufacture a thousand pounds' worth, sale-worth, of jewellery out of a sovereign and a copper coalshute.

Lady Mary was especially proud of her epistolary powers. "Do not destroy or mislay my letters," she wrote, with laughable *égoïsme*. "Forty years hence they will be as highly esteemed as those of Madame De Sevigné."

I give a specimen of one of the compositions which were to rival, possibly surpass, those of the *spirituelle* Frenchwoman. Lady Mary was on a visit in Yorkshire, whence she addressed the following barren, blotting-paper imitation of the De Sevigné style to her friend, Anne Wortley, the granddaughter of Admiral Montague, Earl of Sandwich. She is writing of the Yorkshire beaux :—

"In the first form of these creatures is a Mr. Vanberg. Heaven, no doubt compassionating his dulness, has inspired him with a passion which makes us all ready to die with laughing. 'Tis credibly reported that he is endeavouring

at the honourable estate of matrimony, and is resolved to lead a sinful life no more. It is hard to say whether pure holiness inspires, or dotage turns his brain. 'Tis certain he attends the Monday and Thursday market assemblies constantly, and for those who don't regard worldly advantage much, there's extra good and plentiful choice. I believe there were two hundred pieces of woman's flesh—fat and lean—last Monday. But you know Van's taste was always odd. His inclination for ruins has given him a taste for Mrs. Yarborough. He sighs and ogles so that it would do your heart good to see him, and she is not a little pleased, in so small a proportion of men amongst such a number of women, that a whole should fall to her share."

The Lady Mary had a multitude of lovers, admirers, and dangles; not one of whom did she regard with the slightest real favour. But she amused herself mightily with them. One desperately enamoured and very rich young gentleman, a Mr. John Beauchamp, who made impassioned love to her, and who, when she had just passed her eighteenth birthday, sent a formal offer in writing to her noble father. The young gentleman was a wretched horseman. He had been brought up effemi-

nately by "a timid, fearful aunt." A John Gilpin equestrian, he preferred a walking pace when on the back of a horse, or at the worst a very mild amble. Mischievous Lady Mary resolved to give him a practical lesson upon the folly of seeking to unite himself in the blessed bonds of wedlock to a lady whose tastes, habits, proclivities, were so directly opposed to his own.

John Beauchamp, Esquire, attended in the forenoon at the Duke's mansion to receive, as he phrased it, his life or death-warrant. He barely escaped, in grim reality, the latter alternative. Lady Mary Pierrepont was waiting for the sighing swain in the fore court-yard, her high-blooded pony was ready, as was another equally high-blooded animal, though in appearance meek, mild to a fault. "You will take a ride with me?" said her young ladyship, flashing upon her dazzled suitor one of her most brilliant smiles. "I have had the quietest mare in the stable saddled on purpose for you. We shall have a delightful ride on this beautiful day." What could the ardent lover do but accept so flattering an invitation, whatever his misgivings as to the quietest mare in the stable? I am almost sure, by the way, he was the Honourable John Beauchamp—so called, at all events, if I remember rightly, in

an old number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, from which I derive the anecdote. Whether honourable or not, the highly-flattered, dreadfully-frightened lover mounted the meek mare with a groom's assistance, and away went the fast pony with her faster ladyship, the quiet mare following suit with a will. It was cruel, terrible—sit upright, holding on solely by the bridle, the Honourable John Beauchamp could not, at that terrible pace; and stooping down, like Cowper's hero, he grasped the mane with both his hands and eke with all his might. Ah, my Lady Mary, it is useless to wave your handkerchief, as, half-turning round in the saddle, you do, by way of courteous encouragement, to that frightfully scared swain. The quietest of mares has become unusually excited—wondering and perplexed no doubt as to the kind of animal which bestrides her. She passes the pony like a cannon-shot, and makes straight for a five-barred gate, which she has leapt a hundred times. The Honourable John Beauchamp screams with terror, but holds on, nevertheless, like grim Death, to the mare's mane and neck, till the terrible leap takes place, when he is shot out of the saddle like a stone from a sling. The Lady Mary and groom ride up and the frolicsome maiden was a

good deal alarmed by the result of her practical joke, as she looked upon the white face of her lover, and the blood oozing from the back of his head. The Honourable John Beauchamp was, fortunately, not killed, though the escape from death was a narrow one. It does not seem that he ever again renewed his offer of marriage, or requested a more decisive reply to that which he had sent. He was quite satisfied, and in after years, when the Lady Mary had developed into the bluest of *bas-bleus*, the strongest of strong-minded women, was wont in his convivial hours to rejoice in the memory of that tremendous ride. Bitter in the mouth, but sweet in the stomach.

Meanwhile, a marriage between her eccentric ladyship and the Honourable Edward Wortley Montague was initiated. Mr. Wortley Montague, a solemn, methodic gentleman, an incarnation of red-tape routine, became enthralled by her lovely ladyship—by her face and figure—a merely sensuous passion. Lady Mary Pierrepont met the gentleman one day at his sister's. He, like most dull pedants, affected contempt for feminine acquirements, feminine genius. Lady Mary put forth all her powers to compel the practical retraction of that cynical creed; the artillery of her eyes,

and general personal beauty, being infinitely more effective, we may be sure, than smart flippancy of tongue, which never since the world began enchained the affections of a man. It was especially hopeless to attempt doing so in this particular instance. Had the Lady Mary been gifted with genuine wit or humour, it would have been as useless attempting to cut blocks with a razor, as to have sought the subjugation of Mr. Wortley Montague by such a weapon. At their first interview, it came out that her ladyship's classic curriculum did not comprise Quintus Curtius. This afforded Mr. Wortley Montague an opportunity of sending his charmer a copy, on the fly-leaf of which he wrote the following dreary doggrel :—

“ Beauty like hers had vanquished Persia shown,
The Macedon had laid his empire down,
And polished Greece obeyed a barbarous throne.
Had wit so bright adorned a Grecian dame,
The amorous youth had lost his thirst for fame,
Nor distant India sought through Syria's plain,
But to the Muses' stream hither had run,
And thought her lover more than Ammon's son.”

This supremely dull and pompous personage was, however, unmistakably in love with the Lady Mary's beauty. He could not escape its influence, though nervously desirous of doing

so. The Reverend Sydney Smith used to say that he must have recourse to an umbrella to shield himself from the "Norton" rays. Mr. Wortley Montague contemplated the adoption of a far more effective defence against such sun-strokes—that of flight. But he could not convert purpose into action; he could not break his chains. His correspondence with the eccentric enchantress was commenced through the medium of his sister, Anne Wortley. Wortley Montague wrote the letters, the fervour of which, supposedly uttered by female lips, would have been insipidly absurd. One of the Lady Mary's replies is explicative enough—is only another illustration of the instinct by which *l'esprit vient aux filles* :—

"I am infinitely obliged to you, my dear Miss Wortley, for the wit, beauty, and other fine qualities you bestow upon me. Next to receiving them from Heaven, you are the person from whom I would receive gifts and graces.

I am very well satisfied to owe them to your own delicacy of imagination, which represents to you the idea of a fine lady, and you have good nature enough to fancy I am she. All this is mighty well, but you do not stop there. Imagination is boundless. After giving me

imaginary wit and beauty, you give me imaginary passion, and you tell me I'm in love. If I am, it is a love of ignorance, for I don't even know the man's name. I passed the days of Nottingham Races, at Thoresby, without seeing or wishing to see one of the sex. Now, if I *am* in love, I am very unfortunate to conceal it so industriously from my own knowledge, and yet reveal it so plainly to other people. 'Tis against all form to have such a passion as that without giving one sigh for the matter. Pray tell me the name of him I love, that I may, according to the custom of lovers, sigh to the woods and groves hereabout, and teach it to their echo."

Miss Wortley died, and the thin, transparent device of wooing by proxy—lispering love for a woman by the voice of a girl—was necessarily given up. Mr. Wortley Montague courted in person instead of by attorney; but the trumpet gave an uncertain sound, and the replying echoes were still more uncertain.

"You think," said the lady, "that if you married me I should be distractedly fond of you for one month, and of somebody else the next. Disabuse yourself of that notion. Neither would happen. I can esteem, I can be a friend, but I don't know whether I can love.

Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond in me." Mr. Wortley proposed that immediately the nuptial knot was tied, the "happy pair" should retire to the glades, permanently it would seem—the world forgetting, by the world forgot. A paradisaal hermitage was dimly pictured in his foggy imagination. The Lady Mary had no such stuff in her thoughts. "Retirement," said the strong-minded young lady, "would soon be disagreeable to you. A face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would soon be tired of seeing every day the same thing." Again: "Love is a mere madness—the passion of a child for a well-dressed doll. It delights him till in a short time the tinsel covering wears through, and he discovers that it is mainly made of sawdust." Truly a plain-spoken damsel, perfectly secure of her victim, if she elected to lead him to the altar of sacrifice. In another of these amiable rejoinders she says: "Make no answer to this. If you can like me on my own terms, 'tis not to me you must make the proposals. If not, to what purpose is our correspondence?"

Lord Wharncliffe remarks in his poorly and partially written biography of his ancestors

that Mr. Wortley Montague was horribly afraid of uniting himself for better for worse with such a very original damsel, and struggled fiercely to break through the meshes in which she had bound him ; “ but every struggle to get free left him still a captive, galled by his chain, yet unable to break one link of it effectually.”

Who can control his fate? Mr. Wortley surrendered at discretion, and made a formal proposal for the hand of the fascinating daughter to the Earl of Dorchester. The proposal was accepted with reservations as to how the property should be settled. Mr. Wortley, inspired by his lady-love, who differed with society—“ high” society, it is well understood—*crème de la crème*—with respect to the justice of the laws of entail and primogeniture, refused to entail the whole of his landed estate upon the oldest male issue of the proposed marriage, who might, he remarked with prophetic truth, prove a spendthrift, an idiot, or a villain. Lady Mary was decidedly of opinion that the fathers and mothers of children should reserve joint power to make such disposition of their property as they saw fit. The Earl of Dorchester would not listen to such revolutionary doctrines, and the marriage negotiation was abruptly broken off.

Principle and passion are very unequally matched antagonists. A new and, in the opinion of the Earl of Dorchester, more eligible suitor for the hand of Lady Mary Pierrepont appeared suddenly in the field. This gentleman, who was very rich, would sign and seal to any documentary settlement the earl chose to dictate, and readily agreed to maintain a town establishment. This cardinal point had never been distinctly conceded by Mr. Wortley. The Lady Mary hesitated. She preferred Mr. Wortley. But the earl, her father, threatened that if she did not marry the man of *his* choice, he would forthwith pack her off to some out-of-the-way country place and keep her locked up till she came to her senses. I cannot but think it would have been happy for the wilful young lady had the earl been able to carry out his purpose. But the Lady Mary's organ of combativeness had been called into play; and it was an organ of much more than ordinary size and development. The wedding dresses were ordered, sent home. It was imperative to decide at once. The Lady Mary cast off her indecision, though tremblingly. An elopement was arranged. The following extract of a letter, written on its eve, lets in betraying light on the lady's character:—

"I tremble for what we are doing. Are you sure you will love me for ever? Shall we never regret the step we are about to take? I fear, and I hope. I foresee much that will presently happen. My family will be furiously incensed. The world generally will blame my conduct; the friends of —— will invent a thousand stories to my discredit; yet 'tis possible you may compensate me for all. In your last letter, which I much like, you promise me all that I wish. (The town establishment?) Since I wrote so far, I received your Friday letter. I will be only yours, and I will do as you please."

The elopement was successfully carried out, though as the bride was in her twenty-fourth year, and as a consequence at her own disposal, the necessity of such a proceeding does not clearly appear. Lady Mary Pierrepont was married to Mr. Wortley Montague in May, 1713.

A miserable marriage! The lady's mind daily becoming "stronger," in the social science sense of the phrase, enabled her to mentally tear asunder—I think only mentally—the flimsy conventionalisms, the coloured cobwebs, which have nevertheless sufficient power to hedge-in the sanctity of domestic

life, with the mass of ladies—not, indeed, transcendental femalities—but wives not too bright or good, as Wordsworth expresses it, for human nature's daily food. The hectic fever of passion was soon chilled by satiety: Mr. Wortley Montague cared nothing for his wife; the wife despised her husband. *Vanitas vanitatum!*

Mr. Montague, through the Duke of Kingston's interest, was appointed to the post of British Ambassador at Constantinople. The "Ambassadress" accompanied him. The female domestic life of the Orient amused her wayward fancy. She sympathized with its indolence, with its practical creed of "eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." She audaciously asserted, in letters that "in forty years after they were written would be esteemed as highly as Madame De Sevigné's," that married women in Turkey, where a wife can to this day be sewed up in a sack and flung into the sea at the pleasure of a husband, enjoy more real liberty than English wives. One remark of this beautiful oddity is a curious one. She, from frequently seeing the Turkish ladies at the baths, was impressed with a notion that were the superfluities of dress dispensed with, which, but for a false deli-

cacy would be quite practicable in sunny eastern climes, the faces of women in comparison with their figures would attract no attention. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, also in these laboured letters of hers, constantly bemoans her piercing insight into the realities of things, and sighs to think that a simple milkmaid, by whom "the burden of the mystery"—not the Lady Mary's phrase, but her meaning—had not been felt, was necessarily much happier than such lofty intelligences as herself !

Returned to England, she fluttered about the English Court, flirted with Pope the great poet—so nominated in the history of English poets, though it would puzzle his admirers to quote one inspired line in all his melodious verses — laughed at him, and never more mockingly than when she expressed her joy that, having done with the humdrum day-world,

"They would meet with champagne and a chicken at last,"

—next definitively separated from her husband (1739), and again left England for Turkey, where she resided for upwards of twenty years, though often implored to return by her daughter, Lady Bute.

Oriental sensualism is not so keenly enjoyed

at seventy as at seventeen, and her husband being dead, Lady Mary Wortley Montague returned to England in 1761, and occupied the brief remnant of a weary life in gaming, scandal, speculation in South Sea bubbles ; and dying, left no other memorial of her life than a collection of cosmopolitan letters, industriously puffed into circulation and celebrity, but utterly destitute of genius, and, worse than all, containing no spark of womanly feeling, tenderness, or truth.

Christina of Sweden.

THE readers of the "Legends of Montrose"—and who has not read them?—will remember the enthusiastic eulogies of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, Lion of the North, Bulwark of the Protestant Faith, &c., unctuously enunciated, in season and out of season, by Dugald Dalgetty. It would seem that he never heard of Christina, the only offspring of the Northern Lion, but for whom the victories of Gustavus Adolphus would have been fruitless, the cause of scriptural truth itself lost, and been mortally stricken down with its metaphorical immortal champion at the battle of Lutzen in Upper Saxony. The sun of England has, we know, set for ever, very many times,—a phenomenon which the British people rather enjoy than otherwise; perhaps because custom or habit becomes a second nature. Be that as it may, Sweden felt itself doomed, given over to perdition, when, in the year of grace 1632, news reached Stockholm that the great King and Lion of the North had fallen in victorious battle.

Amidst the general dismay, Chancellor Oxenstiern, the reputed original author of the saying—though a truth so trite must have been uttered a thousand and a thousand times before Sweden was a nation—"Behold, my son, with what little wisdom the world is governed,"—gave a striking illustration of his theory or platitude by reminding the hastily assembled States that the glorious King had left a daughter, who, though but about seven years of age, might, if immediately recognised as Queen of Sweden, save the vessel of the State from foundering. He concluded by introducing the child, who was immediately acknowledged to be the picture in little of the Gustavus Adolphus. "Behold," exclaimed a leading peasant deputy, "Behold the very features of the grand Gustavus. We will have her for our sovereign. Seat her on the throne, and at once proclaim her *King*." This was done, and Sweden *ipso facto* saved.

Christina herself was no less enchanted than the nation to whom she was the herald and sign of salvation. The enthroned girl, many years afterwards, when she had developed into a Brummell-Brummagem royal celebrity, thus wrote of herself and the occasion: "I was so young that I knew not either my own worth

or my great fortune ; but I remember how delighted I was to see all those men kneeling at my feet and kissing my hand." She adds, with touching modesty : "It was Thou, O God, that didst render the child admirable to her people, who were amazed at the grand manner in which I enacted the part of Queen upon that first occasion. I was little, but upon the throne displayed an air and countenance that inspired the beholders with respect and fear. It was Thou, O Lord, that caused a girl to appear thus who had not yet arrived at the full use of her reason. Thou hadst impressed upon my brow a mark of grandeur not always bestowed by Thee upon those Thou hast destined, like me, to glory, and to be Thy lieutenant over men."

This innate greatness of Christina had been foreseen, predicted by the astrologers, whom Gustavus Adolphus, Bulwark of the Protestant Faith, had consulted with respect to the child with which Maria Eleonora, his queen, was in travail. Both their majesties imparted their dreams to the wise men, who, having interpreted them by the light of the signs in heaven,—the Sun, Mars, Mercury, Venus, being in conjunction,—declared the coming child would be a boy, and that if he outlived the first

twenty-four hours, which that mischievous Mercury rendered doubtful, he would attain as great celebrity as his father. The sex of the child was a sad stumbling-block to the sooth-sayers at first, but soon removed, as easily as John Cumming, D.D., will explain in 1867, that his prediction of the end of all sublunary things in 1866 was a figure of speech, having reference to the extinguishment of the Maori tribes, and the passing away, as a heathen country, of New Zealand from the map of the world. The mistake of the Swedish sooth-sayers was, after all, a merely verbal one; the girl, Christina, "having been born with the head of a Machiavelli, the heart of a Titus, the courage of an Alexander, and the eloquence of a Tully." Who would not be entitled, speaking of an incarnation of such heroic qualities, to exclaim, "This is a man!"

Gustavus Adolphus, though ardently desirous of a son, bore the disappointment with greater equanimity than at first did the astrologers. His sister, the Princess Catherine, was the first to announce that the expected boy was, in sad truth, a girl. "Sister," said the King, "let us return thanks to God. I trust this daughter will prove as valuable to us as a son; and may the Almighty, who has vouch-

safed her to us, graciously preserve her. She will be an arch girl," the King added, "who begins to play tricks upon us so soon." This was an allusion to the announcement of the attendants at the birth, who, momentarily misled by the thick hair which encased the child's head, the thick down upon her face, and the harsh, loud cry with which she greeted the world, proclaimed that a man child was born.

The Lion of the North was resolved that though his child would be Queen by sex, she should be a King—a warrior King, like himself, thereto fashioned by education and custom. He, the Bulwark of the pure Christian Faith, diligently instilled into his offspring a taste for the pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war. "When but three years of age," delightedly exclaimed the Champion of Christendom, "she, as a soldier's daughter should, crowed and clapped her tiny hands at the blare of trumpets and roar of cannon."

The Lion of the North promised his very promising child, when she could but have dimly, if she did dimly, comprehend his meaning, that she should one day be a partner of his in real glories;—the slaughter—scientific slaughter of impious people who declined acquiescence, or were coerced by their rulers into

resisting, *vi et armis*, the Gospel of Peace, as interpreted by the great Gustavus. "To my irreparable misfortune," sighingly simpers this once much-belauded lady,—“to my irreparable misfortune, Death (a terrible promise-breaker in a vicarious sense is Death) prevented him from keeping his word, and me from serving an apprenticeship in the art of war to so complete a master.”

Concurrently with a taste for the glories of war, the great Gustavus was very desirous that his daughter should be thoroughly grounded in the Lutheran Faith, and, especially, should be versed in Holy Scripture, the ground of all true knowledge. An odd *mélange*.

In subsidiary matters the masculine, military propensities of Christina were developed by the system of instruction devised by Gustavus Adolphus, who sought from her cradle to mould the infant Queen of Sweden into a reflex of himself. He was so far successful that in a very few years she had acquired, and loudly expressed, illimitable contempt for women—her own mother compassionately excepted—and was constantly regretting she was not a man; not that she cared much for men—but they had this advantage, they were not women.

Her own portrait has been given by a graphic hand. A more accurate pen-and-ink sketch has seldom been drawn :—

“ By her petticoat so slight,
And her legs too much in sight,—
By her doublet, cap, and dress,
To a masculine excess,—
Hat and plume, and ribands tied
Fore and aft in careless pride,—
By her gallant, martial mien,
Like an Amazonian queen,—
Nose from Roman consul sprung,
And a fierce virago's tongue,—
Large eyes, now sweet, anon severe,
Tell us 'tis Christina clear.”

This mentally unsexed girl was not unattractive as to personal charms. Her figure was *petite*, but well enough formed. She had fine hazel eyes, and a profusion of bright-brown hair; her teeth were fine and regular, which a more constant use of a tooth-brush would have improved. Her mouth was large, her lips coarse as the boisterous laughter and frequent oaths in which the girl-queen lavishly indulged. Christina was devoured by a restless energy, which made her the torment of all about her. “The men and women,” she wrote, “who waited upon me were in despair, for I gave them no rest night or day. They had the audacity to propose retiring from their

posts. They should have known that I would not permit them to escape the bondage in which I held them. Incensed by the application, I made their yoke more galling. I did so upon principle, and no one ever afterwards dared propose to quit the Sovereign's service." Queen Christina was indefatigably studious, at least she herself says so, and it is certain she rapidly acquired a showy, superficial knowledge of the Greek, Latin, two or three modern languages, geography, astronomy, mathematics, philosophy, and divinity. Her theological studies did not, however, include the only commandment with direct promise—Honour thy father and thy mother—for so intolerable a life did she lead the Dowager Queen, that, that lady fled secretly to Denmark, leaving a note upon her toilet table declarative of her intention rather to beg her bread elsewhere than live with all the appliances, the outward show of royalty, at her daughter's court! The two Queens were, however, ultimately reconciled, and Maria Eleonora returned to Stockholm.

It has been truly said that the possession of absolute, irresponsible power would corrupt and debase an angel. Christina, though no angel, affords a striking illustration of that truth. The prime article of her political creed was the

divinity of monarchs. They were the gods of the earth, to whom all sublunary power had been delegated by the Eternal. She remorselessly exercised that absolute power when but a mere child. "Those," she writes, "who believe that childhood is the season when a princess that will one day wield the sceptre hears wholesome truths, are mistaken, for in the cradle they are feared and flattered. Men fear the memories of royal children as much as their power, and handle them as gently as they do young lions, who can only draw blood now, but hereafter will have strength to tear and devour."

Christina as child-queen proved herself quite equal to the representation of the royal *rôle*. She had scarcely passed her seventh birthday when, seated upon a lofty silver throne, she received ambassadors from Muscovy in great state. Chancellor Oxenstiern and others sought to fortify the mind of Christina, in order that she might acquit herself creditably at the audience. "Why," said the self-confident child, "why should I be afraid or timid before men with long beards? You also have long beards, and am I afraid or timid before you?" There could be but one answer to that question.

At fifteen Christina openly presided in the senate, "and became at once," wrote home the French ambassador, "incredibly powerful therein. She adds to her quality as sovereign, the graces of honour, courtesy, and the art of persuasion, so that the senators are astonished at the influence she gains over their sentiments." A very shallow gentleman this French ambassador: Christina herself could have whispered in his ear the true secret of her influence over the sentiments of the senators. The daughter of Gustavus had reached an age when, if so willed, she "could tear and devour." A fact, we may be sure, never for one moment absent from the minds of the grave and reverend Swedish senators.

The nominal regency of Chancellor Oxenstiern expired on the 18th of December, 1644, Christina's eighteenth birthday, and the Queen no longer affected to be swayed by any other influence than her own imperious will. She was remorselessly indefatigable in the exercise of absolute power, regulating every detail of government by the simple magic of "such is my will." Taxation, the freedom or limitation of commerce, questions of war and peace, were decided by her peremptory "shall" or "shall not." Having no taste for the elegances of dress, she

issued sumptuary decrees forbidding Swedish ladies to wear lace or coloured ribbons ; prohibited any festal rejoicings at betrothals, bridals, baptisms. People sometimes drank to excess at such meetings, and that, Christina, who was a total abstainer just then, could not tolerate. Funerals, it was also decreed, should never exceed in cost about five pounds of English money ; and gaming was forbidden under severest penalties. How a nation could quietly submit to such extravagance of despotism is a marvel.

In other than government matters the wayward, eccentric girl exhibited the same love of capricious domination. In a fit of educational enthusiasm, Christina endowed universities, academies, appointed largely salaried professors, and suddenly changing her mind, dismissed them all with abuse and contempt. Two solemn philosophers, whom she had taken into favour, she one day, brusquely interrupting a grave colloquy, compelled to play at shuttlecock with each other as long as they could move their arms. Three of the most eminent scholars in Sweden she made pirouette before her in a Greek dance, she screaming with laughter the while, and urging the musicians to play faster, faster, until one of the venerable men fainted

and fell on the floor. Descartes, whom she had induced by the most flattering promises to take up his residence at her court, she literally worried into a consumption by insisting, in that terrible climate and the season winter—a more than usually rigorous winter—upon his presenting himself in her library punctually at five o'clock every morning. The young Queen's manner was always very suave, almost caressing, like Ferdinand VII.'s of Spain, when she had once decided upon the death or ruin of any one who had offended her. The velvet covering concealed a terrible claw. Christina was but nineteen when Captain Bulstrode, a Danish officer, and said to be one of the handsomest, most accomplished men of his time, being present upon some mission from his sovereign at her court—he was, I suppose, a subordinate member of the Danish embassy—attracted her notice. She honoured him with her hand in a dance, and on several occasions comported herself very graciously towards him. The handsome officer misconceived the motive of the young Queen's graciousness, and was indiscreet enough to boast that he should one day be King Consort of Sweden. This silly, impudent vaunting was reported to Christina, whom it deeply offended. She had always boasted of

as being an adept in the art of vengeance, and now gave a signal proof of her skill in the demoniac science. Captain Bulstrode found himself treated with more pointed favour than ever, and at last it was confidentially intimated to him that if he obtained the royal license of his sovereign the King of Denmark to throw up his allegiance to that monarch, and become naturalized as the subject of Queen Christina, there was nothing he might not hope for. Bulstrode swallowed the bait with avidity, knowing as he did that the Queen could not marry the subject of any other potentate than herself. The King of Denmark consented, Bulstrode's connexions being very influential, and all rejoiced at the great fortune in store for their handsome relative. Other necessary preliminaries were completed, and the gallant captain was to all legal intents and purposes the subject of the absolute Queen of Sweden. He, in a state of overflowing jubilant vanity, solicited the honour of offering his devoted homage to the new sovereign to whom he had sworn fealty—a request promptly granted. The triumphant captain was ushered with much ceremony into “the presence.” Christina was alone, and emboldened by the flattering reception given him, this military Malvolio threw

himself at the sovereign's feet, and poured forth a high-flown declaration of passionate love. Christina's answer was characteristic. She listened with a smile of withering scorn, and in reply said, "Poor witless fool! I will teach you what it is to falsely boast at your filthy orgies of the favour of a queen." Summoning her attendants as she spoke, "Take this man, who has dared to insult me, to prison. Let him be guarded securely, and fed during my pleasure upon the coarsest prison fare. Not many days will have passed before it will be necessary to confine him in a prison for lunatics during life. That shall be his fate. Away with him!" The astounded dupe was never again heard of. He died in either an ordinary prison or one specially reserved for the reception of lunatics. The saying of Solomon was terribly true, till the English people struck down kingly despotism in the person of Charles the First, giving flunkeyism, to quote Carlyle, a crick in the neck, from which it has never since fully recovered, and is not likely to recover. "Curse not the king," wrote the royal sage, who had found that all was vanity under the sun. "Curse not the king, even in thy bedchamber, for a bird of the air will carry the news, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

Queen Christina's determination, in opposition to her Chancellor's counsel, to finish with the thirty years' war, is creditable to her judgment. She boasted to have been born "in the palms and laurels thereof," but the cypresses so thickly intertwined with those bloody palms and laurels seem to have at last made an impression even upon her, by no means sensitive, conscience. The year following the Peace of Westphalia, Christina indulged herself in the caprice of being solemnly crowned King with great splendour. On the afternoon of that day of high festival the Queen or King issued an order commanding that the illuminations in Stockholm should be continued in unabated splendour till the dawn of day.

By this time the Swedish people, with whom the Queen was universally popular, spite or possibly because of her eccentric vagaries, were extremely anxious that Christina should marry, lest peradventure they should, some disastrous day, find themselves queenless—a doomed nation, with not even a child six years of age to save them from perdition. The crown being, as her majesty smilingly observed, "a very pretty girl," there were abundance of suitors for the sacrificial

honour of dividing the glittering burden with her. The kings of Spain, of Poland, of Naples, with no end of electors, dukes, margraves, were willing to undertake the onerous duty; but Christina begged to decline the assistance so generously proffered. Neither heaven nor earth, she vowed, should compel her to marry, "an act which required far more courage than to fight a battle." Taking pity, however, upon her loyal people, who were daily becoming more and more demented by the dreadful risks they were daily running of sinking into insignificance by being reduced to the condition of lost fatherless and motherless sheep,—an unhappy flock, destitute of shepherd or shepherdess,—Christina suddenly nominated her cousin, Charles Augustus, Crown Prince of Sweden, whereupon the alarm of the people subsided.

Wearied at last by the very indulgence of her petulant, capricious humours, disgusted with the sameness of the dissipation in which she had so long lived, and was living, Christina by way of change fixed her thoughts upon heavenly joys. She admitted to her confidence several clever Jesuits, who, having succeeded in converting her, or more correctly cajoling her into the belief that she was con-

verted to the faith of Roman Catholicism, advised her to "put money in her purse"—abundance of money—and then exhibit to the world the edifying spectacle of the daughter of the crowned arch-heretic, Gustavus Adolphus, renouncing an earthly for a heavenly crown. Sacrifice so heroic and sublime would ensure her a glorious immortality in this world and the next;—canonisation would follow in due course, and no name in the holy hierarchy of heaven would be more frequently invoked than that of Saint Christina!

The children of Loyola were too strong for her. As no Roman Catholic could by the fundamental law wield the Swedish sceptre, she determined upon resigning the crown in favour of the but recently nominated Crown Prince. The solemn act of abdication took place on the 6th of June, 1654, in presence of the Assembly of States. Whitelock, Cromwell's envoy, was there. This the wilful woman did in defiance of the remonstrances of her wisest and most attached counsellors. The English envoy reported the speech delivered by the Marshal of the Boors upon the occasion, which is conclusive as to her general popularity amongst the masses of the population. "O

Heavens! madam," exclaimed the rude, coarsely-attired, but common-sense country-fellow,—“O Heavens! madam, what are you about to do? It humbles us to hear you speak of forsaking those who love you as well as we do. Can you be better than you are? You are queen of all these countries, and if you leave this large kingdom, where will you get such another? If you should do it—as I hope you wont for all this—both you and we shall have cause, when it is too late, to be sorry for it. Therefore, my fellows and I pray you to think better of it, and keep your crown upon your head; then you will keep your own honour and our peace; but if you lay it down, in my conscience you will endanger all. Continue in your gears, good madam, and be the fore-horse as long as you live, and we will do the best we can to bear your burthen. Your father was an honest man, a good king, and very shining in the world. We obeyed and honoured him whilst he lived. You are his child, and have governed us very well. We love you with all our hearts; and the Prince is an honest gentleman. When his time comes we shall be ready to do our duties to him as we do to you. But as long as you live we are unwilling to part with you,

and therefore I pray, madam, do not part with us."

The entreaties of the blunt-spoken Marshal of the Boors did not prevail; the formal act of abdication was accomplished, and Christina hastened out of the kingdom, taking with her an enormous amount of treasure in gold, silver, and jewels. A few weeks afterwards she openly renounced the reformed religion, and was solemnly received into the fold of Rome. "The greatest scandal she could afflict us with," remarked the Pope, when the intelligence reached him, "unless the idea of writing a book in defence of the faith should unhappily seize her."

Cardinal Mazarin, the prime minister of France, differed from the Pope, and dispatched a French troop of comedians for the express purpose of giving *éclat* to so illustrious a conversion. Balls, plays, concerts, masquerades succeeded each other for many weeks in celebration of the great event. The conversion, we need hardly say, was false, factitious, the vagary of a hot brain ambitious of notoriety. When leaving the play one evening, Christina remarked to a lady, *sotto voce*, "They could do no less than treat me to a play after I had indulged them with a farce." That particular mind-

fever soon passed off. The woman would seem to have doubted the existence of God. "If there is a God," she whispered to a confidant, after finishing her first confession,—“If there is a God, I shall be prettily caught.” In a letter addressed at the same period to the Countess Sparre, she wrote, “My chief employments are to eat well and sleep well, to study a little, chat, laugh, see French and Italian plays, and pass my time in an agreeable dissipation. In conclusion, I hear no more sermons, and utterly despise all orators. As Solomon said, ‘all wisdom is vanity.’ Every one ought to live contentedly, eat, drink, and be merry.”

Christina could not herself follow Solomon's advice. The remainder of her restless life was chiefly consumed in vain efforts to regain a crown, that of Sweden or of Poland, and in quarrelling fiercely with successive popes. One dogma she strenuously insisted upon, her divine right of taking the life, with or without cause, of any of her former subjects. She carried this article of her political creed into execution. Suspecting her chamberlain Monaldeschi of having betrayed or threatened to betray her interests, she ordered the captain of her guard to stab, murder him almost in her very presence. His piteous screams for

mercy availed nothing. The crime was consummated, and afterwards defended by her as a legitimate exercise of authority committed to her by God, which she had not and could not give up! The plea was allowed by "the gods of the earth." The murder was committed at the Palace of Fontainebleau, and even the philosopher Leibnitz was of opinion that Christina was justified by her inherent royal power! Christina died, having shortly before obtained plenary absolution of the Pope, in April, 1689, in the sixty-third year of her erratic, bizarre, blood-stained existence.

John Abernethy, Surgeon.

THIS eccentric humourist, skilful surgeon, and excellent man, was the son of John and Elizabeth Abernethy. He has been claimed as an Irish and a Scotchman, but it has been clearly established that he was born in London, and was christened at St. Stephen's Church in 1764. He received his preliminary education at a day-school in Lothbury, and at a comparatively early age was sent to a high-class seminary at Wolverhampton. He does not appear to have taken kindly to the classics. Dr. Robertson, the master of the school, did not regard him with favour. His task one day being to translate into Latin a chapter in the Greek Testament, the erudite doctor was amazed at the fluency and correctness of the Vulgate version. A rigid investigation took place, and it was discovered that John Abernethy had a Greek Testament with a Latin translation in contiguous columns; which Latin translation he had faithfully copied. His reward was that the book was shied at his

head by the irate doctor. He not long afterwards left Wolverhampton, and at the early age of sixteen was apprenticed to Mr. Blick, afterwards Sir Charles Blick, surgeon of Saint Bartholomew's Hospital.

John Abernethy had now found his true field of action—one in which he was destined to reap abundant, blessing harvests. Such a labour of love to him was the healing art, so rapidly did he master the science of surgery, that at the age of twenty-two he was appointed assistant-surgeon to the hospital, and a few months afterwards promoted to the chair of anatomy and surgery. For so young a man this was an unparalleled honour.

I do not propose to go into the history of this great man's life. The anecdotes which I quote will best illustrate his character: show how kind, how good a heart beat beneath an undemonstrative exterior; how sympathizing, compassionate the nature which the rough tongue at times perplexingly interpreted.

Mr. Abernethy had a crotchet: all clever men have. They discover a truth, and in some measure unconsciously exaggerate its importance. Mr. Abernethy was disposed to attribute all, or nearly all, the diseases to which flesh is heir, to a disordered stomach. Opinions

differ upon that point ; but no one, we suppose, will dispute the soundness of his dictum, exemplified through life, that "operations are a reflection on the healing art ; that the habitual operator is a savage in arms, who performs by violence what a civilised person would accomplish by stratagem."

A curious anecdote is vividly illustrative of Abernethy's persistent practice in this respect : A poor Irishman, not long after Mr. Abernethy had succeeded to the post of chief surgeon at St. Bartholomew's, was brought into the hospital. He was suffering from a diseased leg. Amputation was advised, but Abernethy refused his consent, and finally succeeded in curing the diseased limb. Going one day through the hospital with his pupils, the Irishman, thrusting the leg out of bed, shouted out, "That's the leg, your honour ; that's it. Glory be to God. Your honour's the boy to do it, and to the divil with the spalpeens who said your honour would cut it off." Abernethy, improving the occasion, lectured the pupils upon the folly of hastily crippling a person for life, whilst there was a chance of curing a diseased member of the body. Paddy endorsed all the doctor said, repeatedly tossing his recovered leg into the air, and exclaiming,

"Divil the lie in it. It's all true. That's the leg, gintlemen."

There are many anecdotes of the native goodness of this, in many respects, eccentric gentleman. I relate a few of them without reference to date.

Mr. Abernethy was going to attend a very poor man, from whom he never had received, and never would receive a fee. The Duke of York called and said the Prince of Wales wished to see him immediately. Mr. Abernethy could not for some hours attend his Royal Highness: he was going to visit a suffering patient. "But surely you will first wait upon the Prince?" said his Grace of York. "If not, I must call upon ——." "Do so. He will suit the Prince better than I should."

A pupil of Abernethy was sent for to attend a case in an obscure quarter of London. The house was one of the meanest and dingiest of the mean and dingy locality. The patient, an elderly, much afflicted man, received the surgeon with a grace and amenity which convinced that gentleman that the sufferer had fallen from a considerable social height upon evil days. The proper remedies were prescribed, and the surgeon was about to leave, when the invalid tendered the customary fee.

It was politely declined. The refusal excited the old gentleman's ire to such a pitch of rage that the doctor was fain to accept the proffered honorarium. "Had you persisted in your refusal," said the patient, "I would never have seen you again. I wished for your advice," he continued, "because I knew you had studied under Abernethy. *He* visited me once, and declined to receive his fee. 'By God! sir,' exclaimed I, 'you shall take it.' 'By God! sir, I wont,' was his answer, as he bolted out of the room. I shall never send for him again." The patient succumbed to the disease which had fastened upon him, and it was found that he had a considerable hoard of money by him. *He*, also, appears to have been a very eccentric person.

A foxhunter, somewhat stricken in years, consulted Abernethy. The man's digestion was not so good as it had been. He had lost his appetite; man delighted him not, nor woman either. "Sir," said Abernethy, "you drink a great deal." "Now," said the foxhunter, when relating the interview, "now, supposing I do drink a great deal, what the devil was that to him?"

A literary gentleman called upon him. He, too, had a disordered stomach. "Of course

you have," said Abernethy; "a half-blind man could tell that by your nose."

He used to have his wine of a merchant whose name was Loyd. He one day called to pay for a pipe, and thrust a handful of papers containing fees into the wine-merchant's hand. "Stop—stop, doctor," said Loyd. "There may be much more here than you have to pay!" "Never mind, Loyd. I can't stop. You have them as I had them."

He was very careless of money. He would receive a heavy fee, place the money on the table, and forget all about it. "Lead me not into temptation" is the holiest, because the humblest prayer. Some few of his pupils were led into temptation. The loss of money was so considerable that the surgeon determined to ascertain who was the delinquent. He marked his money, and appearing suddenly before his pupils, said, "Now, young gentlemen, be pleased to show me your purses." The thieves were discovered and dismissed.

He was one day about to perform an operation—a painful one. As was his custom, he took care to see himself that all the required instruments were at hand, and in first-

rate order. "I think everything is all right," said one of the assistants. "No, sir, everything is not all right," replied Mr. Abernethy. "Get a napkin to conceal those terrifying instruments. The man need not be horrified by the sight."

Abernethy was offered a baronetcy by the Earl of Liverpool. He announced the proposal to his family by saying, as they were about to sit down to dinner, "Lady Abernethy, permit me to hand you to your seat." He afterwards explained that he had been offered the title, but, for cogent reasons, declined the honour.

The memory of Mr. Abernethy was singularly active and tenacious. A friend, of a poetical turn of mind, composed some verses complimentary of Mrs. Abernethy, which he recited after dinner on her natal day. Abernethy listened attentively, and immediately the reading terminated, exclaimed, "Come, that is a good joke to attempt passing those verses off as your own original composition. I know them by heart;" and Abernethy at once repeated them without the mistake of a word. The "poet" was astounded, mystified, angry! The amused host explained, and

offered to repeat *verbatim* any piece of about the same length which anyone in the company would recite.

There is a droll anecdote told of a certain major, which Mr. Abernethy used to relate with great humour and contagious laughter. The major dislocated his jaw. The accident was a trifling one, and easily remedied. It was, however, likely to occur again. The surgeon of the regiment was as expert at the simple process as Abernethy himself. One day, however, the gallant officer, dining at a considerable distance from the regimental quarters, thoughtlessly indulging in a fit of laughter, dislocated his jaw. The nearest Medicus was sent for. That gentleman did not understand how the accident should be remedied ; pulled the unfortunate major's jaw about for a considerable time, inflicting great agony, during which manipulation the major, who could not speak, manifested by furious pantomime his indignation at, and contempt of, the clumsy practitioner. His rageful action thereupon decided the doctor that the major was distraught, and he forthwith sent for a strait-jacket, which he fastened upon the furious major, had his head shaved, applied thereto a blister and placed the victim in bed. The

ill-used gentleman foamed with rage, but finding that his wild gesticulations availed nothing, subdued himself into seeming acquiescence, and made intelligible signs that he desired to be furnished with writing materials. This was done; and the major wrote, "For God's sake send for Mr. Abernethy or the surgeon of the regiment." Mr. Abernethy was as quickly as possible in attendance, and the major was relieved and released. He fiercely threatened, upon recovering his voice, to bring an action against the medical man by whom he had been so maltreated, but was persuaded by Abernethy to forego his purpose. "You cannot doubt," said Mr. Abernethy, "that the clumsy dunce was actuated by what a certain unmentionable place is paved with—good intentions."

Benevolence in Mr. Abernethy was largely developed. He was much more gentle with poor or pauper patients than rich ones. He was just stepping into his carriage to attend a Duke, when a message was delivered to him soliciting his immediate attendance upon a sufferer who acknowledged he was without means of tendering a fee. "I cannot go to him at present," said Abernethy, getting into his carriage. "If you do not go at once,"

said the messenger, "it will be useless to go at all." The carriage was moving on as these words caught Abernethy's ear. He pulled the check-string. "Where," said he, "did you say this poor gentleman lives?" The address was given, and Abernethy ordered the coachman to drive there. "The Duke must wait," he muttered. "Besides, *he* can command the services of twenty surgeons."

A widow brought a child to him from the country. She had heard of the great skill in the treatment of such complaints of the great London doctor, and had managed to raise sufficient money to pay the proper fees. Abernethy cured the child, receiving his fees the while, but returned them to her when she was about to return to her home, with the addition of a cheque for fifty pounds!

Another widow came to the hospital to have an operation performed. She was carefully prepared to undergo it; but on the eve of the day when it was to come off, the woman announced her intention to leave the hospital. Abernethy was greatly annoyed, enraged, and expressed himself in very angry terms. "Her father is dying in the country," interposed an assistant, "and wishes to see her." The wrath of Abernethy was instantly diverted

from the woman to the assistant. "You confounded fool!" he exclaimed, "why did you not tell me that before?" He apologized to the woman, said of course she must go, gave her money that she might travel easily, and bade her return to have the operation performed as soon as she possibly could.

Such traits of character are an ample set-off to the rudeness of manner which Abernethy occasionally exhibited. A lady in consultation with him remarked that when she lifted her arm-pit higher than usual, the pain was intense. "Then why the devil do you, madam, lift your arm higher than usual?" was the gruff response. Another lady who consulted him was so annoyed that she threw his fee upon the table and said sharply, "I had heard of, but never witnessed your vulgar rudeness before." He had written a prescription. "What am I to do with this?" the lady asked. "Anything you like: throw it on the fire, if you will." She did so, and left the apartment. Mr. Abernethy hastily followed to return the fee. The lady did not condescend to notice him, and he flung the money after her.

Abernethy, at all events, was no flatterer. He went to sit for his portrait to Sir Thomas Lawrence. Whilst he was waiting to see the

fashionable painter, he fell into a conversation with a stranger-gentleman who was contemplating a newly-finished portrait of the Duke of York. "Beautifully painted and an excellent likeness," remarked the gentleman. "Yes, a good painting." "And a capital likeness; the express image of his Royal Highness," persisted the stranger. "No," retorted Mr. Abernethy. "It is *not* the express image of the Duke. He is not half so handsome." It was the gentleman's first turn for a sitting. Mr. Abernethy followed after. "So," said Sir Thomas Lawrence, "you have, I find, been telling Lord Castlereagh that you do not think my portrait of the Duke of York is a faithful likeness." "Lord Castlereagh! Why, I had never seen him before. But, my dear sir, it is *not* a likeness. You painters—and especially *you*—flatter so constantly and cleverly. Now mind, you must not flatter *me*."

Mr. Abernethy had a country seat at Enfield, Middlesex. Whilst journeying there one day, he was run over and severely bruised. The people who picked him up proposed to send for a doctor. "D—— doctors," was the reply. "Get me a hackney coach."

These anecdotes might be indefinitely multiplied; but enough has been told of the oddly-

compounded nature of the man—an essentially noble nature, the specks and flaws of temper showing only like spots on a white robe, by contrast with the purity of the general texture.

John Abernethy died at Enfield on the 20th of April, 1831.

Captain Morris.

THIS flighty and amiable gentleman first opened his eyes upon the world in the dingy locality of Love-lane, leading from Leadenhall-street to Billingsgate-market. His father, Joel Morris, was a fishmonger in a large way of business. Arthur, his sole surviving child, was petted and spoiled. Joel Morris was a widower before the boy was five years old. He doted upon his son and determined he should be a gentleman. That which Morris senior meant by gentleman was the common signification attached thereto : the possessor of fine clothes, a fine house, a carriage, and abundance of money. To so provide his son, the well-meaning, fond fishmonger toiled incessantly, rose early, sat up late, and ate the bread of carefulness. He did not neglect young Arthur's education ; his natural shrewdness suggesting that to be really a gentleman, it was necessary to have a decently cultivated mind. That part of the gentlemanising process he got through at little cost. He had sufficient interest to place the lad in

Christ's Hospital, or Blue-coat School. Being a boy of large capacity, he, spite of a constitutional indolence—his own excusative phrase—proved an apt scholar, and knew as much when he left as the teachers.

Morris senior had managed to scrape together between thirty and forty thousand pounds; and finding himself growing prematurely old and infirm, he made up his mind, though with much reluctance, to dispose of his business, the goodwill of which would net a handsome sum. The result was, that at his father's death Arthur Morris found himself in possession of over 40,000*l.* cash, besides some house property; and was contracted by his father's will and a signed agreement with the lady and her father, a wealthy goldsmith, to Arabella Smithson, a person of mature years, rigid principles, and a devotedly pious, plain Quaker.

Now this sort of lady was not at all suited to the taste of Arthur Morris. He was fond, extravagantly fond, of fine clothes; "the happiest day of his life was that upon which he finally cast the slough—the blue coat and yellow stockings of Christ College." He piously respected the last wishes of his father; and would perhaps have unhesitatingly complied with

them—especially as, if he refused to consummate the marital bargain upon which his father had set his heart, half his fortune would go to the disappointed damsel—but that, having been in the habit of secretly frequenting the theatres (utter abominations in the eyes of Joel Morris), he had contracted an intimacy with Emily Melville, a stage songstress and dancer. Melville was probably an assumed theatrical name. Be that as it may, the fascinations of the actress ultimately prevailed over those of the plain Quaker, gilded though these were with 20,000*l*. His mode of announcing the decision he had come to was characteristic. Mr. Smithson, I should have stated, was a relative, and Joel Morris was himself inclined to Quakerism :—

“ Friend Smithson,—After careful consideration I have concluded that it will be more conducive to the happiness of Arabella that she take the 20,000*l*. instead of me. I am not worthy of her, my aspirations being much less spiritual. Your sincere well-wisher,

ARTHUR MORRIS.”

This note could hardly have been delivered, when Arthur Morris and Emily Melville were

united in the bonds of holy matrimony at St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. He appears to have been devotedly attached to her, and the brief summer of their bliss was unclouded by a passing shadow. She died of fever within six months of the marriage. Her mother had lived with them. She must have been an amiable woman, something under forty years of age. The dying daughter's anxiety was concentrated upon that good mother, whom she commended to her husband's tenderest care. Kneeling by her death-bed, he made a vow, scarcely audible for his sobs and groans, that he would honour and cherish her as long as he lived. The expiring wife accepted that vow "with a heavenly smile, in the sunshine of which she passed from earth to heaven."

Arthur Morris determined to enter the army, and lodged the price of a commission in the Line with the proper agents, but whilst waiting till a vacancy should occur,—some two or three years,—fell into wild courses, and at last found himself enmeshed by the wiles of another actress, whose name is not given. He knew her to be unworthy; that if he married her Mrs. Melville would be compelled to leave his home; and, conscious of his own weak, impressionable nature, he adopted the singular expedient of

securing himself against a violation of the vow he had made to his wife, by proposing to marry her mother. There was no absolutely legal impediment to the union, and he espoused Emily Melville the elder, in the same church where he had joined hands, till death should them part, with her daughter.

There is a droll anecdote connected with this union. Arthur Morris was fond of convivial society, he sang a capital song, and stayed out late at night in taverns, the Wrekin, Covent Garden, being his especial place of delectation. On the evening of his wedding day, he betook himself to the Wrekin; sang, dined, drank, till the small hours of the next morning, utterly oblivious of his bride, till reminded about three A.M. that he had been married the morning before. "Good heaven!" he exclaimed, starting up, "that is true; and I had totally forgotten it."

The commission was obtained, and Lieutenant Morris joined the 27th of the Line, then stationed in the island of Jersey. Major-General Don was the Lieutenant-Governor of that "Peculiar of the Crown of England," to use the phrase of Falle, the quaint historian of the island. Lieutenant Morris, who had left his wife in England, comfortably provided for of course, soon became very intimate with

General Don, and it was he, there can be no doubt, who suggested the brilliant idea to the Lieutenant-Governor which, in a local sense, has immortalized his name. The island of Jersey, when General Don arrived there, was in a miserable plight as to roads; the towns and villages were unpaved, unlighted, and the people rebelliously averse to being taxed to remedy those evils.

The problem to be solved was, "how to do it?" whether by loan from the Imperial treasury,—which could scarcely be hoped for,—or inducing the "States" of the island to impose a tax upon the inhabitants, whose peculiar privilege and boast had been from time immemorial that they were an untaxed race. The "States," it was soon ascertained, would consent to no such proposition. Better muddy, dark streets, almost impassable roads, than to be mulcted by the tax-gatherer!

Lieutenant Morris worked out the problem in very simple and effective fashion. When matured in his own mind, he sought a special interview with General Don, and laid it before him. Very likely the Lieutenant-Governor gave it additional touches, altered or amended some of the details, but substantially Lieutenant Morris was the author. He proposed to repair,

widen, and keep in repair the island roads, light and pave the towns, without the disbursement of a shilling, and yet the work should be honestly paid for. The scheme was simple as effective. Every person who possessed a house, every one by whose grounds or fields ran a road, was obliged to sign bank-notes to the amount of the cost incurred in paving and lighting before their house or houses—of widening and levelling the portion of the road contiguous to their fields and grounds. These notes they would be obliged to give silver for on demand; but inasmuch as they were guaranteed by the Vingtaine or parish authorities, they could be immediately sent into circulation again by the changers. The writer of this paper was once in a barber's shop in St. Helier's, when a man brought in a note to be changed, to which the barber's signature was attached. The barber's bank happened to be at that moment in a very sorry state. Silver and gold the hapless shaver had none; a few coppers being the whole of his "reserve." Of little consequence that. Taking the presented note in his hand, he left the shop with it, stating that he would return with the silver in a minute or two. He merely stepped into a neighbouring baker's, bought a loaf, received change for the note,

came back with the loaf under his arm, the silver in his hand, and honestly acquitted himself of his obligation as an issuer of bank-notes payable on demand.

Curiosities of currency, as developed in the Channel Islands, would gladden the hearts of English paper-money maniacs. There are thousands of notes issued of which it is set forth upon the face of them, that the sole security for their redemption are the Methodist chapels in the island which those notes built. A certain tradesman in the town had, however, undertaken, for a consideration of course, to cash Methodist chapels' "promises to pay,"—though under no legal obligation to do so. It puzzles one to understand how the holder of a handful of such promises could manage, should the gentleman who had undertaken to give silver for the notes abdicate his function. This system, substantially invented by Captain Morris, though popularly ascribed to General Don, is in full vigour to this day. It must have collapsed long ago—the importation of soft and hard goods from England being taken into consideration—were it not for the great number of English officers on half pay who have taken up their quarters in the Channel Islands. The drafts forwarded.

to them always command a considerable premium, and are returned to England in payment of manufactures, as fast as they are received. Sovereigns, Bank of England notes, in like manner, make unto themselves wings, and fly away to the country where they were coined and issued. The metallic currency of the island is almost exclusively composed of French five-franc and one-franc pieces. There is, however, a good deal of copper money afloat, coined in Birmingham.

The eccentric genius of Captain Morris soon led to the adoption of a vocation which would seem to be very opposite to that of inventor of paper money. It is, however, one in which large sums of solid cash are often netted without the trouble and expense of its manufacture. Arthur Morris—who, in writing to Friend Smithson, declined to marry the pious Arabella, had given as one ground of his refusal that his aspirations were less spiritual than hers—became suddenly affected by the wildest religious enthusiasm. He had been paying a visit to the North of England, where a great “revival,” as it is now the fashion to call such spiritual masquerades, was brought about by the fervid teachers of Wesleyan Methodism. Captain Morris caught the infection. Benevolent as

he was imaginative, the gallant officer was horrified at the tremendous truth that "every day, every hour, every minute that passed, hundreds of human souls were falling through the Mirza bridge of Life into the gulf of eternal perdition, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched, whilst the means of saving themselves from so inexpressibly terrible a doom were always within reach, if they could only be persuaded to ask for it in sincerity and truth." Deeply impressed with this conviction, conscious of possessing considerable powers of illustration and a fluent tongue, Captain Morris was soon himself amongst the Prophets. He did not, however, join the Wesleyan sect—preferring to pursue an entirely independent course. He became a favourite with the people, and might possibly have founded a Morrisonian Church, but for an untoward accident.

The old Adam within him had been rebuked, but not vanquished. Very far indeed from that. He had always been very pugnacious; could relish and put away comfortably a couple of bottles of wine at one sitting—not at all an extraordinary performance in those days. The chains of evil habit are with much difficulty broken. He could sing a capital song; had

made acquaintance in Jersey amongst the garrison officers, several of whom were Irishmen, and by their own admission could sing "The Night before Larry was stretched" (hanged) as well as, if not better than, any native of the Emerald Isle.

As the Father of Mischief would have it, the head-quarters of the regiment with whose officers he had hob-nobbed in Jersey were quartered in Ipswich, Suffolk, where it had been announced he was to preach on a given Saturday. The people were invited to assemble in a field near the town, the use of which had been kindly granted by a Mr. Selward. Thursday was chosen, from its being market day, and a large attendance might be hoped for after the traffic of the day should be concluded. Several of his old comrades or companions were still with the regiment, and all the officers unanimously resolved to witness the performance of Captain Morris in his new character of preacher. The time fixed was six in the afternoon of a summer's day. The concourse was large; but the captain, in the opinion of his admirers, was not so fervent and unctuous as usual. He had caught sight of the merry faces of his former acquaintances, and the amused expression which gleamed from their eyes and

wreathed their lips. The officers had dined, and were elevated, to use a mild phrase, with wine,—one, the most rollicksome of them, Patrick Blake, a lieutenant and excellent mimic, more so than the rest. However, decorum was fairly maintained till the conclusion of the discourse,—a very short one; after which Captain Morris gave out the number and first verse of a psalm or hymn. Before the hymn or psalm could be commenced by the improvised field choir, Patrick Blake burst out with “The Night before Larry was stretched,” in closest imitation of the captain’s peculiar voice and manner; his comrades joined in obstreperous chorus. Those of the auditory who were disciples or admirers of the captain were of course immensely scandalized, but the majority cheered and shouted in sympathy with the irreverent officers. Finally, Captain Morris, unable to control his risible muscles, joined in the almost general guffaw, jumped off the cart which had served for pulpit, and attempted to hurry off. He was intercepted by some of the officers, and carried away captive to the principal hotel tavern in Ipswich. It was a genuine self-consciousness which dictated the avowal to Friend Smithson, that his was not a highly spiritualized nature in the conventional sense of the

phrase. His imagination had been inflamed by the passionate oratory of religious fanatics ; but his understanding had not been convinced, his heart had not been touched. He remained with his old acquaintance till early morning, and most likely was encored more than once in "The Night before Larry was stretched."

He left the next day without beat of drum, and a few days afterwards got a friend to write a letter for him to the editor of the Ipswich newspaper. This letter, dictated by himself, announced his own death, "partly in consequence of the debauch in which the Enemy of Mankind induced him to take part, and partly from remorse of conscience. He died truly contrite," it was added, "and begged forgiveness of all his former friends for the great scandal he had brought upon a sacred profession for which the infirmities of his fallen nature—not suspected by himself, till he was tried in the balance, to be so gross as they proved to be—totally unfitted him."

This effusion was duly printed in the Ipswich newspaper, in the following number of which weekly sheet an announcement appeared signed by a regular Wesleyan preacher, the Rev. Mr. A——, who "declared his intention to address his hearers on the evening

of the next Sabbath, upon the awful lesson read to mankind in general, and the inhabitants of Ipswich in particular, by the sudden cutting off of Captain Morris, a man of gifts and considerable worldly knowledge, who had prematurely perished for having put his hand to the plough and looked back."

This sermon *in petto* reached Captain Morris, who resolved without a moment's hesitation to be present in the body at his own funeral sermon. He felt a strong suspicion that he should be roughly handled by the Rev. Mr. A——, and felt desirous of viewing himself in the mirror to be held up before him by that saintly, snuffling gentleman.

The conventicle or chapel was crowded. Captain Morris, coarsely attired, his face enveloped in bandages, as if he were suffering from combined tooth-ache, ear-ache, and tic-douloureux, and unrecognised by the crowd, elbowed his way to the foot of the pulpit stairs.

Preliminary prayer and praise concluded, the Rev. Mr. A—— commenced his sermon in a moderate key, but gradually kindling into holy fervour, went on crescendo, till having fully worked himself to the requisite pitch, he avowed his opinion that the reprobate back-

slider, unless he had been saved by a miracle of God's mercy at the last moment, which could scarcely be hoped for by the most charitable, was at that moment gnashing his teeth in hell. This was too much. Captain Morris, stripping off his facial disguise, sprang up the pulpit stairs, and seized the astounded preacher by the throat, pommelling him soundly, shouting the while, "You are a lying rascal. I, Captain Morris, am here, and you are much nearer hell than he; and I have a good mind to pitch you headlong out of the pulpit which you disgrace." There was a great uproar, but in the end the captain contrived to escape, though not without considerable damage to his person.

The next four or five years are a blank in the published history of the wayward, impulsive captain. Those years were years of calamity: his wife had died, the immediate cause of her death being a shock to her nervous system. One Jane Evers, who had been her school-fellow and attached friend since they had known each other, had for some cause or other—a love disappointment is glanced at—gone mad. She was confined in Bedlam or Bethlehem Hospital, where she was visited by Mrs. Captain Morris. The treatment in

those days, of lunatics real or presumed, was very different from that which obtains in the present time; "a dark house and a whip" were held to be the only curatives, and these were applied to both sexes. It must be presumed that Mrs. Captain Morris saw Jane Evers in Bedlam when the unfortunate young woman was in a very pitiable condition; not only when she was mad, but had been scourged for madness! Mrs. Morris was *enceinte* at the time; and the distracted husband lost at one terrible blow wife and expected child. The captain was prostrated for a time by so cruel a stroke of fate; but ultimately recovered his physical if not his mental health in its entirety.

His restless energy now took one direction in compliance with the dying request of his wife. He *would* rescue Jane Evers from the tomb in which she, living, was immured. He first thought to release her by force, and he initiated several combinations with that object. The notion was ridiculous; a conclusion to which he himself reluctantly came. His next move was to petition the ministers, especially Earl Bathurst, with whom he appears to have been on friendly terms of acquaintanceship. It was useless; he could get no one to believe

in the alleged mismanagement of Bedlam—the cruelties to which real or supposed lunatics were exposed. A sort of inquiry was instituted, but the managers of the establishment, sustained by the statements of eminent medical men, refuted, to the satisfaction of an indifferent Home Secretary, all the charges made against the mode of treatment practised in the asylum. Very likely those charges contained many exaggerations. It is a common error with enthusiastic men possessed of one idea to overstate their case; a great error when you have to deal with astute and unscrupulous opponents.

Captain Morris was not convinced by the meagre official report—very far indeed from being so; and casting about in his inventive brain for some practical means of proving that his assertions were well founded and called for peremptory interference, he hit upon an expedient which, read by the light of common sense, would be conclusive that he himself was a fit candidate for Bedlam. There is no doubt, let me not forget to state, that Mrs. Captain Morris firmly believed, and impressed that belief upon her husband, that Jane Evers, if ever affected in the brain, was perfectly sane when she visited her, and was dying of the

cruelly coercive treatment to which she was subjected.

“Friend Smithson” and fortunate but still unappropriated Arabella had taken up their abode at Stamford Hill. Captain Morris, who was a frequent visitor at their house, had vainly endeavoured to interest them in his efforts to liberate Jane Evers. They believed he was labouring under an illusion, or that some motive more powerful than a promise made to his dying wife induced him to make such strenuous exertions in her behalf. Morris perfectly divined their but half-expressed thoughts, and formed his plans accordingly. In less than a fortnight after his final resolve was taken, Friend Smithson and his daughter were quite convinced that Captain Morris was mad as a March hare. He would start up of a sudden, seize a decanter of wine, fling it under the grate, or smash a pier-glass, and immediately break into a fit of wild, maniacal laughter. Friend Smithson was much alarmed. Medical opinions were obtained. Captain Morris was placed under immediate restraint, and to confirm beyond doubt the opinion of the doctors that he was insane, a paper was found upon him which could only have been dictated by a man conscious of mental infirmity. It was to

the effect that if the malady which he felt was obtaining mastery over him should not be subdued, he wished to be confined in the Bethlehem Hospital, in the same building with his beloved Jane Evers, till it should please Almighty God to restore him. This wish was complied with, and Captain Morris was soon in a condition to prove on oath from actual experience the course of discipline which governed Bedlam. He wished for no further enlightenment, and when the doctor next visited him he demanded his release, alleging that he had perfectly recovered his senses, and was no longer labouring under any illusion whatever. The hospital Medicus smiled incredulously, said his liberation for some time, perhaps for years to come, could not for his own sake be consented to. The real madness of his conduct flashed upon the captain. He remonstrated, threatened the doctor and all concerned with direst vengeance, and finding all he could say unavailing, threw himself upon the doctor, and might have throttled him, but that instant effective help was at hand. The now really mad captain was seized, a strait waistcoat strapped upon him, and he was taken to the ward appropriated to violent lunatics. "There," he writes, "I languished, eating my heart away

with impotent rage, for more than two years. I was sometimes indulged with the sight of a newspaper, and one day I read that General Don was in London, and had attended the royal levée. Hope revived in my heart. One of the keepers was a very decent man, who in his heart believed I was as sane as himself. I offered him a heavy bribe, to be paid thereafter, if he would secretly procure me pen, ink, and paper, and post a note which I would write to General Don. He agreed to do so, and fulfilled his promise. The very next day General Don, accompanied by a still more influential personage whose name I am not at liberty to mention, visited the hospital. The General demanded to see me. I told my story, was believed, and the next day I was liberated by order of the Home Secretary. Poor Jane Evers had died several months previously. My mad freak produced beneficial results. Bethlehem Hospital was placed under strict supervision, from which resulted much benefit to the afflicted inmates."

The busy world into which Captain Morris had again emerged was to him a desert, and by General Don's advice he applied for and obtained active service in the army. Shortly afterwards he exchanged into a regiment under

orders for India, served there with credit, if not distinction, and closed his erratic career at the storming of Rangoon in the Burmese war. "He fell," wrote Major Thompson, in a note subjoined to his friend's diary—"he fell at the moment of victory, which he as much as any soldier there had helped to win. A braver, a better man never lived, and but for his impulsive, wayward nature, he might have attained high rank in the service."

J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

It is in no spirit of detraction that I string together a number of descriptive anecdotes of this great painter's eccentricities of character and manner. They afford another illustration of the world-old truth, that the life of the highest and the best of us is woven of a mingled yarn of good and evil. Social shortcomings or extravagances, deviations from the beaten path of decorum, are little noticed in ordinary men. There is no violent contrast to strike the eye—no fine gold seen in incongruous mixture with common clay. The dazzling mantle of genius reveals and magnifies such spots. This is one of the penalties of intellectual greatness.

Joseph Mallord William Turner was born in 1773, in Maiden-lane, Covent Garden, nearly opposite the Cider Cellars. His father, William Turner, was a barber. Some of the admirers of the greatest of English landscape painters have endeavoured to attenuate the disagreeable fact that he was born in such a vulgar locality,

by pointing out that Andrew Marvel occupied a second floor there in the days of Charles the Second, and that even M. de Voltaire, the prince of persiflage and a bright particular star in the galaxy of French celebrities, lodged there for several years at the sign of the White Peruke. J. M. W. Turner, R.A., may be excused having been born in a street or lane so patronized.

William Turner, the barber, and his father were natives of South Molton, Devonshire. The barber was an illiterate, close-fisted, but not ill-natured man. When, in after-life, Turner was reproached with his penurious way of life — how nobly redeemed, all England knows—he would reply, “You would not be surprised if you knew the lessons instilled into me during boyhood. My father never praised me except for having saved a half-penny.”

William Turner did not neglect his son's education. Comparatively with his scanty means he was liberal in that respect. J. M. W. Turner was sent for the benefit of his health to an uncle and aunt who kept a butcher's shop in Brentford. Whilst there, he was sent to an academy, opposite the Three Pigeons—the master of which “academy” was

a pedagogue of the sternest kind. His name was White. The future Royal Academician was next sent, at the age of thirteen, to a school at Margate, then a little fishing village. It was there he formed an acquaintance which coloured, and in a moral sense ruined, his future life. He fell in love with the sister of one of his school-fellows; tremblingly declared his passion when on the point of leaving, and was accepted. Young Turner, then a sprightly youth, trod the Empyrean. It had long since been determined he should be a painter. Feeling with the instinctive consciousness of genius that he was certain to attain eminence in his art, he looked with confidence to the future. At nineteen he left for a lengthened tour in the North, to sketch scenery from the great book of Nature, after first exchanging vows of mutual fidelity with Miss ——. He wrote constantly, but the young lady was not permitted to see one of his letters. Her step-mother, who did not approve of the contemplated match, intercepted them. Miss —— believed herself to be forgotten, forsaken, and finally consented to receive the addresses of a new lover. The day was fixed for the marriage, when Turner, who, spite of not having received an answer to one of his letters—the cause of which he must have

divined—had never for one moment doubted his beloved's constancy, came back to London, and forthwith betook himself to the young lady's abode. When informed how matters stood, he was wild, mad—passionately implored Miss —— to break off an engagement into which she had been inveigled. The lady, believing she had gone too far to recede, refused. The marriage was soon afterwards celebrated. A most unhappy one it proved to the bride. To young Turner the marriage bells sounded the death-knell of his hopes. The blow was mortal: he never recovered from it; and to it must be attributed, in an almost entire degree, his misanthropic manner, his neglect of appearances, and his contempt of the world, except as a place in which money might be scraped together. One unbroken idol at whose shrine he might worship remained to him—Art, and to that worship he for the future devoted himself with all his heart and strength.

The goddess rewarded her votary with her especial favours—inspired, inflamed his genius, but for many years was niggardly of temporal gifts.

Turner took up his abode in his old dingy bedroom over the barber's shop in Maiden-lane, drew sketches, which when he had gained

recognition would have brought hundreds of pounds, for three or four shillings each. He acquired the art of engraving, greatly excelled in it, and was much patronized by the print-publishers, with whom, till he became celebrated, he was perpetually at war—at such low prices did they require him to work. Throughout his life he cherished a bitter hatred of publishers.

The sole relaxation which this remarkable man permitted himself, besides certain potations—but it was not till late in life that he at times over-indulged—was fishing. He might be seen wending his way to the riverside, dressed in the oddest fashion,—a flabby hat, ill-fitting green Monmouth-street coat, nankeen trowsers much too short, and high low boots, with a dilapidated cotton umbrella, and a fishing-rod. From early morning till nightfall would he sit upon the river's bank, under pelting rain, patiently, shielded by his capacious umbrella, even though he did not obtain a single nibble. He was not, however, an unskilful angler, and was very proud of a good day's sport. He often fished in the Thames at Brentford.

Turner engraved for a livelihood; he painted for fame, and fame came at last. The world of London awoke to the knowledge that a great painter had arisen amongst them. Yet was

the recognition for some time doubtful, hesitating. The critics of the press abused unmercifully his painting of "Carthage," exhibited at the Royal Academy. The gentleman who had ordered and was to pay one hundred pounds for it refused on account of those strictures to complete the bargain. Not very long afterwards Turner was offered thousands for the same work. "This is indeed a triumph," he exclaimed, with natural exultation. He was at last at the top of Fortune's wheel. His paintings commanded any price he chose to ask for them, and he accumulated money at an astounding rate. He had removed to 48, Queen Anne-street West, a street north of Cavendish-square—a house subsequently known as "Turner's Den." Truly a den. The windows were never cleaned, had breaches in them patched with paper; the door was black and blistered, the iron palisades rusty for lack of paint. If a would-be visitor knocked or rang, it was long before the summons was replied to—up to 1812, by a wizened, meagre old man, who unfastened the chain sufficiently to see who rang or knocked, and the almost invariable answer was, "You can't come in." After the old man's death, Mrs. Danby, an elderly woman with a diseased face, supplied his place.

A profound melancholy shadowed not only the social, but artistic life of Turner, relieved by occasional, far-between flashes of merriment. Mr. Ruskin has remarked upon this in his usual forcible language—"Sunset and twilight on ruins were his favourite effects." Speaking of the *Liber*, the great art-critic goes on to remark—"A feeling of decay, of humiliation, gives solemnity to all his simplest subjects, even to his views of daily labour. In the pastoral by the brookside, the child is in rags and lame. In the hedging and ditching, the labourer is mean and sickly, the woman slatternly. The mill is a ruin; the peat-bog dreary."

Nothing could be more true. Even his glorious picture of the last of the Old Téméraire, is the Téméraire going to be broken up. "Ah! the fallacies of hope!" was his frequent exclamation when he was in the full blaze of his fame and rolling in riches. "Ah! the fallacies of hope,"—a thought which, if seldom uttered in words, is ever burning in the brain of finely-organized poetic natures, and Turner's was a finely-organized poetic nature, if there ever was one. The burthen of the mystery is too heavy for them. The highest poetry of the nineteenth century is but the melodious echo of

this deep-seated feeling, this religion of despair.

Turner loved to mystify people. His great picture of Polyphemus, the one-eyed Cyclops whose eye Ulysses put out, with a tree pointed like a stake, when the monster was asleep, the subject of which was taken from the "Odyssey," had an immense success. One day Turner dined with a large party, amongst the guests at which were the Reverend Mr. Judkins, and a lady, who greatly admired Turner's pictures. They were sitting opposite Turner and talking in whispers. "I know what you are talking about," exclaimed Turner, his keen eyes glittering with fun; "you are talking of my picture." This was true, the lady having expressed great admiration of the Polyphemus, "a sweet picture" she called it. The Reverend Mr. Judkins intimated assent; they *were* talking about his picture. "And where do you think I got the subject from, sir?" asked Turner. "Why, from the 'Odyssey,' of course." "Not a bit of it, my dear sir; I took it from Tom Dibdin. Don't you remember the words?—

"He ate his mutton, drank his wine,
And then he poked his eye out."

One Mr. Gillat, a wealthy manufacturer of Birmingham—it was the wealthy merchants and manufacturers, not the aristocracy, by whom Turner was chiefly patronized—Mr. Gillat was determined, if possible, to possess himself of some of Turner's pictures. With that fixed purpose he came to London, called at the Den, 48, Queen Anne-street, rang the bell again and again, till at last it was answered by the old woman with a diseased face. He told his business, and the usual reply was given—"You can't come in." The Birmingham gentleman was not so easily beaten. He had got his foot in the doorway—the housekeeper had incautiously unhooked the chain—and Mr. Gillat made a forcible entry. He had hardly gained the first landing when Turner, hearing strange footsteps, rushed out of his particular compartment in the den and angrily confronted the intruder. "What do you want here?" "I am come to purchase some of your pictures." "I have none to sell." "But you wont mind exchanging them for some of mine? You have seen our Birmingham pictures?" "Never 'eard of 'em." "I will show you some," rejoined the gentleman from Birmingham, pulling out a roll of Bank of England notes to the amount of five thousand

pounds. "You are a rum one," said Turner "Those are pictures, too, that must not be copied." The Birmingham gentleman was successful, and carried off five thousand pounds' worth—now perhaps worth five times that sum—of the great artist's creations.

Turner could not bear to sell a favourite painting. It was a portion of his being; to part with it was a rendering up, the blotting out of that space of his life spent in its creation. He was always dejected, melancholy, after such a transaction. "I lost one of my children this week," he would sadly exclaim with tears in his eyes.

At a meeting at Somerset House, presided over by the late Sir Robert Peel, it was decided to purchase Turner's two great pictures, the *Rise and the Fall of Carthage*, for the National Gallery. A Mr. Griffiths was commissioned to offer five thousand pounds for them. "A noble offer," said Turner, "a noble offer; but no, I cannot part with them. Impossible." Mr. Griffiths, greatly disappointed, took leave. Turner ran after him. "Tell those gentlemen," he said, "that the nation will, most likely, have the pictures after all."

Long before this Turner had matured a purpose which continued to be his dominant ide:

till the curtain fell upon the incongruous drama of his life. This was to bequeath to his country a Turner's Gallery of noble pictures, and amass one hundred thousand pounds at least, to build and endow an asylum for decayed artists. It was for this great end that he scorned delights, except such cheap luxuries as fishing, and the indulgence, at times, of somewhat ignoble tastes; consented to be esteemed a miserly curmudgeon, lived in a state of almost absolute squalor, dressed in such a Paul-Pry fashion—Paul Pry run to seed—that country friends, as well as his aristocratic acquaintances, gave him the sobriquet of Old Podgy.

His resolve once made could not be shaken. A wealthy merchant of Liverpool offered him one hundred thousand pounds down, for the art treasures rolled up in dark closets—hanging from dripping walls in the Den, Queen Anne-street. "Give me the key of the house, Mr. Turner," said the would-be purchaser, "and here is the money." "No, thank you," replied Turner; "I have refused a better offer," which was true.

Upon another occasion an eager speculator called upon him to effect purchases. Turner happened to be in one of his jocose moods, and he displayed his wonderful sketches bound up

in volumes. The purchaser expectant was in ecstasies as the gem-like pages flashed one after the other upon him. His bid for them rapidly increased till it reached the sum of one thousand pounds per volume. "You would very much like to have them, I daresay?" "Yes, very much." "Well, then, you wont."

Yet this large-souled man—a mighty spirit prisoned in the shabbiest of shells—could be guilty of the most niggardly meanness. He caused a tablet to be placed in St. Paul's. Some masonry work was required to fix it; the charge for which was seven-and-sixpence, which one of the churchwardens paid, believing, of course, that Mr. Turner would immediately reimburse him such a trifle. Turner was much pleased with the tablet, but his mood changed when the little bill was presented. "Send me a receipt from the mason," said Turner; "I wont pay it till you do." It was not worth the trouble to do so, and the churchwarden lost his money. "He a great man!" growled a Southend boatman, one of two whom Turner used to hire to pull him about the Thames shore whilst he was sketching. "He a great man! over the left! Why, he takes out a big bottle of gin regular, and never axes us to have a nip."

Yet even with respect to that least significant

sign or evidence of true benevolence, indiscriminate almsgiving, the great artist was often, very often, impulsively, lavishly generous. An old Irish beggar-woman importuned him in the streets, to his great annoyance. He rebuked her angrily, but presently repenting of his harshness, ran back and slipped a five-pound note into her hand.

He was sometimes munificent, even during life, in affording help to those who he knew really needed it. A gentleman who used to buy his sketches when he was working in the dingy bedroom over his father's shop in Maiden-lane, and always prophesied high things of him, fell into difficulties, and was about to sell the timber on his estate. Turner heard of this, and sent many thousands, twenty it is said, anonymously to the gentleman's steward. The embarrassment was temporary only, the gentleman recovered himself, and Turner received back his twenty thousand pounds.

Especially for struggling artists he felt an ardent sympathy, and was ever ready to assist them with advice and money. One young man who had painted "Galileo in the prison of the Inquisition," showed the work to him. "It is a good picture," said Turner, "full of promise." Then seizing a brush, he dashed in some geo-

metrical figures upon the prison walls. This was worth fifty guineas to the young painter.

One incident gives high proof of the native generosity of his nature. He was one of the hanging committee, as the phrase goes, of the Royal Academy. The walls were full when Turner's attention was attracted by a picture sent in by an unknown provincial artist of the name of Bird. Turner examined it carefully. "A good picture," he exclaimed. "It must be hung up and exhibited." "Impossible," responded the committee of Academicians. "The arrangement can't be disturbed. Quite impossible!" "A good picture," iterated Turner; "it must be hung up;" and finding his colleagues to be as obstinate as himself, he hitched down one of his own pictures and hung up Bird's in its place.

Another time Sir Thomas Lawrence exhibited a painting which was hung close by one of Turner's. The exceeding brightness of the latter rendered the dulness of Sir Thomas Lawrence's repulsively apparent. The courtly portrait painter was much annoyed, but there was no help for it. The next day, a friend called upon Turner and asked what, in the name of Heaven, he had been doing with his picture. The colour was all smudged out.

"Yes, yes—Lawrence looked so miserable. But it's only lamp-black; it will easily wash off."

Turner never entertained any one, never gave a dinner during his life. Upon one occasion he had no option but to do so. He had paid a visit to Edinburgh, and whilst there had been hospitably entertained by a Mr. Thompson. He had, in fact, made that gentleman's house his home. Mr. Thompson came to London, and Turner could not do less than invite him to dinner. The invitation was accepted, greatly to the consternation both of Turner and his father. There seemed, however, to be no help for it, when Fortune came to their relief. Mr. Thompson called upon a nobleman, who pressingly invited him to dine at his mansion the next day, the last he should remain in town. Mr. Thompson pleaded his previous engagement with Turner. "Bring Turner with you," said the nobleman. Mr. Thompson delivered the message. Turner, secretly delighted, affected to hesitate. "Well, I suppose I must, but ——" "Go, Billy," exclaimed the father, furtively opening the door, on the outside of which he had been listening. "Go, Billy; the mutton need not be boiled."

The suffering of his friends grievously

affected Turner. Their death encompassed him for a time with the gloom of an inconsolable despair. He had, unhappily, no religious convictions, and the thought of annihilation was to him a source of constant terror and dread. The death of his jovial-hearted friend, Chantrey, the sculptor, deeply affected him. He could never be induced to enter a sick-room, and would not visit at the house where a friend or acquaintance had died.

At last the sere of life had fallen upon this great genius. He felt, though he refused to acknowledge it to himself, that he was fast approaching the setting sun, that the universe was fading from his sight, crumbling at his feet. He strove to escape from himself, as it were: "he would give all his wealth to be twenty years old again." He was recognised at the Yorkshire Stingo by a very slight acquaintance. He may have indulged in potations at times. "I shall often come," said the man, "now I know you frequent the house." Turner never went there again, but the world was a blank for him: he had no cheerful fireside—no home in its true, saving sense.

Becoming more and more conscious of the swift approach of death, and fancying, perhaps, that a change of scene—seclusion from society—might retrim the expiring lamp, he suddenly left Queen Anne-street with merely a change of linen, as if he were going out for a walk, and took lodging in a cottage at Chelsea, next door to which ginger-beer was sold, and not far from the present Cremorne Pier. It was a long time before his whereabouts was discovered by his old faithful housekeeper, Mrs. Danby, by accident.

He had not then many days to live. A medical gentleman whom he had known at Margate—Margate which he was never weary of visiting, and the memories of which were present to him in his last hours—had been sent for, and he had no sooner looked upon the moribund than he gently but firmly announced that the last hour was at hand. Turner was greatly shocked, and refused to believe that his end, that “annihilation” was so near. “Go downstairs,” trembled from his ashen lips—“go downstairs, and take a glass of wine. Then come and look at me again.” The medical gentleman did so, returned, and again interpreted in the same words the doom of inevitable death written unmistakeably upon the great

painter's brow. A few hours afterwards, on the 19th of December, 1851, J. M. W. Turner, R.A., expired, aged 79 years! He was buried in St. Paul's.

By his will he bequeathed one hundred and forty thousand pounds to found an asylum for poor Artists born in England, and a magnificent art-treasure to his country. This latter bequest was, however, coupled with the condition that his *Rise and Fall of Carthage* should be hung up in the National Gallery between Claude's *Sea-port and Mill*.

Lord Norbury.

THE Mr. John Toler, who, by force of unblushing sycophancy, unparalleled impudence, and a pair of hair-trigger pistols, became Lord Norbury, and Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, Ireland, was of respectable parentage, notwithstanding that his only fortune when launched upon the world was fifty pounds, and the hair-trigger pistols. These qualifications sufficed in those days—although he knew little of law, in a comparative sense of course, and was utterly destitute of eloquence—to clear his way to the high offices of Solicitor, Attorney-General, Chief Judgeship, and to place a coronet on his truculent brow.

This man, called to the Irish bar in 1771, was in person fat, podgy, with small gray cunning eyes, which ever sparkled with good humour, irrepressible fun, especially when he was passing sentence of death. He was never so jocund as then, especially if there was a large batch of criminals. Lord Norbury was at once Sancho Panza and

Judge Jefferys. He had not, and did not care to have, a particle of moral courage, but was animally brave, or pretty nearly so, as a bulldog is. He was always ready with his pistol. He fought some half-dozen duels, one with fire-eating Fitzgerald; frightened James Napper Tandy, who died a French general, nearly out of his small wits by the threat of one; and Sir Jonah Barrington's very respectable brains he would probably have blown out, but for a ludicrous mishap. Of these incidents more presently. Lord Norbury, it must be admitted, only followed the fashion of the times. Lord Chancellor Clare "went out" with the Master of the Rolls, John Philpot Curran. There was a mania for duelling. To have stood fire, at least once, was held to be the only stamp of a *raal* gentleman. It was a customary query for a father or mother to put to any one who advocated the pretensions of a suitor to his or her daughter's hand: "What family is he of? Did he ever stand a blaze?" Judge Fletcher, a learned, humane, bibulous man, and a terrible glutton, when summing up the evidence in the case of the *King v. Fenton*, who was indicted for the murder of Major Hillens, said, "It is my duty to tell you, Gentlemen of the Jury, that to kill a man in a duel is by law murder.

It is my duty to say that ; but upon my honour, gentlemen, a *fairer duel* I never heard or read of." Fenton was of course acquitted. What a distance, looked at from our present point of view, seems to have elapsed since such sayings and doings were possible in high judicial regions ! The march of civilization and refinement may be slow, but it is palpable and decisive.

Notwithstanding that Lord Norbury was seen by dullest eyes to be a coarse, vulgar embodiment of a mean rascality, unredeemed by the faintest gleam of honour or patriotism, the man was tolerated by society for his convivial talents. He could sing a capital song, often did so in miscellaneous company, long after he was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and sometimes delivered smart, if not exactly witty, sayings. His best songs were "Black-eyed Susan," and "Admiral Benbow." His character will be best portrayed by anecdotal pen-strokes. In so doing it will be necessary to mix up the tragic and the trivial, the savagery and jocoseness, which made up Lord Norbury. It would indeed be impossible to separate in his moral portrait those characteristics from each other. His judicial ferocity was invariably tinged with

a sort of ghastly fun, just as his jocosity was ever spiteful, venomous, brutal.

Mr. John Toler became Attorney-General, prosecuted on the part of the Crown John and Henry Sheares, young barristers of good family, who had rashly mixed themselves up with one of the abortive rebellions rife in that troubled exciting time. They were the dupes and tools of more astute and cunning conspirators. This was especially true of Henry Sheares, a young man of weak, not to say cowardly, spirit. The trial, which took place before Lord Carleton, was a lengthened one. Mr. Curran, when the case for the prosecution closed, asked for an adjournment, he being physically incapable of addressing the jury with effect. "What do you say, Mr. Attorney?" said Lord Carleton. Mr. Attorney Toler objected. He was as much exhausted as the counsel for the rebels. Such adjournments, he added, were prejudicial to the public interests, and a waste of time. The trial went on, the accused were convicted—sentenced to death. Mr. Attorney immediately rose and prayed that execution might take place on the following day. The prayer was granted.

Mr. Attorney-General Toler had a purpose in view. He was aware that Sir Jonah

Barrington, one of the most loyal of men, and held in high esteem by the Lord Lieutenant, had been acquainted with the prisoners—that he felt great commiseration for them, and would do his utmost to avert or mitigate their doom; and Mr. Attorney-General could not endure that the quarry which he had hunted down should be rescued by any impertinent interference. Mr. Attorney's was a well-calculated haste. Henry Sheares wrote a letter immediately after sentence was pronounced, to Sir Jonah Barrington, imploring him in the most pathetic phrases to see the Lord Lieutenant, and intercede for his—the prisoner's life. The letter itself was abundant proof that the craven who wrote it could never have seriously contemplated rebellion. Lord Clare yielded, and sent a respite staying execution, in the hope that the doomed man might be able to make revelations which would justify him, the Lord Lieutenant, in granting a full pardon. Sir Jonah Barrington hurried off, and arrived before the jail in just sufficient time to see and hear the executioner hold up Henry Sheares' head, and exclaim, "This is the head of a traitor!!"

There is only one step, we are told, from the sublime to the ridiculous: in the instance of

this man there is but one, and a short one, so closely do they approximate, from the horrible to the funny, the ludicrous. Take for example the following anecdote:—

Lord Redesdale, appointed Lord Chancellor for Ireland, a dull, prosaic man, who believed himself to be a wit of the first water, was anxious to exhibit himself to advantage in his first social intercourse with the Irish bar, the rollicking humour of whom was well known. He fared but badly, Mr. John Toler contriving to turn the laugh against him at every tilt of repartee. Lord Redesdale mentioned that when he was a lad, cock-fighting was in vogue, and that ladies went to see the exhibition full dressed, and wearing hoops. “Ah,” exclaimed Toler, “now we get at the etymology of cock-a-hoop.” This was thought very clever, and a general laugh followed. His lordship subsequently remarked—the conversation having turned upon skating—that in his youth skating was not a dangerous pastime, inasmuch as that the skaters fastened bladders under their arms, so that if the ice broke beneath them, they would be suspended above water by the bladders. “Ha, ha!” shouted Toler, “now I understand what blatherum-skate means.” Poor stuff no doubt, but there was not much supe-

rior to it in Lord Norbury's motley coat of many colours.

The Right Honourable John Toler crept, crawled, bullied his way into the Irish House of Commons, when it was really worth while to be a member of that assembly. The English government were bent upon abolishing the Irish parliament, and votes for the Union were to be purchased at any price. The Right Honourable John Toler was very useful in flattering all voters with his praise, and in bullying the opponents of the scheme; it being well known to all, that a skilfully pointed hair-trigger would echo his insults at a moment's notice. His first onslaught was upon Mr. George Ponsonby. He told the honourable gentleman that if he had heard any one utter such words out of the House as he, Mr. Ponsonby, had within it, he would have seized the ruffian by the throat, and trampled him into the dust. Mr. Ponsonby took no notice of the right honourable gentleman's Billingsgate. Mr. Toler next fell foul of the Honourable Jonah Barrington, and having dined and drunk very freely was more than usually abusive. Sir Jonah Barrington curtly replied: "I shall only give him the character which he deserves; this, that he has a hand for every-

body, and a heart for nobody." The instant Sir Jonah sat down, Toler gave him an unmistakeable hair-trigger wink with one of his small gray eyes, and out of the House hurried both the honourable gentlemen. They were not, however, quick enough. The Sergeant-at-Arms' assistants were ordered to follow, and bring the honourable members back into the awful presence of the Mace. Toler was captured. His coat tails caught in a doorway he was passing through, and though, tugging with might and main, he at last freed himself at the cost of his tails, the delay was fatal. He was seized and brought back to the House. Sir Jonah got as far as Nassau-street, where he was overtaken, rudely seized, carried back by four stout fellows, and flung like a sack of sawdust upon the floor of the House. Both members were ordered to declare "upon their honour" that the affair should proceed no farther. The Right Honourable John Toler rose to explain, to defend himself, but his appearance, denuded as he was of the skirts of his coat, was so ludicrous, that the House burst into roars of laughter. As soon as he could make himself heard, Curran, with great apparent indignation, rose and exclaimed—"A more intolerable insult has never been offered

to this House. One honourable member has positively dared to TRIM THE JACKET of another honourable member within these walls and nearly within view of the Speaker!" This sally intensified the merriment, amidst which the comical fracas evaporated, so to speak.

The Right Honourable John Toler voted for the destruction of the Irish Parliament, a wise measure, it may be, but carried by infamously corrupt means. The Right Honourable gentleman drove a famous bargain with the Government—a peerage for his wife—already an old woman, and the chief justiceship of the Common Pleas for himself, with the title of Lord Norbury. Upon this being communicated by Lord Castlereagh to the Lord Chancellor Clare, that learned dignitary replied, "No, no, that will never do; make Toler a bishop, an archbishop even, but not a chief justice." The Lord Chancellor was obliged to yield, the Union was carried, and Lord Norbury was placed in possession of the seat and salary of the chief justice. "You have sold your country," said an Irish lady, not having the fear of hair triggers before her eyes. "You have basely sold your country." "Very lucky for me that I had a country to sell," was the rejoinder. "I wish I had another."

Lord Norbury as Chief Justice reflected no honour upon his office or upon those who had appointed him to it. Anecdotes of his conduct on the Bench of Justice are numerous. I select a few:—He never would nonsuit a plaintiff;—he had a *constitutional* objection forsooth, to withdraw the decision of any case from a jury. Upon one occasion he was urged in bolder terms than were ordinarily employed by the counsel for the defendant to grant a nonsuit. “For once, my lord, have the courage to grant a nonsuit.” “I tell you what, Mr. Wallace,” rejoined the Chief Justice —“I tell you what, Mr. Wallace; there are two kinds of courage—courage to shoot and courage to nonshoot. I hope I have both. But nonshoot now I wont.”

Lord Norbury, it has been already said, had a strong liking for capital punishments. He was never so hilarious as when putting on the black cap. It happened, however, that upon one occasion, during a trial of some interest, he manifested considerable emotion. Mr. Harvey Grady, a barrister of ability, who had been chafed by some of the judge’s remarks, thereupon said, “The incident reminds me, my lord, of a judge who was never known to weep but once, and that was in a theatre.”

"Tragedy—deep tragedy—Mr. Grady," said Lord Norbury. "No, indeed, my lord. It was in the Beggars' Opera when Macheath was reprieved." Lord Norbury tried the unfortunate Robert Emmett for high treason, conducting himself throughout the proceedings as a Jefferys or Scroggs might have done. "My lord," said the high-minded, if mistaken young man, irritated by a brutal taunt—"my lord, there are men concerned in this conspiracy who would disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand." The judge revenged himself by passing sentence of death in a sneering, mocking tone, omitting to add the usual formula: "And may the Lord have mercy upon your soul."

Some of Lord Norbury's impromptus are apt and humorous. He was told by a gentleman that he heard an old enemy of his was dead. "Do you believe it?" asked his friend. "I don't know," said Lord Norbury. "He is villain enough to live or die, just as it suits his own convenience."

Again. During a session of the Irish Parliament, when a strong effort was made to induce the House of Commons to pass a Catholic emancipation bill, the friends of the measure hit upon the notable expedient of

inviting over from England Edmund Burke's son, for the purpose of drawing up the petition to be presented to the House. The father was an eloquent writer, and it was concluded that his son must be the same. The young gentleman failed to please his patrons. The petition was nevertheless presented, and an acrimonious debate ensued. Young Mr. Burke was in the gallery, but becoming much excited walked down and entered the House itself, and walked up towards the chair. As soon as the audacious act was noticed, loud cries of "Privilege." "There is a stranger in the House" arose on all sides. "Sergeant-at-Arms, do your duty," roared Mr. Speaker. The intruder was dumb-founded, paralysed with terror. Thunder had fallen upon him. The imminence of the peril partially restored his faculties; he turned; the Sergeant-at-Arms, with a drawn sword in his hand, blocked his way: instantly doubling, he was stopped by the Clerk of the House;—turning again, he fairly took to his heels, followed at full speed by the door-keepers. He, however, escaped. The incident produced some excitement amongst the members, one of whom observed that he did not believe such a thing had ever happened before. "I beg your pardon," ex-

claimed the Right Honourable John Toler; "I found the same incident, a few days hence, in the cross-readings of a newspaper. Yesterday a petition was presented to the House of Commons—it fortunately missed fire, and the villain ran off."

This, again, is tolerably smart. A gentleman had been tried for arson and acquitted legally, though not by the verdict of general opinion. This gentleman "attended a castle levée. "I am glad to see you *here*," said the Right Honourable John Toler. "It will be my last visit for a long time," said the gentleman, "as I am about to become a Benedict." "Ah, well," said the Right Honourable John, "St. Paul says it is better to marry than *burn*."

The Chief Justice of the Common Pleas was as averse to signing bills of exception as to directing a nonsuit. One was tendered against his lordship's ruling by the late Daniel O'Connell, between whom and Lord Norbury there was perpetual feud. They hated each other bitterly. If a judge refuse to sign a bill of exceptions, he is liable to a penalty of five hundred pounds. Lord Norbury was yet more loath to pay five hundred pounds than to sign a bill of exceptions. "Surely, Mr.

O'Connell," he exclaimed, "you cannot be serious." The great Daniel replied that he was never more serious in his life. The duty he owed his client required him to insist either that his lordship should sign or refuse to sign the bill of exceptions. Lord Norbury was sure Mr. O'Connell would always do his duty towards clients. He was a bright example to the bar in this respect. But he was disinclined either to sign the bill or refuse to sign it. "I wish your lordship had spared me the infliction of your praise. I must insist either that your lordship signs or refuses to sign." "Certainly I shall not refuse to sign—nor sign now. Come to me by and by at chambers, and we will see about it." Mr. O'Connell attended at chambers, and the bill of exceptions was signed.

In another tilt with Lord Norbury, Daniel O'Connell did not come off so well. The late Sir Robert Peel, when Secretary for Ireland, had challenged Mr. O'Connell to mortal combat, in consequence of some offensive expressions made use of towards him by the celebrated agitator, at a public meeting. Mrs. O'Connell, discovering what was going on, caused her husband to be arrested and bound over to keep the peace with all the king's subjects in Ireland.

Mr. Peel immediately started for Ostend, first sending a written message to O'Connell, that he intended to do so. Mr. O'Connell followed shortly, was again arrested in London, and bound over by Lord Ellenborough, in heavy penalties, to keep the peace with all His Majesty's subjects. Mr. O'Connell returned to Ireland, and a short time afterwards was arguing a knotty point of law before the Chief Justice. Lord Norbury paid little attention to the argument, preferring to fondle a Newfoundland dog he had with him on the Bench. "My Lord," exclaimed Mr. O'Connell, "I am afraid your lordship does not apprehend me." "I beg your pardon, Mr. O'Connell," replied the Chief Justice, with a sneering chuckle, "no one is more easily apprehended than Mr. O'Connell *when he wishes to be.*"

Irish gentlemen are proverbially the most hospitable race in the world. Lord Norbury was an exception. He was, however, liberal enough in his invitations, but there was very lenten entertainment, grudgingly placed before such persons who, not knowing his lordship, ventured to accept them. He once pressingly invited an elderly lady and gentleman, with whom he had been long acquainted, to come and spend a week at Cabra, his lordship's seat,

at a considerable distance from Dublin, little imagining his invitation would be accepted. He was mistaken. The lady and gentleman packed up such necessaries as would be required during a week's sojourn at Cabra, where they safely arrived, and were most politely received by Lord Norbury. "Well, now, this is kind," said his lordship, "I am so happy to see you both, and must insist—now, no excuse—that *you stop and take dinner*. You must, indeed: I will take no refusal,—certainly not."

The Chief Justice once, when passing sentence of death, at Carlow, upon a lot of rebels, was attired in a masquerade dress! He had, some weeks previous, been present at a grand masquerade given by Lady Castlereagh, where he appeared in the character of Hawthorne in Love in a Village. His dress was green tabinet, with mother-of-pearl buttons, striped yellow and black waistcoat, and buff breeches. When about to dress on the morning of the day when so many sentences would have to be passed, and the weather being extremely hot, he examined his wardrobe to select the lightest, coolest dress he could find. This happened to be his masquerade costume, which he at once decided upon. When he took his seat on the bench, his robe concealed the

under-dress, but soon overpowered by the heat Lord Norbury threw back his robe, disclosing his masquerade attire to the amazement of a crowded court, and went on with his pleasant labour in a comfortable state of both body and mind.

Lord Norbury clung to the great office which he disgraced, to the last. At length the Government determined to abate so pernicious a scandal, and a private intimation reached him that he would be required to resign the Chief Justiceship. The intelligence made him wild—furious; life would be valueless if not enlivened by the power of passing death-sentences, a delectation which the absurd chicken-heartedness of modern legislators had already shamefully curtailed. The Chief Justice quickly resolved upon his plan of campaign. Mr. Gregory, the Lord Lieutenant's private Secretary, would be the person selected to present him with his Excellency's compliments, and politely intimate the request of Government that he would tender his resignation. Lord Norbury sent for Mr. Gregory at once, conducted him to a private room, carefully closed the door, turned the key, and then with the fierce glimmer in his eyes which his auditor well knew indicated mischief, thus addressed him: "My dear

Gregory, you are my oldest friend. There is no one I respect so much. It seems that our mocking in the Phoenix Park is about to publicly insult me, and I never yet brooked a saucy look. I am to be asked to resign my seat on the Bench! Of course the sham monarch himself cannot be punished, but the minion, whoever he is, whom he entrusts with such a message, shall be; I will have his life. Gregory, my old, my valued friend—you will stand by me, I am sure. *The hair-triggers* are ready as in the days of Tandy and Fitzgerald." Mr. Gregory, who had been charged to deliver the offensive intimation without delay, left without doing so. Lord Norbury's bullying tactics, however, availed nothing. A few days afterwards he was requested to resign by a letter from the Lord Lieutenant himself. Driven to bay, the Chief Justice asked for time to consult a friend. This indulgence was granted. The friend was in India! This was a twelvemonth gained. The Chief Justice thought so. He deceived himself. Having fallen asleep during a trial for murder, a petition presented to the House of Commons by Daniel O'Connell compelled the Government to require his instant resignation of the judgment-seat—and Lord Norbury, *alias* John

Toler, retired to die at Cabra. His coarse humour did not forsake him in the last hours. He had a neighbour who had been bedridden for years, and was at the point of death. Apprised by his physician that the end was near, inevitable, he, the shock of the announcement over, said to a servant in attendance, "James, go with my compliments to Lord Erne, and tell him it is now a dead heat between him and me." Thus died the bloody-handed Jester-Judge.

The Chevalier D'Eon.

THE life of this gentleman is one of the still unsolved mysteries of what may be called the occult history of courts and courtesans, Royal intrigues, and underplots of bestarred and be-ribboned flunkeyism. Much has been written upon the subject, but no key has yet been found that will turn the lock of the riddle. I am about to try the effect of my file upon that one which seemed to fit the wards most accurately. It is a subject which requires delicate handling, and I shall so handle it.

Charles Geneviève Louise Auguste D'Eon de Beaumont was born at Tonnerre, France, in the year 1728. It is somewhat curious, considering D'Eon's after life, that of his four baptismal names two were masculine and two feminine. He was a clever boy—" *mais tant soit peu eccentricque*" (but more or less eccentric). His features being small and delicate, he more than once passed himself off as a girl at rustic fêtes, and could only be induced to abstain from

such objectionable licence by the serious warnings of a magistrate.

Charles Geneviève Louise Auguste D'Eon de Beaumont's domicile did not harmonize with such sounding titles. The family was poor and proud, and the young man was hugely delighted when he was at last free to seek his fortune in Paris, furnished, it is true, with a light purse, but influential introductions to great people. The old noblesse of France were true to their order, false and tyrannous as they were to the mere people. It was these introductions, and not the wishy-washy pamphlets he wrote and published, which commended him to the notice of the Prince of Conti, and through his princeshipto that of the King Louis XV. His handsome presence and pleasing manners secured the favour which princely patronage had initiated. He was appointed equerry to the King, created a knight, thenceforth Chevalier D'Eon, and as if to make a doctor of law and an advocate of the parliament were as easy to the monarch as to manufacture an equerry or a knight, had the dignity of doctor of law and an advocate of parliament conferred upon him.

The sun of good fortune continued to smile. He was appointed to the secretaryship of the French embassy at St. Petersburg,

and by his adroitness, spirit of adventurous intrigue, and glozing tongue, so ingratiated himself with the Czarina Elizabeth, one of the most atrocious fiends that ever filled the Satanic throne of Muscovy, that he soon became, to the superseding of the titular ambassador, the medium of communication between the Empress Elizabeth and Louis XV. It is needless to go into the details, so far as they are unreliably known, of the plots, treacheries, massacres, schemes to which D'Eon was privy, and the thread of which web of devilism he held. Enough, that both Elizabeth and Louis approved his services. The Czarina gave him money, Louis made him a captain of dragoons, and by letters patent granted him a pension of about, in English money, one hundred pounds per annum.

During the Chevalier's sojourn in St. Petersburg he was in the habit of frequenting places of amusement, balls, &c., in the guise of a woman. His appearance when so attired was so completely feminine that no one unacquainted with him could have detected the imposture. This was a mania with the Chevalier. There was nothing he so delighted in, as receiving the amatory compliments of men attracted by the beauty of his countenance,

and the artistic make-up of his figure. And yet this man was a brave soldier, and proved that he was in more than one bloody encounter. Verily, the contradictions and inconsistencies of human nature are inscrutable, past finding out.

No question that the eccentric Chevalier was a very clever person. There is no more doubt that he was unscrupulous as to the means to be employed for rising in the world. A young gentleman, moreover, of amazing fertility of resource, who could conceive and carry out unheard-of schemes for the replenishment of an exhausted purse which a less fertile brain would never have dreamt of. And in this we shall, I think, find the true key to the unlocking of the D'Eon mystery. The puzzlement—it scarcely deserves the name of mystery—lies in a nutshell. It was simply a novel mode of raising the wind by the help of unscrupulous intermediaries. It is surprising that Sir Charles Lascelles Wraxall, Mr. Robert Chambers, and others who have written so largely upon the subject, should not at a glance have perceived what a transparent swindle the whole thing was.

The Chevalier D'Eon contrived to obtain the appointment of attaché to the embassy in England, the ambassador being the Duc de

Nivernois. In London the Chevalier's restless spirit of intrigue, his audacity of enterprise in search after political advancement, were as conspicuous, though not so successful, as at St. Petersburg. He purloined, secreted, whichever may be the most appropriate word, some important papers, and made capital of their possession. The Duc de Nivernois returned to France much dissatisfied with D'Eon, who, however, continued for some time to fulfil the duties of *Chargé d'Affaires* at the English court.

He was at last deprived of his office, and reduced to subsist upon his pension of one hundred pounds per annum—a sorry income for so gay a chevalier. With the help of gaming, wagering, and other contrivances familiar to the initiated, he managed to carry on the war for full fourteen years. By that time he had reached the length of his tether, and a jail loomed with dark distinctness in the “illimitable perspective.”

This had been for at least six years—much longer probably—a foregone conclusion with the Chevalier; and he, if I read his life aright, had prepared for the inevitable catastrophe after a very novel fashion. Doubts of whether the Chevalier was a man or woman, were cir-

culated—and Hayes, a surgeon, with whom D'Eon was well acquainted, bet one Jacques, a money-broker and underwriter, a wager, of which the conditions were that Hayes would pay to Jacques fifteen guineas per cent. upon the sum of seven hundred pounds, till such time as D'Eon was proved to be a woman: whenever that fact should be clearly substantiated, Jacques was to pay over the seven hundred pounds. No secret was made of this wager; scores of persons entered into the speculation, and it was believed that from sixty to seventy thousand pounds were hazarded in France and England upon the result of this strange contention. People said that the Chevalier had offended the French Court by refusing to publicly acknowledge his sex, and on that account he had been deprived of office.

The Chevalier's funds being at a very low ebb indeed, Hayes, his intimate friend, commenced an action in the King's Bench against Jacques for the recovery of the seven hundred pounds. The success of this suit, it was held, would decide the whole of the wagers. The Chevalier took care that Hayes should win. It was, of course, in his own power to put the matter beyond dispute. That was not his game. Two willing dupes, or tools, were

found, a M. Le Goux, chirurgien, and a M. De Morande. The trial, presided over by Chief Justice Mansfield, came off on the 1st of July, 1777. Mr. Buller was counsel for the plaintiff, Mr. Mansfield for the defendant. Messieurs Le Goux and De Morande swore positively that to their knowledge the pretended Chevalier was a woman. De Morande had jested with her, and something more, upon the subject. He had also been shown her woman's wardrobe.

The fact that D'Eon was a woman could not, it appeared to the defendant's counsel, be disputed, and he relied for the verdict upon the plea, that such wagers were illegal, especially as Hayes knew from the positive information of Le Goux and De Morande, that the sham Chevalier was a woman.

Lord Mansfield was not of that opinion, though he would reserve the point for the decision of the full Court. His lordship instanced a case which had come within his own knowledge, when two gentlemen made a wager as to the dimensions of the Venus de Medicis. One of the wagers said, "Remember, I am sure to win, for I have measured the statue;" to which the other replied, "Do you think I should be such a fool as to bet if I also had not measured the statue?" Under his lordship's

direction a verdict was returned for the plaintiff, for the full amount claimed.

So far Chevalier D'Eon and Co. were successful. Unfortunately for them the full Court decided that such wagers were not legally recoverable, and the game was up.

The Chevalier escaped to France, and in order, as I believe, to save the credit of his tools and accomplices, assumed female attire, giving out that he was compelled to do so by order of the King. I have seen biographies of D'Eon, the writers of which appear seriously to believe that such was the case!

The next move of this eccentric gentleman was an endeavour to put money in his purse by turning author. He wrote and printed twelve volumes of apocryphal history, and equally fictitious anecdotes, entitled, *Loisirs du Chevalier D'Eon*—(Leisure Hours of the Chevalier D'Eon)—which netted all they were worth—nothing. He had, however, taken a pretty accurate estimate of Queen Charlotte, of German memory.

The Revolution found D'Eon not at all bettered in circumstances by his artifices. His only and sure friend was M. Elisée, afterwards first surgeon to Louis XVIII. M. Elisée supplied the Chevalier with funds, enabling him to reach England, and support

himself there, till a sufficient revenue could be obtained from a fencing establishment, which the Chevalier set on foot in London, he being a very expert *maître d'armes*. He died in 1810, and the *post-mortem* examination was decisive that the Chevalier was a man. The pretence of being a woman was, unquestionably, a mere swindle, and that of the most obvious kind, though reams of paper have been blotted with the argumentation of writers who persisted that the Chevalier D'Eon was the victim of some mysterious State policy. The Chevalier is not the only whimsical charlatan who has had his foolery exaggerated, though it has seldom been done in so outrageous a fashion as in this case.

Joseph Balsamo.

BETTER to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven is the expression put by Milton into the mouth of the Prince of Darkness. I suppose something of the same feeling influences men who exult in pre-eminence, and would pawn their souls to attain it, though it be pre-eminence in rascality. A chief amongst this class was Joseph (Giuseppe) Balsamo, commonly known as Alessandro Count de Cagliostro.

A very clever fellow, no question, with unbounded faith in the gullibility of mankind, and amply endowed with the gifts which enable the possessor to shear the simpletons of society with effect—voluble plausibility and impudence—above all, impudence. A sublimer rascal never breathed. There must have been a fatal flaw in Balsamo's brain, else he could not have failed to discern, before it was too late, that the path upon which he had entered—turn, twist, double upon it as he might—must end in ruin, moral and material. Erratic, eccentric individuals who strike out for them-

selves new modes of acquiring wealth, believing, and acting upon the belief, that they have discovered a short cut to Fortune, and have never pondered the wisdom of the homely proverb which reminds us "that the longest way round is the shortest way home"—in fact, all successful charlatans have been more or less crazed in mind. This is their excuse, their claim upon the charitable consideration of mankind.

Giuseppe Balsamo, son of Pietro and Felicia Balsamo,—the sponsors who gave him that name were not seers into futurity—was born in Palermo, Sicily, on the 8th of June, 1743. The fat, sturdy little stranger did not open his eyes upon a very promising abode. Pietro Balsamo was a needy, struggling man, and was perfectly resigned, whilst Giuseppe was yet an infant, to let fall the oar with which he had so long and vainly been striving to stem the adverse current of his fortunes, and sink into the silent peace of the tomb. Could Pietro have foreseen the future eminence of his son in the realm of rascaldom, he might, perhaps, have struggled on till the first beams of its false splendour had dawned upon his darkened life.

The widow had a sore struggle with the world, and but for the assistance of one of her

brothers, would have sunk under the burthen. Giuseppe, or Beppo as he was familiarly called, was a most unfortunate urchin, blessed or cursed with a tremendous appetite and strong digestive powers. This, under the circumstances, was a calamity, which became more and more aggravated as the boy increased in years and voracity. It was cruel that one with such gastronomic capacity should be restricted to the scanty fare which irregularly found its way into the dingy Balsamo domicile. There was a world outside full of fat things, and why should not he help himself to a portion thereof by the only means in his power—theft? Beppo decided upon that course, and followed it up so vigorously that a hue and cry was soon raised in the neighbourhood against Beppo Mالدetto—who ran off with the good people's sausages, or any other savoury comestible which he could lay hands on.

The uncle must, for his sister's sake, put an end to such a scandal, and Beppo was placed by him in the seminary of St. Roch. The change was utterly distasteful to the voracious, idle young vagabond; and no wonder, the fare for the pupils chiefly consisting of *soupe maigre*—beans, vegetable diet generally, and a scanty

allowance of that, whilst flagellation for the most trifling offence was liberally administered. It was not endurable, and the future Count de Cagliostro was constantly running away, only to be driven back to the enjoyment of diminished fare with increase of stripes. Flesh and blood—Balsamo flesh and blood, at all events,—could not stand it. The mother's heart of poor Felicia was melted by her son's sufferings, and she appealed again to the generosity of her moneyed though close-fisted brother. "Well, Beppo," said that gentleman, moved by his sister's tears, "what dost thou propose to do? What career in life dost thou suppose will best suit thee?" Beppo replied that, if he could have his choice, he should decide at once to be a gentleman. "Per Bacco! no doubt of that. But the means, Beppo?" Beppo admitted there was a difficulty in that respect, and finally consented to enter the Church. He was accordingly sent, at the age of thirteen, to the monastery of Cartigione, then in possession of the Benfraletti, or Brothers of Mercy. There Beppo, very early in his novitiate, got into favour with the apothecary of the establishment, and acquired the knowledge of medicine, the properties of certain drugs, &c., which in after life he turned to

such profitable account. The apothecary was an alchemist of small calibre, and was always experimenting in chemical conjurorship with divining-rods, Leyden jars, acids, phosphorescent compounds, and other aids to the acquirement of proficiency in the science of natural magic—a suggestive school in which to teach the latent Balsamo idea how to shoot.

But though Beppo found favour with the Medicus of the establishment, he was held in great dislike by the Benfraletti generally. They doubted his orthodoxy, and were scandalized by his omnivorous appetite. The reins of corrective discipline were tightened, and, to the infinite disgust of Beppo, it was ultimately resolved to make a strenuous effort to save the soul of the neophyte by mortifying his flesh. They hit upon one very aggravating expedient for carrying out their praiseworthy purpose. On feast days—every one of which was punctually kept at the Monastery of Cartigione—when the good Brothers of Mercy fared sumptuously, Beppo was condemned to assist at the banquet in the capacity of reader instead of *convive*; that is to say, he, whilst the good brothers were luxuriously feasting, had to read aloud the Martyrology of the Saints, with the agreeable prospect that, after dinner

and dessert had been consumed, he (Beppo) might regale himself with dried pulse.

After a while Giuseppe Balsamo determined upon a singular revenge, one that would inevitably ensure his expulsion from the monastery. The Brothers of Mercy were seated at the well-furnished table: Beppo was commanded to read the Martyrology. He obeyed, merely substituting for the names of the saints, as he went on, those of the most notorious harlots and rogues in Palermo. At first, little heed was given to the reader; the brothers were absorbed in their dinner. Presently, however, their attention was aroused, and though scarcely at first believing their ears, it was but a minute before they realized the blasphemous obscenity in which Beppo Malletto was indulging. Rising as one man, they rushed on the impious wretch, pummelled him to their hearts' content, and, that done, thrust him out of the monastery.

The charily benevolent uncle was again had recourse to. Well, since the priestly vocation did not suit Beppo, what was to be done? what other attainable course of life would he make choice of? Beppo believed, or said he did, that he was the stuff of which great painters were made. He should like to try his chance in that profession. This was agreed to. Palettes,

pencils, colours, were supplied him; and it is said he really showed some skill in the art. But the results were unsatisfactory. The labour required was intolerable, and it would be long, very long, before that labour would meet with substantial reward, if ever. Meanwhile he, being expert at imitative writing, might eke out his scanty income by a judicious use of that skill. Beppo, in his *coups d'essai* in the line, flew at very small game. He forged orders of admission to places of public amusement, sold them for a trifle to his scamp acquaintances, carrying on his very little game with success for a considerable time. His flight as a forger was not, however, long in soaring to a very dangerous pitch. He was in the habit of visiting a notary at Palermo, in whose office he found a will. He determined to substitute a forged one in its stead; intending to go shares with the community—a religious house—in whose favour the fictitious will was made. That pretty project fell through, and though no tangible proof of his guilt could be for the time obtained, he was strongly suspected to be the forger. He was besides believed by many persons to have murdered a canon of the church. This accusation appears to be void of foundation. Be that as it may,

Sicilian soil, especially that of Palermo, was fast becoming too hot for the soles of his feet. It would be prudent to seek in other lands the opportunity of mounting the social ladder which was denied him in the land of his birth, and with his "usual blubbery impetuosity," to quote Carlyle's disparaging phrase, he resolved not to defer his departure. But he had not a feather to fly with. Charily benevolent uncle would not assist him; and he finally hit upon a scheme for bringing a goldsmith of the name of Marano under contribution. Beppo had already acquired a reputation for skill in chemical divining-rod conjurorship, and betaking himself to the goldsmith, who assuredly must have had the organ of credulity largely developed, persuaded him that he (Beppo) had discovered, by means of the divining-rod, where a large sum of money was buried, at some distance from Palermo. It could not, however, for some cabalistic reason, be secured by the person who made the discovery, though he (Beppo) might be present and assist at the disinterment of the treasure. He would conduct Marano to the spot upon two conditions: first, that he should be paid sixty ounces of gold down; and be afterwards entitled to one moiety of the discovered treasure, the sixty ounces to

be, of course, deducted from his share. The goldsmith consented: the gold ounces were handed over to Beppo, and at the time agreed upon—about midnight—he and Marano betook themselves to the indicated spot. Scarcely, however, had they commenced digging, when they were set upon by six of Beppo's dissolute acquaintances, transformed into devils by the aid of goat-skins and burnt cork, by whom Marano was severely belaboured and driven off. The goldsmith at once comprehended that he had been duped, and vowed to take signal vengeance on the robber. Beppo would not have been much frightened had Marano merely threatened proceedings at law; but the goldsmith wore a stiletto, and would not, Beppo knew, hesitate to use it should he find or make a fitting opportunity. That was a peril to flee from in all haste, and Beppo forthwith took leave of his native land, omitting in his hurry to hand over to his assistant devils the stipulated price of their services. Beppo subsequently expressed sorrow for the oversight, but it is not said that he paid the money.

Joseph Balsamo visited in succession Naples and Germany. At Westphalia he made the acquaintance of the arch-quack Germain, who declared that he was several hundred

years old, a fact due to his possession of the secret of manufacturing the Elixir Vitæ. We next find Joseph Balsamo at Alexandria, Rhodes, Malta—we have at least his word for it that he sojourned for some time at those places—certainly he passed through Venice, and took up his temporary abode in Rome. In the Eternal City he met with Lorenza Feliciano, a Roman donzella of surpassing beauty. She was in a very humble sphere of life, of keen capacity, not encumbered with moral impedimenta, and Beppo, readily appreciating the advantages of possessing such a wife, married her.

Balsamo had supported himself meantime in precarious splendour by the sale of beauty-water, wine of Egypt, and love-philtres: he had acquired a knowledge of the properties of cantharides in the laboratory of the apothecary to the Monastery of Cartigione. His genius soon embraced a wider range. He claimed the power of restoring youth to the aged, and by means of his beauty-water of conferring loveliness upon the plainest of womankind. Hundreds, chiefly of the richer classes, Italian counts and countesses, French envoys, Spanish grandees, believed in Balsamo, and were deservedly well fleeced for their folly.

Beppo now assumed the title of Marquis

Pellegrini, and by whatever motive induced, returned to Palermo, was recognised by the vindictive goldsmith, and cast into prison on account of that trifling matter of the sixty ounces of gold. It would have been heart-breaking to have such a future—a future, he himself remarked, “immense, but confused”—compromised by so paltry an incident. His wife, the Countess Seraphina, so rapidly has the lovely Roman servant-girl risen into the highest social regions, procured his liberation. She had fascinated the son of one of the most powerful princes of Sicily, and the enamoured youth, meeting with the advocate of the goldsmith in the hall of the Palace of Justice, so outrageously bullied and beat him, that the President could only rescue the advocate by running to his aid in person. The end was that the prosecution was dropped, and the marquis allowed to leave the prison and Palermo.

The chronology of the life of this eccentric quack—whom M. Alexandre Dumas, with the help of plaister of Paris, has coarsely modelled into a grotesque likeness of a man of profound science, of wondrous occult knowledge, in direct communication, moreover, with the unseen world of spirits—is obscure and involved. It would seem to be in 1772 that

Balsamo paid his first visit to England, and was reduced to such straits as to accept a job from one Dr. Benemio to paint his house. The genius of Balsamo did not lie in that line. He smudged instead of painting the doctor's house, and was refused payment. There is a scandalous anecdote told of Balsamo and the doctor's daughter, an only child; but the whole story may be apocryphal. Balsamo persistently denied that he had been in England previous to 1776. It must have been some other Italian of the name of Balsamo, who undertook to paint the doctor's house, and who corrupted his daughter. Beppo's denial is not, however, of much value. His cool effrontery in challenging the most patent facts was something marvellous.

At all events, his reappearance in Germany with the charming Donna Seraphina is indisputable as his success. Seraphina gives out that she is between sixty and seventy years of age, and that her youthful loveliness has been preserved by the miraculous beauty-water. The sale of that and the Vin d'Egypte goes up amazingly. Count de Cagliostro—Beppo's new and last title—boldly professes to communicate between the living and the dead, and by means of a magic-lantern and phosphorous blue

fire, produces effects which leave no doubt upon the minds of thousands that a true miracle-worker, a real prophet, has again visited the earth. It was not only the ignorant, credulous, vulgar, whether rich or needy, whom this audacious quack imposed upon: Lavater—honest, simple-minded Lavater—believed to a certain extent in Cagliostro.

“Cagliostro,” wrote Lavater, “is a great man, a man such as few are, in whom, however, I am not a believer. Oh that he were simple at heart, and humble like a child; that he had feeling for the simplicity of the Gospel and the Majesty of the Lord. Who were then so great as he? Cagliostro often tells what is untrue, and promises what he does not perform; yet do I in nowise hold his promises to be deception, though they are not what he calls them.”

O Lavater, prince of physiognomists, once at all events so esteemed, it is passing strange that that broad gross nose, those cunning eyes, blubber lips, and blubber brains, big as the head was, could impose upon you; that one of the most audacious and ignorant quacks that ever breathed, could impose himself upon you as a man of divinely inspired genius!

We may well ask, if Lavater so esteemed Cag-

liostro, what must the multitude have thought of him? The answer to that query is not doubtful. Cagliostro was literally worshipped, and the offerings of the faithful poured in upon him in such abundance that he rolled in riches; the splendour of his equipages could be scarcely rivalled by reigning princes. If he passed a statue of Christ, the audacious charlatan would dart a recognising glance at the figure and exclaim, as if to himself, "Ah! there you are; we meet again."

The reputation of beauty-water and wine of Egypt was on the wane; it was necessary to invent some new imposture. The scoundrel faculty was still Cagliostro's and in full vigour. He met with a book, as it is said, written by George Cofton, an Englishman, which professed to detail the mystic ceremonies of Egyptian Masonry. The hint sufficed. The Count de Cagliostro at once gave out that he was a native of Medina, and had been educated at Mecca,—the holy city of the Mahometans, where he was known by the name of Acharat. The prophets Enoch and Elias, who were the true founders of Egyptian Masonry, had visited him in the body, and commanded him to go forth and initiate the western nations into the sublime, redeeming mysteries of which they

gave him the key, nominating him at the same time Grand Kofti of the order.

But for irrefragable proof of the fact, it would be incredible that so gross an imposture could impose upon a child. Its success was prodigious. Lodge after lodge was established, and the worship of the new Messiah—which he in substance proclaimed himself, and was proclaimed to be—grew in fervency and faith. Disciples would remain for hours together prostrate before Joseph Balsamo, wrapt in contemplative awe and wonder. His wife, the loveliness of whose face the hand of time had begun, though lightly as yet, to lessen, shared in these divine honours. She was the Archpriestess, the female Kofti of the order. The precious pair had discovered a mine of wealth which seemed inexhaustible.

Still the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley. The Grand Kofti's pretensions to miraculous curative powers, his knowledge of the future,—the pretence that Egyptian Masonry was a divine institution, were fiercely ridiculed by two exceedingly powerful bodies, the physicians and the priests. The physicians of Strasbourg refused to allow Balsamo to practise in that city. He nevertheless maintained his popularity by distributing gratis

amongst the poor, medicaments which were very possibly as beneficial in many cases as any to be found in the pharmacopœia of orthodox practitioners. The priests awaited their time.

The first fatal step leading directly to the abyss he was urged to take by Madame La Motte and the Cardinal De Rohan. These two worthies were deeply implicated in the world-known swindle of "The Diamond Necklace." A brief summary of that pretty business must be given in order to follow appreciatively the gyrations of this prince of mountebanks.

Boehmer, a jeweller of Paris, was seized with the ambition to produce the most splendid diamond necklace ever known, and, after infinite trouble, a vast outlay, and the incurrence of a large debt, Boehmer obtained thirty diamonds of the finest water, and all matching in size. The necklace was a *chef d'œuvre*—that was conceded. The price Boehmer hoped to obtain for it was the enormous sum of 30,000*l.*, and even that amount would scarcely clear the cost of the splendid toy. Boehmer had some reason, or pretended he had some reason, for believing the Sultan would purchase the necklace for presentation to his favorite Sultana. The Sultan declined the offer, and Boehmer solicited Marie Antoinette, Queen Consort of

Louis XVI., to buy it. Her Majesty peremptorily declined to do so. She remarked, England being then at war with France, "that they had more need of line-of-battle ships than of diamond necklaces." Boehmer was in despair.

Hope shone upon him from an unexpected quarter. There lived at the time in a sort of loose contact with the French Court, one Madame La Motte, or Comtesse de la Motte. She was the Court Milliner, and had apartments in the palace. She claimed to be the descendant in a left-handed way of Henry II., king of France. This lady knew all about the necklace from Madame De Campan, one of the queen's ladies of honour. The apparently wild notion struck her that she might obtain the incomparable necklace for herself. The plan matured in her scheming brain was feasible enough. It might fail, certainly, but the prize was a splendid one. She would try, at any hazard.

The Comtesse de la Motte went to the house of the dejected jeweller, and asked for a private confidential interview. It was eagerly conceded, we may be sure, and Boehmer learned to his intense delight that the queen was desirous, very desirous, of possessing herself of the neck-

lace, but could not venture just then to ask the king for so large a sum of money for such a purpose. Her Majesty would, however, give her acknowledgment for the 30,000*l.*, to be paid as soon as it would suit the queen's convenience to liquidate the debt. Boehmer was overjoyed. With the queen's written acknowledgment of the debt, he would have no difficulty in pacifying his rapacious creditors, for a time at all events. A paper was drawn out, setting forth the purchase by the queen of the necklace for 30,000*l.*, with which Madame La Comtesse left the jeweller's.

She returned the next day with the document, which was subscribed "Bon—Marie Antoinette." Upon receipt thereof, Boehmer handed over the necklace, which, poor dupe, he was never destined to see again.

Boehmer's creditors were satisfied for a time. Still even "Bon—Marie Antoinette" was no available substitute for current coin of the realm, and the bewildered jeweller was again importuned by hungry creditors. Boehmer declared that he must apply directly, personally, to the queen. Madame La Comtesse required time—it was, in fact, indispensable that she should obtain it. On finding Boehmer obstinately resolved upon speaking to the queen,

she hit upon another expedient to pacify him till such time as it would no longer signify to her that the gigantic fraud she had perpetrated should be discovered.

The Prince Cardinal De Rohan, a weak, vain man, was in disfavour at Court. The queen had conceived a dislike for him, and he would do anything to regain her favour. Upon that foundation our clever Countess set to work. She waited upon the Prince Cardinal, said she was intrusted with a very delicate mission, but the personage who sent her was sure that her confidence in the Prince De Rohan's honour would not be misplaced or abused. "Mission from whom, Madame La Motte?" "From Her Majesty, Queen Marie Antoinette." "The Queen Marie Antoinette!" The Cardinal was lifted off his legs; could not believe that he heard aright.

Madame La Motte explained, ran glibly over the necklace affair, said Her Majesty could not at that moment advance so immense a sum, that she feared it would come to the King's ear that she had made so imprudent a purchase, if Boehmer were not satisfied — and that she would feel herself under the greatest obligation if he, the Prince De Rohan, would settle with the jeweller, holding at

the same time her written security for repayment.

The gudgeon bit eagerly at the glittering bait. Madame La Motte was to assure Her Majesty that his entire fortune was at her disposal, and that she should suffer no annoyance about the matter. Madame La Motte left the Prince, charged with a message to Boehmer, who was to wait upon his Eminence without delay.

The Prince had not a very large sum in cash by him, but his bond, with interest payable at short dates, would no doubt be accepted by the jeweller's voracious creditors. No question of that. The dates of payment are arranged, and the affair appears to be settled.

Yes; but, Ciel! how is this? M. Le Prince Cardinal De Rohan is received as coldly by Marie Antoinette when he presents himself at Court as ever. Not a smile—not the faintest sign of recognition of his devotion in taking upon himself so tremendous a responsibility. Swiftly the months roll away; the time for paying the first instalment—only fifteen thousand pounds—is close at hand. The Cardinal Prince cannot by possibility raise the money. He communicates the melancholy fact to Boehmer, causing thereby a terrible derangement of the

jeweller's system (*dérangement terrible dans sa physique*). Madame La Motte, whose wings are not yet plumed for flight, is sent for. She readily obeys the summons, and having heard all the perplexed prince and jeweller have to say, coolly informs them that if they make any application to the Queen, or speak of the affair so loudly that a rumour may reach the King's ear, her Majesty will deny that she has ever had the necklace, that "Bon—Marie Antoinette" is not her handwriting. At this astounding announcement the Cardinal and jeweller were seized as with vertigo, dancing, whirling, stamping about the apartment like two madmen, as for the time they probably were.

Madame La Motte succeeded in pacifying them, though with much difficulty. If they would wait for a short time, all would be well.

M. Le Prince Cardinal sullenly acquiesced; but determined to consult the great magician; the inspired prophet, Count de Cagliostro. He had already consulted him by letter, and had received certain cabalistic utterances in return, which afforded him no guidance or comfort whatever. Cagliostro must come to Paris, so that he might be consulted personally. The prophet complied—consultations were held with him by the Prince Cardinal and Madame

La Motte ; the lady, no doubt, laughing merrily *sous cap*, at the oracular interpretation of his doings and sayings in reference to the diamond necklace, which the soothsayer solemnly enunciates.

The jeweller, who has no faith in Cagliostro, and very little in Madame La Motte, determines to get at once to the bottom of the mystery. To do that it is only necessary to write a plain note to the Queen, and make sure it is delivered into her own hands. He does that, and the astonished Marie Antoinette, carrying it at once to the King, a terrible uproar ensues. M. Le Prince de Rohan is arrested as he enters the palace—*lettres de cachet* are issued against Madame La Motte and the poor Count de Cagliostro, who really had nothing to do with the diamond necklace swindle. No matter for that, he is seized by command of Chesney, and thrust with Monsieur the Prince Cardinal and Madame La Comtesse La Motte into the Bastille.

In that dismal prison Cagliostro remained during the winter months through which the criminal process instituted by the Procureur du Roi dragged its slow length along. Cagliostro's defence at the final hearing was conclusive, and as it incidentally helped to fix upon Madame La Motte the guilt of

the transaction, that lady threw a brass candlestick at the charlatan's head. De Rohar was acquitted, Madame La Motte sentenced to be branded, scourged, and banished the kingdom. Joseph Balsamo was discharged with a caution, and thrust out of the Bastille without a franc in his pockets. Neither the Chevalier de Chesney, by whom he had been arrested, nor De Launay, the Governor of the Bastille, could recollect anything about the jewels and money he had about him when pounced upon by the King's officers. It was not likely they should.

The imprisonment and trial of Cagliostro did not in the slightest degree lessen him in the estimation of his dupes. It had the reverse effect. Many houses in Paris were illuminated on the night of his liberation, and the following laudatory lines were composed in his honour :—

“ De l'ami des hommes reconnoissez les traits :
Tous ses jours sont marqués de nouveaux bienfaits ;
Il prolonge la vie, il secourt l'indigence ;
Le plaisir d'être utile est sa seule récompense.”

Escaped from the Bastille, the Count and Countess Cagliostro made the best of their way to England—to London. There they reaped a plentiful harvest for about two years.

Then disputes, difficulties innumerable beset them. A number of persons, a Miss Fry amongst them, alleged that the new Messiah had swindled them; and set a pack of hungry attorneys upon the unfortunate Count. Latitats, ne exeats, warrants were showered upon him thick as hail—never had he had such terrible enemies to deal with: all the conjuring in the world was thrown away upon them: the only elixir vitæ which they believed in was the golden elixir which purchases beef and bread. The Count was thrown into the King's Bench prison, but was ultimately liberated by his wife. She was still remarkably handsome.

Some time afterwards Cagliostro published a "Letter to the English people." After depicting himself as one of the most persecuted of human beings, he gave a list of the persons by whom he had been traduced and wronged, showing that he was under the special protection of God, who avenged him of his enemies even during this life:—

"The woman Blenay, whom I had loaded with benefits, and who afterwards delivered me into the hands of two scoundrels, is dead.

"The Demoiselle Fry, who unjustly persecuted me, is dead.

"Broad, the friend and spy of the Demoiselle Fry, is dead.

"Dunning, the Demoiselle Fry's counsel, is dead.

"Wallace, my counsel, who betrayed his trust, is dead.

"The magistrate at Hammersmith, who issued a warrant against me and my wife, is dead.

"Crisp, Marshal of the King's Bench prison, who cheated me out of fifty guineas' worth of plate, is dead.

"Villette, who betrayed my confidence, is dead."

Other parts of the letter are composed of similar rubbish. It produced no effect. Cagliostro's star had long since culminated, and was soon to disappear beneath the horizon. He left England, and by the persuasion of his wife, betook himself to Rome. There he was suddenly arrested, whilst engaged in pretended tricks of *diablerie*, by the officers of the Holy Inquisition, and imprisoned in the Castle of Saint Angelo. There was a long, tedious trial. Cagliostro was found guilty of being a

Freemason and sentenced to death. Pope Pius VI. commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life. He was transferred to the fortress of San Leu, where he died, in 1795. His wife was condemned to pass her life in a convent.

Thomas, Marquis of Wharton and
Malmesbury.

"THE Marquis Wharton," wrote Swift, "is a Presbyterian in politics, and an atheist in religion. He is a bad liar and a bad dissembler, and yet these are the qualities upon which he chiefly prides himself. He has largely profited by lies, but the ends attained were chiefly to be attributed, it appears to me, to the frequency of them rather than to any art they displayed. . . . He will go to the castle-chapel and pray on his knees, and will afterwards talk — and blasphemy at the chapel doors. . . . He bears the gallantries of his lady with the indifference of a stoic, and thinks them well repaid by a return of children to support his family without the fatigues of being a father. . . . He has been frequently heard to say that he hoped one day to make his mistress—(Swift's is a much coarser expression)—that he hoped to live to see the day when he might make his mistress a bishop."

I should not have dared to transcribe these passages had they not been written by a dignitary of the United Church of England and Ireland. They refer to the time when Lord Wharton filled the office of Viceroy of Ireland. Swift's character of the marquis must be largely discounted, for very cogent reasons. Swift had solicited, in very abject terms, to be appointed chaplain to his excellency; his petition was refused: Lord Somers afterwards endeavoured to persuade the lord-lieutenant to bestow a vacant bishopric upon the choleric dean. "No, no, my lord," was Lord Wharton's reply, "we must not prefer or countenance such fellows. We have not character enough ourselves." Swift avenged the taunt after his own peculiar fashion. If the marquis had his slanderers, he was, on the other hand, amply provided with pen-champions. His character and administration were glorified beyond measure by Sir Richard Steele in the *Spectator*, some say by Addison. One can hardly decide which dose must have been the most nauseous, Swift's coarse abuse, or Steele's adulation—treacle laid on with a trowel. The treacle, I should think.

This diversely painted gentleman—a great man in his time—was the son of Philip, Lord

Wharton, who distinguished himself on the Parliamentary side in the civil war. Thomas, Lord Wharton, was born in 1640. He sat in several parliaments during the reigns of Charles and James, each the second of those inodorous names.

Lord Wharton cared little, I apprehend, whether a papist or protestant filled the throne of England. But he had a keen eye for the future; he could discern, earlier than most men, indications of the rising sun upon the political horizon, and devoutly spread his mat and turned his face thitherward, whilst less clear-sighted men remained in a state of mental dubiousness, as to whether the sun, spite of those faint pencillings of light, would rise in that quarter. They might be the indications of a false dawn! Who knew? Thomas, Lord Wharton, wrote the draft of an address to the Prince of Orange, praying him to come over with his army for the deliverance of an oppressed people; and Thomas, Lord Wharton, was one of the first to welcome the Dutch deliverer when he landed at Torbay.

The patriotic keen-sightedness of the noble lord had its reward. He was made a privy councillor and appointed Controller of the household, by William and Mary. He

had well deserved these preferments if only for writing the doggrel song of "Lillibullero," which, it is said, had more effect in exciting the people to stand by "protestant ascendancy" than all the printed paper issued during the controversy—more effect than the acquittal of the seven bishops, and the butcheries of the "bloody assize" presided over by Judge Jeffreys. It is supposed to be sung by an Irish papist, the occasion being the appointment, by James II., early in 1688, of General Dick Talbot, created Earl of Tyrconnel, to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. The refrain "Lillibullero, bullen a-la," were the watch-words, it is said, which the Irish Catholics used in 1641, when massacring, in vindication of the divine right of Charles I., the protestant parliamentarians. There is a rough, telling humour about it:—

"Ho! broder Teague, dost hear de decree
Lillibullero, bullen a-la,
Dat we shall have a new Deputie,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la,
Lero, lero, lillibullero, lero, lero, bullen a-la.

"Ho! by Shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la,
And he will cut de Englishman's troate,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la.

" Dough, by me shoul ; de English do prate,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la,
De law's on their side, and Christ knows what,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la.

" But if a dispense do come from de Pope,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la,
We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la.

" For de good Talbot is made a lord,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la,
And with brave lads is coming abroad,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la.

" Who all in France have taken a sware,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la,
Dat dey will have no protestant heir,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la.

" Arrah : but why does he stay behind ?
Lillibullero, bullen a-la,
Ho, by me shoul, 'tis a protestant wind,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la.

" But see Tyrconnel is now come ashore,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la,
And we shall have commissions galore,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la.

" And he dat will not go to de mass,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la,
Shall be turn out and look like an ass,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la.

" Now, now de heretics all go down,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la,
Be Christ and Saint Patrick the nation's our own,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la.

"Dere was an old prophecy found in a bog,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la,
Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la.

"And now dis prophecy is come to pass,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la.
For Talbot 's de dog, and James is de ass,
Lillibullero, bullen a-la."

This song became a great favourite with the "Orange Boys," and was for many years the usual musical accompaniment to the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of King William, who saved Ireland from Popery, slavery, brass money, and wooden shoes. There is something in the smack of the song which suggests Thackeray's incomparable Battle of the Shannon; one the production of a cleverish man, the other the creation of caustic genius.

Appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Wharton entered upon the duties of his high office with much dignity and *éclat*, made an excellent speech to the Parliament, dwelling especially upon the necessity in the interest of vital religion to be united amongst themselves, or the encroachments of Popery could not be successfully withstood. Like George IV., the Marquis Wharton, when before the footlights, could tread the stage with dignity. It was a great relief to him when the hour came to

throw off his masquerade robes. It is indisputable that he indulged in low company, disreputable intrigues, and was never happier than when engaged in such *délassements*. There is much of coarse truth in one of Swift's scathing sentences: "Wharton, by force of a wonderful constitution, though past his grand climacteric, whether he walks, whistles, swears, or talks, acquits himself beyond a Templar of three years' standing."

His Excellency used to delight in playing the part of a sham Haroun Alraschid—this was a favorite pastime of several Irish Viceroy—disguised in various ways, and thus made himself familiar with the slang and slander of Dublin. Like the dukes of Rutland and Bedford in after years, the Marquis Wharton created more than one knight during his drunken orgies, which it was not always possible to abolish by money gifts, or a good place. The members of the English aristocracy of those days, of whose inner life casual glimpses have been obtained, cut but a sorry figure; but they are very imposing, magnificent even, in their robes and coronets.

The Marquis Wharton pre-eminently so. Deprived of his Viceroyship by Queen Anne, how grandly he came out as a flaming patriot;

with what a noble vehemence did he do battle for the maintenance of the Protestant faith—the Protestant succession! “Hail, Star of Brunswick!” would be the appropriate tag to his Orange speeches. He declaims well, too, and sometimes, in behalf of constitutional freedom, propounds schemes of national polity breathing a brave, clear-visioned spirit. He was often witty. That was a capital *mot* of his when Sir Robert Walpole, to swamp a hostile majority in the Lords, created twelve new peers at one batch. “Pray, may I ask,” said Lord Wharton, when the new peers had taken the oaths and their seats,—“pray, may I ask, if these noble lords intend to vote singly, or *by their foreman*.” Yes; Thomas, Marquis of Wharton, has an imposing appearance when seen *en grand tenue*, and who, after all, could brave the ordeal of curious eyes when *en déshabille*? Very few, I suspect, and certainly not the noble marquis.

He had not only reconciled himself, but had rendered such efficient services to the Government of the day, that he was created *Duke* of Wharton, an earnest, if the King’s patent was to be believed, of greater honours to come. He was not destined to clutch those honours. His only son, Philip, a youth of wonderful

promise, in whom all his hopes and projects for the future were centred, contracted an imprudent marriage before he had reached his sixteenth birthday, and gave other indications of a wild, untameable character, which convinced the newly-created duke that the hopes he had indulged in with respect to his son's future career never would be realized. That conviction killed Duke Thomas Wharton. He died within six weeks of the rash marriage of his son. The duchess did not long survive him. Philip, Duke of Wharton, succeeded to the title and estates, worth sixteen thousand pounds a year. The next paper will relate the sad but instructive story of the young man's life, to whose erratic career the foregoing slight sketch is but preliminary.

Philip, Duke of Wharton and Northumberland.

THE character and career of Philip, the last and most gifted of the Wharton family, was thus epitomized by Pope. I omit some lines which might, in this refined age, offend by their plain-spoken truthfulness:—

“ Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate’er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies,
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.

* * * * *

Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible to shun contempt;
His passion still, to covet general praise,
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty which no friend has made;
An angel-tongue which no man can persuade!
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refined:
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.”

There is *nerve* in these lines, but assuredly they have been much overrated. Pope was a great master of antithesis and rhyme, to the exigencies of which he seldom scrupled to sacrifice truth. The broad, salient outlines of Philip Duke Wharton's character have been hit, in the above quotation, truthfully enough, yet was there an underlying current of goodness in Philip Duke of Wharton, which was constantly welling up from his inner nature, which such a dry-bones formula as Pope could not understand, and much less appreciate at its true value. Alexander Pope was, perhaps, the most melodious rhymmer the world has known; he could set off commonplaces in very brilliant colours, but as I before remarked no original *thought* of his dwells in the memory of mankind.

There was a soul of goodness in this young, highly-gifted man that shone through all the darkening follies to which he stooped after familiarizing himself with the "highest" society, and finding nothing there. I propose to show this by the dry record of his erratic, kaleidoscope career.

Philip Duke Wharton was born in 1699. He early displayed very remarkable powers of both memory and perception. His father

caused him to be educated at home. As it was hoped and believed that, in the fulness of time, he would prove himself a stern champion of the Protestant faith, he was sedulously instructed by a French Huguenot in the Genevan Calvinistic creed, by way of a preparative, I must suppose, for a milder religious regimen. The astute intellect of the youth revolted against the doctrines of the murderer of Servetus, and it may be for a time, under the influence of reaction, confounded Christ with Calvin.

Breaking impetuously loose from the ligatures of a false conventionalism, this heir to a dukedom and a revenue of sixteen thousand pounds per annum, having fallen or fancied himself in love with a pretty damsel, and poor as pretty, a daughter of Brevet General Holmes, married her before he had reached his sixteenth birthday. The nuptial knot was tied by a Fleet parson.

This marriage, blotting out the brilliant future, as they believed, which had been anticipated for him by his father and mother, was, as I have before observed, fatal to both the duke and duchess, a catastrophe which for a short time overwhelmed the impulsive young nobleman with remorseful grief. The unequal

union proved to be a most unhappy one, from no fault of the girl-wife, whose personal attractions were enhanced by sweetness of temper, but solely in consequence of the husband's fickleness of temperament. Constancy to one object, one purpose, was foreign to his nature. To this strongly developed passion for change, Philip Duke of Wharton mainly owed the wreck of his life.

The guardians appointed under his father's will endeavoured to carry out the testator's views relative to his son's education. They sent him to a religious establishment at Geneva, and with him his French Huguenot tutor. They could not have taken a more unwise step. Utterly disgusted with the cold, hard formalism which prevailed, the young duke fled to Lyons, in which city the indignant tutor, for whom he had conceived a strong antipathy, rejoined his rebellious pupil.

The Chevalier Saint George, the Pretender, as he was called, then resided at Avignon. The boy-duke purchased a handsome stone-horse, and sent it with his respectful duty to the son of the exiled Stuart. The present was accepted, and he received an invitation to Avignon. He went thither, was very graciously received, and created Duke of Northumberland!

He returned to Lyons, but remained there a few days only. He would visit Paris, and shake off the incubus of his hated tutor for ever. His farewell epistle is characteristic. He had some little time previously purchased a bear's cub, which he made a pet of for a while, and on leaving made a present of to the Huguenot, in the following complimentary terms : " Being no longer able to bear with your ill-usage, I think proper to be gone from you. However, that you may not want company, I have left you the bear, as the most suitable companion in the world that could be picked out for you."

Arrived at Paris, Duke Philip further committed himself with the Stuart faction. The queen-dowager was residing at Saint Germain, and there the madcap duke hastened to pay his disloyal respects. He professed unbounded devotion to the banished dynasty, and equally intense abhorrence not only of the Hanoverian Elector, but of his religious creed ; he himself being determined, as soon as he attained his majority, and was consequently freed from the yoke of guardians, to embrace the Roman Catholic faith. Meantime, and until he came into possession of his estates, he was cruelly hampered for money. The queen-dowager was

delighted at the accession to the ranks of the Pretender's partisans of so considerable a personage as the Duke of Wharton,—one too who, it had been sedulously given out, was destined to be one of the most eloquent champions, as his father had been, of the Protestant succession. Questioning him as to his immediate wants, the gay nobleman said two thousand guineas would be of great service to him just then. The queen-dowager, though startled at the largeness of the sum, promised to oblige him if she could raise the ways and means. Her Majesty endeavoured to borrow the requisite amount of the French king, but it was low water just then in the Bourbon exchequer; her friends amongst the French noblesse, who had long bled pretty freely, could not assist her,—and her Majesty was at last fain to pawn her jewels. Philip Duke of Wharton had no sooner obtained the money than he plunged into the wildest excesses, and openly proclaimed his devotion to the fallen dynasty of the Stuarts. Earl Stair, the English ambassador, choosing to look upon his conduct as the effervescence of a giddy youth suddenly emancipated from control, remonstrated mildly with him. The earl hoped, nay, he was sure, that he would follow in the steps of his excellent

father, that pillar of the Protestant succession. "Thank you, my lord," was the quick-witted retort: "thank you, my lord, for your good advice. You, too, had an excellent father, and I hope you will follow *his* example." This was a homethrust, Earl Stair having ratted, influenced by not the most creditable motives, from the Jacobite principles of his family.

A very scapegrace was this young duke. Women, wine, gaming, filled up the measure of his daily, nightly life. The young Bacchanal would never reach middle, much less old age; that was early apparent. Seated at the ambassador's table, he would call a servant, bid him go to the Earl of Stair, and tell him he was about to drink his health as the greatest rogue and traitor in existence. Similar messages were sent to several distinguished guests. No serious notice was taken of them; they were but ebullitions of strong youthful spirits heated by wine, and signifying nothing.

A young English Jacobite medical student studying in Paris, excited by loyalty and liquor, amused himself by smashing the English ambassador's windows, for the sufficient reason that they were not illuminated on the night of the 10th of June. This enthusiastic proceeding brought the student to grief. He was

arrested, imprisoned, fined. Duke Wharton resented this conduct on the part of the authorities. The loyal student should have been rewarded, not punished, for his patriotic zeal. He determined to break the ambassador's windows himself; but as the work required to be done quickly, if unpleasant consequences were to be avoided, he asked the help of an Irish colonel in the Pretender's service to assist in the good work. The colonel declined. He was willing to make war upon the Hanoverian usurper, but not after the novel fashion of breaking his ambassador's windows. The young nobleman would not be baulked; he performed the loyal duty himself; was discovered, arrested, and set free at Lord Stair's request. Much must, we all understand, be forgiven a young duke of large intellectual promise, and soon to be in possession of 16,000*l.* a year!

Philip Duke Wharton's adhesion to the Stuart interest was a mere romantic caprice; unsustained by the slightest principle or conviction. Some years subsequently, in consequence of his mad extravagance, he accepted a loan of two thousand guineas—the same amount which he had borrowed of the Queen Dowager—of the Chevalier Saint George. Not long afterwards an English gentleman remonstrated

with him upon the folly, if nothing worse, of linking his own to the fallen fortunes of the expelled dynasty. "My dear fellow," said the duke, "I have pawned my principles to Gordon, the Pretender's banker, for a considerable sum, and till I can repay him I must be a Jacobite. When that is done, I will return to the Whigs."

The two thousand guineas did not last long. His guardians inexorably refused to forward funds to him whilst he remained in Paris in connexion with the Jacobite faction; and the metropolis of Paris rapidly becoming too hot to hold him, he was fain to leave for England. It must, however, be remembered that his money was not all, or nearly all, squandered in debauchery. The young nobleman never rejected an appeal to his generosity, his charity; but his gifts, alms deeds, were bestowed indiscriminately. The borrower or beggar might or might not be worthy of relief; Philip Duke of Wharton and Northumberland recked not of that. It was this weakness of character to which Pope alludes in the line:—

"A constant bounty which no friend has made,"

a failing, no doubt; a failing, if you will, but one which leant, if not at a very decided angle, to virtue's side.

The young duke did not remain long in

England. The society of his duchess had no special charm for him, and he went over to Ireland. His incipient fame—if I may use such a phrase—had preceded him there. The fierce Orange peers of Ireland could not have heard of his backsliding at St. Germain, or they would never have voted him of age, he being not quite eighteen, and caused him to be summoned to take his seat in the House by the titles of Earl of Rathfarnham and Marquis of Caltheron. The angel-tongue—admitted by Pope to be an angel-tongue—there first found worthy audience. His speeches were admirable both in matter and method, and being untainted in the faintest degree with Jacobitism made him an immense favourite.

Philip Wharton turned his “privilege of Parliament,” so to speak, to profitable account. He insisted that the tenants upon his Irish estates should pay him their rents; and when it was objected that he was not of age, he indignantly exclaimed, “How dare you say I am not of age, when the Parliament has declared that I am.” Impudence succeeded, as impudence rarely fails to do, especially when backed by a title—a ducal title too!

Ireland soon became unpleasantly warm, and our young duke left the Emerald Isle

for England. Not that his person was in danger; but constant "dunning" is unpleasant, and a too mountainous accumulation of even debts of honour, a harassing burden to bear, especially when a fierce Whiskerando—many Whiskerandos—looking pistols or small swords at your choice, demand practically, highway fashion, your money or your life. Duke Philip was ready enough with his pistol, as he proved upon two occasions; but though he came off unscathed, he could not but reflect that the pitcher which goes often to the well will probably be broken at last, and he wisely banished himself from the land of duelling *par excellence*.

Upon attainment of his majority, the Duke took his seat in the English House of Peers. He forthwith plunged into virulent opposition to the Ministry of the day. Not only by speeches in the House that were much admired, the merits of which, as they were very inadequately reported, we must take upon trust; but by pamphlets and speeches at public meetings, he assailed the policy and principles of the Government. His defence of Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, whom it was proposed to visit with a bill of pains and penalties, was considered a masterpiece of eloquence and argumentation. The vehemence of his opposition

was inflamed by practical discomfiture. He strove to stir up the city of London, became himself a citizen wax-chandler, and started a periodical called *The True Briton*. All would not do. The stars in their courses fought against Philip Duke Wharton. Still, so greatly varied were the young noble's powers, that only by his own acts could he suffer irremediable defeat. His wild, extravagant course of life knew no pause or ebb, and finally his creditors appealed to the High Court of Chancery, who appointed a receiver of the rents of his estates, allowing him twelve hundred pounds a year till his debts were liquidated. There is an anecdote in connexion with him and Dean Swift, the rancorous assailant of his father, which is worth transcribing :—Wharton was recounting, with excellent glee, the many glorious frolics he had enjoyed. The Dean said, keeping his dignified countenance admirably, "You have had some capital frolics, my lord, and let me recommend one to you. Take a frolic to be virtuous : take my word for it, that one will do you more honour than all the other frolics of your life."

His infant son, the Marquis of Malmesbury, died about this time of small-pox. To him it was a most afflictive visitation. In his rage he

attributed the death of his child to the duchess his wife. He left the mother and son in the country, and gave her strict injunctions, as he was leaving for London to attend his parliamentary duties, to remain there with the child. The duchess, for some reason or other, disobeyed his injunction, and followed her husband with their son to London, where small-pox was prevalent. The baby Marquis of Malmesbury sickened and died of that terrible disease. The duke never again spoke with his wife, who died broken-hearted on the 14th of April, 1726.

Duke Wharton foiled, baffled in his ambitious projects, mainly, as I have said, by himself, bade adieu to England, for ever as it proved. First, he betook himself to Vienna, no doubt as an accredited agent of the Pretender. What may have been the precise nature of the mission entrusted to him is not known. It produced no result. Thence this restless knight errant proceeded to Spain. His arrival in Madrid caused a great sensation. The Spanish Ministry sent special messengers to the Court of St. James's, with the positive assurance that Duke Wharton was the bearer of no political mission from any prince or Power whatever, and that if he were, it

would not be listened to. Upon receiving this message, a warrant was issued under the Privy Seal for the arrest of Philip Duke of Wharton, and the bringing him to England.

This act was clearly beyond the power of the English Privy Council. Duke Wharton refused to obey it, and appealed to the Spanish Court for protection. It was granted, and a rupture with England in consequence was with some difficulty avoided—postponed more correctly.

Whatever might have been the volatile young duke's primary purpose in visiting Spain, it was soon eclipsed and set aside by a more potent influence. He fell desperately in love with a Miss O'Byrne, one of the ladies of honour to the Queen of Spain. Miss O'Byrne was the daughter of an Irish colonel in the service of Spain, who had been some years dead; and the widow's sole dependence was a pension bestowed upon her by the Spanish Queen.

Duke Wharton formally proposed marriage to the beautiful maid of honour. The offer was accepted, upon condition that the Queen's consent should be obtained. The Queen peremptorily refused her consent. Such a union, she said, would be one of the maddest

acts imaginable ; the duke being possessed of a mere pittance of revenue, his rank considered. The duke being this time really in love fell into a deep melancholy which culminated in a low, lingering fever, that soon threatened a fatal result. The Queen, moved by the lover's sufferings and danger, sent him a message to the effect that he must adopt means of restoring himself to health (the duke had obstinately refused medicine or curative aid of any kind), and she would consider more favourably of his request. Upon receipt of the message the lover rallying what strength he had left, caused himself to be conveyed to the palace, and falling upon his knees before the Queen, implored her to give him leave to marry Miss O'Byrne, "or order him to die." The Queen relented, consented to the marriage, which she persisted they would both bitterly repent of, and Miss O'Byrne became a few weeks afterwards Duchess of Wharton and Northumberland.

The happy pair set out for Rome, where they passed the honeymoon. It was there the Pretender conferred the Blue Ribbon upon the Duke of Northumberland.

The infirmity of human nature is such that bliss, the purest, most ecstatic, soon cloy ; and

by way of change Duke Wharton decided upon varying the entertainment of life by a little fighting—the substitution of war's alarms for the endearments of marital love. He left Rome for Barcelona. I conclude that writs of "ne exeat" did not issue from the Roman courts, as the duke's departure was unopposed. Privilege of English peer or parliament would not, it may be presumed, have availed in the Eternal City.

Arrived in Spain, the duke lost no time in offering his services to the Iberian king. He was willing to assist in the siege of Gibraltar, war having broken out between England and Spain. The offer was accepted. Philip Duke of Wharton, fought in the Spanish ranks, received a severe wound in the foot, and, wearied of a service in which neither glory nor gold could be obtained, rejoined his duchess at Rouen, France. There they lived in sumptuous style for a considerable time upon the strength of his ducal title and blue ribbon. His levées at last becoming inconveniently crowded by tailors, butchers, grocers, by milliners and dressmakers to the duchess, the unthrifty lord quitted Rouen in a hurry, leaving his equipages and horses behind to be equally shared amongst his angry creditors. It

was at this time, I believe, though some memoir writers make the date much later, that the duchess applied to be reinstated in her former post of personal attendant upon the Queen of Spain—a request which was graciously complied with. Her Spanish Majesty had a great regard for the poor duchess.

In Paris, the conduct of Philip Duke of Wharton and Northumberland was marked by the same *étourderie* as before. I only have space to quote two illustrative incidents. A Portuguese Knight of the Order of Christ, with whom he had casually formed acquaintance, invited him to a high festival to be given in honour of the Founder of the Order. Duke Wharton, whose wardrobe was neither ample nor brilliant, said, he should be delighted to accept the invitation, but was ignorant of the *costume* worn upon such occasions. “Oh, a black velvet suit,” said the Portuguese Knight. “That would be most appropriate.” “Ah, well, yes, but I have no black velvet suit; nor do I know a tailor in all Paris in whom I could confide to furnish me with one.” “That, my dear Duke, is easily arranged. I will send my own tailor to you. He is a very honest fellow, and will fit you admirably.” Philip Duke of Wharton and Northumberland consented; the

suit of black velvet was made, sent home, and his Grace honoured the festival with his presence. Shortly afterwards the tailor presented his little bill. "What is this for?" asked Duke Wharton. "For the suit of black velvet." "Honest man," said his impudent Grace, "you mistake the matter very much. You must carry this bill to the Chevalier R——, for be pleased to understand, that whenever I put on another man's livery my master always pays for the clothes."

Lord M—— (the proper names are only initialed in the memoirs of the eccentric duke), Lord M——, a wealthy, easy-going young Irish Peer, had made the Duke's acquaintance at St. Germain's, and like all who came within his influence, was charmed and delighted with his wit, humour, his conversational powers generally. One night when it was growing late, his Grace drove up to the hotel where the Lord M—— was staying, informed his lordship that he was engaged in a very important affair, and begged the loan, for a few hours, of his lordship's coach, coachman, and lackeys. "Certainly." The young Irish Peer was only too happy to be able to oblige his Grace. "And now," said the Duke, when it was announced that the coach was in readiness, "I have an addi-

tional favour to solicit, which is, that your lordship accompany me." The complaisant Lord agreed, and away drove the coach. The first step in the important business was to hire a coach, hunt up seven or eight of the musicians attached to the opera, who were mostly gone to bed, hire their services for the next twelve hours upon liberal terms, seat them in and upon the hired coach, and drive off toward St. Germain's. Lord M—— must have been considerably mystified, but all was made clear upon the arrival of the party at the Castle of St. Germain's. The musicians were ordered out, and commanded to serenade some young ladies with whom his Grace had been flirting. Well, there was a good laugh; perhaps the good-natured Hibernian's laugh was the loudest, and since the musicians were there it was determined to wake up a friend of the Duke's, one Mr. R——, an English gentleman, who resided near the village of Poissy. The addition of two trumpets and a kettle-drum would make the band complete. These were, with some difficulty, procured, and the jubilant party set out for Poissy, which quiet village was thrown into a state of astonishment and alarm by the visitors with their trumpets and kettle-drums. Mr. R—— was in doubt when

he found the strangers intended honouring him with a visit, whether he had not better bolt at once. Philip Duke of Wharton reassured him—the intruders were liberally regaled, and the affair terminated so far very pleasantly. Yes; but there was the score to pay for the musicians, &c. When it was called for, the sum total was seen to be something upwards of twenty-five Louis d'or. “My dear Lord M——,” said his Grace of Wharton. “My dear Lord, I have not a single franc. Do you pay this time, and if I have ever an opportunity I will requite the favour.”

This wretched, feverish life grew wearisome, and the Duke's next freak was to enter a monastery near Paris, with the avowed intention of becoming a monk. Writers, favourable to his Grace, assert that he entered the monastery not with any intention of becoming a monk—though before he could marry Miss O'Byrne, he had been obliged formally to embrace the Catholic faith—but for quiet study, especially to finish a translation of *Telemachus*, which he had begun, but would certainly never finish whilst dwelling amidst the Babel of the world. What a consummate hypocrite—no, not exactly hypocrite—what a consummate actor this gay man must have

been ! The monks were so struck, so edified by his exemplary devotion that they attributed it to a direct interposition of Heaven, and the miraculous virtues of the sacred relics which enriched and glorified the monastery. The religious whim is of brief duration,—Tele-machus flung aside and forgotten ; the wandering Duke betakes him again to Rome, where he has another meeting with the Pretender, who advises him to draw nearer to England, where his services might shortly be required. He accordingly revisits Paris, and having received his half-year's allowance—six hundred pounds—which would go but little away to satisfy the claimants on his purse in that city, he sails down the Seine as far as Rouen. His creditors there had been arranged with, but as, remembrance of the past precluding credit, obliged him to pay ready money for all he required—the six hundred pounds dwindled away with alarming rapidity, and he was before long financially out at elbows, his ragged servants literally so.

In the meantime a bill of indictment for high treason had been preferred against him, the evidence relied upon in support of which being that he had fought against his sovereign at the siege of Gibraltar.

Neither king nor ministry were disposed to deal hardly with him. An English gentleman of position had an interview with the Duke, at Rouen, to urge him to make his peace with the English Government. A letter to the monarch or the minister would suffice, all past offences would be condoned, and he would come into immediate possession of his estate, which now realized, after the interest of mortgages had been paid, 6000*l.* a year. Philip Duke of Wharton, though in an almost destitute condition, peremptorily refused to do so. He would starve sooner than make submission to the Elector of Hanover. There was sterling metal, after all, in this Protean man.

Raising, by some means or other, sufficient funds, he went to Orleans, and thence dropped down the Loire to Nantz. There he embarked with his ragged retinue for Bilboa (they were he said recruits for the King of Spain), and soon afterwards joined his regiment at Lerida.

His originally fine constitution was fast breaking up. He was dying in the thirty-second year of his age. Mineral waters in the mountains of Catalonia effected a partial rally of his worn-out system—a partial, fleeting rally. Becoming worse, he again had recourse to the mineral waters, was seized with one of

his frequent fainting fits in an obscure Spanish village, and would have died utterly destitute of the necessaries of life but for the compassionate charity of some monks of St. Bernard, who had him conveyed to their convent, where he died on the 11th of May, 1731, uncheered by the presence of one friend or relative. He was buried in the monks' cemetery. Dying without issue, the title was extinct, and has not since been revived. The duchess survived to a great age. She died in London, in February, 1777, and was buried in St. Pancras churchyard. This is the Duke Wharton's epitaph, as written by Lord Orford :—

“He amused the grave and dull by throwing away the brightest profusion of parts and witty fooleries on scamps. With attachment to no party, though with talents to govern any party, he exchanged the free air of Westminster for the gloom of the Escorial, the prospect of King George's blue ribbon for the Pretender's ; and with indifference to all religion, this frantic lord, who had lampooned the archbishop of Canterbury, died in the habit of a Capuchin.”

Bamfylde Moore Carew.

THIS very erratic gentleman, and something more, could boast of quite a distinguished lineage. He was descended from the Carews, an ancient Devonshire family, several members of which had rendered important services to the country. His father was the Rev. Theodore Carew, Rector of Bickley, near Tiverton, and a gentleman of fortune independent of his Rectorship.

Bamfylde Moore Carew was born in July, 1693. His advent was celebrated with great rejoicings; the baptism which made him a child of God was one of the most expensively got up affairs,—with reference to the quality of the company assembled, and the entertainment provided—that had been known for many years in the west country. The Honourable Major Moore and the Honourable Hugh Bamfylde, the sponsors, who pledged themselves, rash enthusiasts, that their godson should renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of this world, with all covetous

desires of the same, contended which of them should have the honour of conferring the first baptismal name upon the boy. The gentlemen tossed for choice. The Honourable Hugh Bamfylde won, and the honoured child was named Bamfylde Moore Carew.

Many years had not passed before the lad was seen to be a youngster of mark and likelihood. He was handsome, lithe, active, brave, and made satisfactory progress at the High School, Tiverton. He acquired the usual smattering of Greek and Latin, and it was hoped by his fond parents that he would prove a shining light in Israel—rise possibly through the gradations of the clerical hierarchy to the lucrative dignity of a Bishop; the Carews having considerable Parliamentary interest, which, if reinforced by respectable talent, might lead to spiritual elevation as great as that.

The youth was clever, that could not be disputed, but his juvenile fancy was much more excited by the scarlet coat of the hunter than the black cassock of the priest. The High School at Tiverton was, in a provincial sense, a highly aristocratic establishment. Only young gentlemen of rank and (prospective) wealth were admitted. Those fortunate youths, Carew being of the number, kept a first-rate

pack of hounds. The most eager in the chase were, Carew, John Martin, Thomas Coleman, and John Escot. These promising youths were attached to each other by similarity of taste and sentiment. Genial lads were they, and if not pleasant in their lives and lovely in an orthodox sense, were seldom divided in their progress through this vale of tears and thieves. All four were "youths of condition."

A sporting farmer, who used to hunt with the High School hounds, rode to Tiverton, and gleefully announced that a fine deer with a collar round its neck, which had, no doubt, strayed from some neighbouring gentleman's park, was quietly feeding in a wood no great distance off, and would afford capital sport. The temptation was irresistible. Carew, Martin, Coleman, and Escot were quickly in their saddles, and, guided by the sporting farmer, soon found the deer. They had a famous run; none the less diverting to such madcap youths, that it led through corn-fields nearly ripe, causing great damage to the crops. The deer was caught, killed, and generously offered to the farmer, who declined the gift. The engraved collar proved the animal to be the property of a Colonel Nutcombe, a gentleman who would pursue to the ends of the earth any one that

stole, shot, or hunted his deer. The best thing to be done was to send the carcass to its owner, and a cart coming that way, the driver was requested to carry the dead deer to Colonel Nutcombe's house.

This honesty—shall we call it honesty?—did not prove to be the best policy. The carter knew the young men by sight and name, though he spoke and behaved himself as if he had never seen one of them before. The successful hunters returned home in high spirits—had a rare jollification—and, no doubt, slept soundly.

The afternoon's amusement did not, coolly considered, bear the morning's reflection. The desolated corn-fields through which they had galloped with such reckless speed, suggested painful misgivings. And how about the cantankerous colonel? Supposing he should find out who it was that killed the deer? The youthful sportsmen entered upon their morning scholastic duties with nothing like the alacrity of spirit with which they had sprung to saddle on the previous afternoon.

Their gloomiest forebodings were realized. Colonel Nutcombe, accompanied by a number of farmers whose corn had been trampled down, arrived at Tiverton early in the day, the treacherous carter identified the culprits, and

the head master assured the angry complainants that, notwithstanding the social condition of the offenders, they should be visited with condign punishment directly the duties of the day had terminated.

This was hint enough. Knowing quite well what condign punishment at the High School meant, the terrified young men—taking brief counsel together, determined to be off, whither precisely they neither knew nor greatly cared. The world was all before them, Providence their guide.

They did not go far. The first stage on the journey of independent, vagabond life was a short one—about two miles only. Being hot and thirsty, and, as I have said, near harvest-time, the truants concluded to rest and refresh themselves at a secluded alehouse—Brick-house was its designation.

As it chanced, there was high festival held there that day by a company of gipsies, male and female, presided over by their celebrated King, Clause Patch, the venerable father of eighteen children, and of grandchildren, great grandchildren, past counting. The four truants were invited to partake of the feast, and very heartily they enjoyed the ducks and fowls,—caring nothing that they had not been paid for,

except by the trouble and risk of stealing them. There was music and dancing through the night. Some of the Princesses, the old scamp, King Clause Patch's daughters and granddaughters, I should suppose, were very pretty—together a most delightful party. Carew, Martin, Coleman, and Escot proclaimed their determination to join such a jolly community. The proposition was laughed at. The gipsies could not believe the "house-dwellers" to be in earnest. But when the request was next morning repeated, and with evident earnestness, it was agreed to with some reluctance; and after solemn warning that the bond once signed would be indissoluble, the four truant youths were accepted as members of the Bohemian fraternity, the oaths of implicit obedience to the King or Queen were administered, and they were initiated into the secrets of the confederated vagabonds.

His Majesty Clause Patch addressed them upon their duties to society—the society of course. It was a highly philosophic lecture. The community into whose ranks the young men had voluntarily enrolled themselves, was very ancient, and dated from time immemorial. Like all other professions, its members lived by the necessities, the passions, and the weaknesses of

their fellow-creatures. Vanity, greed, and compassion are the chief characteristics of the human race: these constituted the stock-in-trade of the Bohemian people, and would prove, as long as diligence and fidelity to the rules of their ancient community prevailed amongst them, an unfailing mine of wealth;—with much more to the same effect.

Carew, with whom in this paper I have chiefly to deal, was enchanted. To escape from the plodding, pedagogic world into such a free and easy society, was a wonderful relief. To be sure, the luxuries of life were, or would be, in his legitimate possession in far greater abundance than could ever be obtained by gipsy wiles, whether of cajolery or theft. But what of that? Was there not the charm of clever cheater—the romance of robbing by brain-skill—not vulgar violence? and were not stolen pleasures proverbially the sweetest? Besides, had he not sworn fidelity to the laws of the community? Should he break his oath? Not for the wide world! He was a youth of much too tender conscience for that!

A superior education helping young Carew, he soon distinguished himself amongst the fraternity. Travelling through the land, he found many occasions of proving how exactly

he fitted the groove, as we should now say, into which Fortune had shunted him. His first *coup d'essai*, on a considerable scale, occurred near Taunton, Somersetshire. A Mrs. Musgrave, residing near that city, was, he heard, possessed of a notion that a large treasure was buried somewhere in her grounds. Carew wrote to the lady stating that if she would grant him an interview, he doubted not that he would be able to point out the exact spot where the treasure could be found. Credulous Mrs. Musgrave would be happy to see the writer, who waited upon her, capitally made up for the part. Having gravely listened to what she had to say, he required a few days to consult the stars. The time expired, he again waited upon the lady, and informed her that gold and silver in large quantities would be found buried under the laurel-tree, in her garden; but as her fortunate planet would not rule till that day week, and at a particular hour, it would be useless to make the search till then. Mrs. Musgrave was delighted, and gave substantial proof of her gratitude by presenting the astrologer with twenty guineas!

It would seem that Carew had not yet entirely succeeded in casting off old world prejudices. The grief for his absence of the

old folks at home, proved by their constantly advertised offers of reward to any one who would bring them tidings of the lost one, at last so prevailed with him that after about eighteen months' absence he suddenly presented himself at his father's house. He was welcomed with exuberance of joy; not a word of reproach was uttered; the neighbours far and near sympathized with the delight of the worthy rector: the church bells were rung, both in Bickley and the adjoining villages. Parties of pleasure were got up almost every day for the gratification of the recovered truant; and no means were neglected to wean him from the vagabond career he had madly embraced.

All would not do. He fell ill; not with active malady, but from sheer weariness of spirit. A gipsy girl who had seen and spoken with him, said in an alehouse, where they were talking of him, that he would not be long with the house-dwellers. "He would either die or go back to the gipsies."

The gipsy girl was right. Carew suddenly left his home without leave-taking, and made his way to the alehouse where he had first joined the Bohemian community. Several persons were there waiting, in expectation of his coming. He was at once conducted, as a pri-

soner, to head-quarters, where there was sitting a general assembly, on a minor scale, of gipsies, presided over by the queen, the wife of Clause Patch, who could not attend by reason of illness. This was fortunate for Carew, who made a very ingenious defence in excuse of his temporary backsliding, and it was voted that he should be readmitted after renewing his oath of allegiance, and submitting to the usual penance—a severe one, stripes not a few, and smartly laid on. The queen, however, old Clause Patch's fifth or sixth wife, and a young woman, was so pleased with the culprit's speech, and the manner of its delivery, that she remitted the punishment, reminding him, however, that a second falling away from his sworn duties could not be forgiven, and the penalty, certain to be inflicted, however ingeniously he might try to conceal himself, would be Death! She then sent him "on the forage," remarking that with his abilities he might soon make up for lost time by adding largely to the common stock.

Carew may now be looked upon as fully committed to a life of vagabondage. He embraced it boldly; made up cleverly as a shipwrecked sailor, and in that guise levied contributions. So well did he gloze the melan-

choly story of his sufferings, on his way to Kingsbridge, Devonshire, that he transmitted a sum to his or her majesty which fully condoned the offence of which he had been guilty in the opinion even of those who thought he had been let off too cheaply.

At Kingsbridge he met with his old school-fellow, Coleman. He, too, had abandoned the Bohemian fraternity for a time, but soon wearying of being penned up in towns and houses, had returned to his allegiance. This was not quite true. He had been induced by threats and promises—his own wishes inclining him to yield—to rejoin the formidable brotherhood. He had not the luck of Carew, though he reached head-quarters but a day or two after his friend had been dismissed scatheless. He did not find such favour with her majesty as Carew did; he was not so handsome perhaps, nor possessed of such a wheedling, flattering tongue. At all events, he was rudely flagellated, told that he had been most mercifully dealt with, and warned to deserve the mercy which had been extended to him, by diligence and strict fidelity, lest a worse thing befall him. He was then dismissed on the forage, but was not successful, and expected every day to receive a message from Clause Patch, if he were

well enough to resume the duties of his kingly office, if not from his brimstone Jezebel of a wife, requiring his presence at head-quarters, to account for the disgraceful paucity of his contributions to the general stock, that is, to the luxurious sustenance, in a gipsy sense, of the king, queen, and royal family—a large number, as we have seen, of voracious mouths to feed. Poor Coleman was quite cast down—disconsolate; cursing, there can be little doubt, the day when the chasing of Colonel Nutcombe's deer led him indirectly into such hopeless captivity. It was pleasant enough, no doubt, to camp out in the fields in fine summer weather, live well and lazily; but there were terrible drawbacks. Gipsy life was one of those things which did not improve upon intimate acquaintance.

Carew condoled with his friend; observed that it was no use to kick against the pricks, and that he would help him from the superfluity of his own gains to make a decent contribution to the royal treasury. With that understanding the young men—once on the first form at Tiverton High School—journeyed on in company, meeting with but poor success, till they reached Totnes. There the dreaded message from the queen was received by the unhappy

Coleman. His services were required in another part of the country, where it was hoped and expected he would be more successful. He left with a heavy heart. Carew never saw him again; and heard, not long afterwards, that he had left the Bohemian world for the land where gipsies cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. How he died, whether by the visitation of God or of man, was a moot question with Carew. The secrets of the gipsy camp are never spoken of even amongst the fraternity themselves.

Carew, having used up for a time, and in that locality, the shipwrecked sailor dodge, attired himself in a plain, neat rustic suit, and assumed the character of a broken-down, honest country farmer, from the island of Sheppey, whose grounds had been overflowed, and his cattle drowned, leaving himself, a wife and seven helpless children in a state of destitution. The distressed farmer device was very successful.

I might fill a volume with anecdotes of successful cheating, accomplished mainly by clever personation, by a master in the art; but as there is much to tell more creditable to this eccentric gentleman, and opening a curious leaf in the colonial history of England, which

few are familiar with, I can only transcribe a few of the more salient of Carew's exploits.

Justice Hull, of Exmouth, was the terror of gipsies. Like the late Sir Peter Laurie with reference to distressed widows, Justice Hull had determined to put the gipsies down. They were his abomination; and he was especially desirous of getting hold of that disgrace to his family, with some members of which he was well acquainted,—Bamfylde Moore Carew. This was a challenge which Carew determined to accept. He waited upon Mr. Justice Hull,—who had more than once conversed familiarly with him at Bickley Rectory—in the character of a miller, whose mill and entire substance had been consumed by fire, owing to the carelessness of an apprentice. Carew was severely cross-examined by the justice, but he stood the ordeal well; the magistrate was convinced he had to do with a very honest, straightforward miller—a myth in popular estimation at that time—but Justice Hull was free of vulgar prejudice, and presented Carew with a guinea, for which he received an acknowledgment in full by the next day's post:—

“MY DEAR MR. JUSTICE HULL,—I am afraid

that when with you, I did not sufficiently express the gratitude I felt and feel for your very liberal donation, yesterday, of a guinea, to the plain, straightforward, honest miller, who had lost his entire substance by a fire, caused by the carelessness of an apprentice; and who had a sick wife and nine children to support. The honest miller now repeats his heartfelt thanks for your generosity to the gipsy,

“BAMFYLDE MOORE CAREW.”

Just fancy the rage of Mr. Justice Hull, who was suffering from gout too, upon reading Carew's audacious note!

At a Mr. Portman's, near Blandford, Hants, who was entertaining a large party, he presented himself as an old withered crone, wearing a dirty mob-cap, a high-crowned hat, a ragged kirtle, and carrying a little hump-back child on his back; two others he held, one in each hand. Pinching the hump-back baby, he made it squeal so as to set the dogs barking furiously. A woman servant came out to bid him begone, as the uproar disturbed the ladies. “God bless their ladyships,” whined the old woman, “I am the unfortunate grandmother of these poor children, whose dear mother, and all she possessed, was burnt at the dreadful fire

at Thirkton." This was reported to their ladyships, who feeling for them, the old woman with her brats were brought into the house, and a plentiful meal was set before them. Some of the gentlemen-guests came into the kitchen. One said, "Where do you come from, old woman?" "From Thirkton." "The devil take Thirkton. There has been more money collected for Thirkton than Thirkton is worth." Nevertheless, all the gentlemen and ladies gave bountiful alms-gifts to the old woman from Thirkton. As in the case of Mr. Justice Hull, Mr. Portman received a letter the next day, acknowledging the generous gifts of their ladyships and gentlemanships, signed "B. M. Carew, *alias* an old grandmother from Thirkton."

Carew assumed the character, and made use of the language, of Edgar in Lear as "Mad Tom," whom the foul fiend pursues, and so on. This part, cleverly sustained, netted much money.

One Mr. Jones, a very benevolent gentleman of Ashton, near Bristol, hearing from his brother, who was present at Mr. Portman's, how the company were so cleverly bamboozled, declared that he never could be deceived by Carew, whom he knew very well, or more correctly speaking, had known very well by sight. Error, Mr. Jones;

Carew pillaged you just three times in one day. First as an unfortunate blacksmith, with sooty face and singed apron, who had lost his little all by a fire. A few hours afterwards, by a poor cripple, paralysed totally on one side, and partially on the other, who was desirous of trying the Bath waters, but afraid he should never reach that city for want of charitable assistance. Later in the day, an unfortunate tinner called. He had been disabled by damp and hardships suffered in the mines. Mr. Jones received, in due course of post, the written acknowledgment of B. M. Carew, *alias* the blacksmith, the cripple, and the tinner.

Several times during his predatory rambles, Carew called at the Bickley Rectory, so disguised, so exactly imitative in voice and manner of the character he personated, as to completely deceive his own father and mother. "Avowing myself to be a gipsy, they always questioned me respecting their son: 'Had I seen or heard of him? Was he alive?' I could scarcely restrain my tears, whilst with them," said Carew, "and when I left and was unobserved, wept bitterly. But there was no escape from the thralldom to which I had subjected myself,—more than that, I did not really wish to escape."

Carew's cleverness was highly appreciated by the Bohemian brotherhood ; and at the annual general assembly for the year, he was honoured with a seat on the right of the king and queen, a distinction which was understood to be the precursor of higher honours to come.

Instinctive love of freedom, independence of action—the consciousness that he was playing the part of a fool and madman—rendered Carew at times very restless under the galling yoke. When in one of these moods, he met, at Dartmouth, John Escot, another of his school-fellows, whom that gipsy orgie at the Brick House had demoralized, ruined. Escot was wretched, but dared not make the slightest endeavour to emancipate himself. The bare thought of incurring the displeasure of the ubiquitous community in which he had enrolled himself, brought on a fit, or caused him to break out into a cold perspiration.

Carew's bolder spirit infused some courage into his. There was a vessel at Dartmouth, bound for Newfoundland, commanded by a Captain Holdsworth. Why not take passage in her, and if their resolution held to free themselves of, literally, the Egyptian bondage under which they groaned—groaned by fits

and starts in the case of Carew—go on to the plantations in America.

They agreed to do this; the berths were engaged, but at the last moment Escot's heart failed him, and Carew sailed without his companion.

Arrived in Newfoundland, Carew diligently explored the island, studied its commercial and especially its fishing capabilities, and was, it would seem, casting about for a trade-opening, so to speak, for his restless energies, when an emissary from the gipsy-king arrived out, with a summons requiring Carew's immediate return to England. Escot, who, under the influence of some vague fear that he might be suspected of conniving at the escape of Carew, though final escape was just impossible, had informed Clause Patch that Carew had sailed for Newfoundland, adding that he (Carew) thought he might reap a rich harvest there for the benefit of the brotherhood. This excuse was unanimously scouted. It was settled in general council that the field in which the richest harvest could be reaped by Carew was in England. Carew was told by the messenger that if he obeyed the summons there was nothing to fear, especially as he had a good friend at court—

alluding, no doubt, to the gipsy queen. Escot was under a cloud and strictly watched. A charming predicament that hunt of the deer in the woods and fields about Tiverton, had brought the first-form scholars of the High School of that town into !!

Carew obeyed the gipsy chief's mandate, and sailed in a "fish schooner" for Hull, where after a perilous voyage, he safely landed. It is evident, though the subject is slightly alluded to, that Carew's peace was soon made. The queen probably stood his friend. It is certain that he was quickly despatched on the forage. He was very successful, his knowledge of Newfoundland standing him in good stead. His principal prey were just then the masters of vessels trading to Newfoundland and the adjacent countries. With them he was a master-mariner whose ship, of which he was chief owner, had been cast away, and all hands on board drowned except himself. Cross-examined, he evinced such a minute knowledge of the localities, that no doubt was entertained of the truthfulness of his story—so that he had soon money and lots of it in both pockets. He must have found richer dupes than sea captains; and I cannot help thinking have shamefully choused the Bohemian royal family,

or he could never have shone out in such splendour as he did shortly after his visit to Newcastle-upon-Tyne—in a new phase. There his constitutional flightiness manifested itself after a novel fashion. He must needs fall in love—serious, not Bohemian love—with a Miss Geary, the daughter of an apothecary, long established in the town. The young woman was both beautiful and amiable—superlatively so, looked at through the Claude Lorraine glasses of Carew's lover-eyes. He made the damsel's acquaintance, wooed her ardently, and knew that he had made a favourable impression, but was quite aware that if he popped the question in the character of a gipsy—a Christian gipsy we will say—his suit would be at once rejected. Carew represented himself to be the master of a trading vessel—an assertion vouched for by Captain Lewis, of Dartmouth, whose friendship he had gained. The young lady coyly yielded to Carew's pressing importunities ; eloped with him ; and went with him on board Captain Lewis' vessel, which made a swift passage to Dartmouth, where the loving pair were united in the bonds of holy, legitimate—not Bohemian matrimony.

Mr. and Mrs. Carew, travelling in quite grand style—no question that the Bohemian

Royal Family must have been awfully swindled—passed a joyous honey month. I imagine it must have not unfrequently occurred to the bridegroom that the queen might not prove such a zealous protectress as she had been, when this marriage with a charming house-dweller became known, and this would be very soon.

Tut! Taste life's glad moments whilst you may, is sound Epicurean and Bohemian philosophy. Carew and his bride conformed to it, visited Bath, Bristol, and made quite a sensation in those cities, though in what name they travelled I cannot discover. Presently we find them the guests of an uncle, the Rev. Mr. Carew, a dignified clergyman at Porchester, Hants. The reverend relative conjured Bamfylde Moore Carew to abandon his lawless life, and return to the paths of virtue, at the same time promising that virtue should not be its own—that is, its only reward. He would provide for him liberally at once, and make him heir to all he possessed. A tempting offer which the young wife was eager to accept. The husband was also, we may presume, strongly inclined to do so. But there was a lion in the path. More than one peremptory message had reached Carew from the sovereign to whom he had twice sworn allegiance, and he had no choice but to submit.

The reverend uncle would not give him a guinea except upon condition that he withdrew himself at once from the degrading companionship of gipsies; and his own funds were miserably low. He must even take to the great highway of life again, and seize such happy chances as may present themselves thereon.

Carew chose to reappear on the stage upon this occasion as a distressed clergyman, persecuted for conscience-sake. He wore a black loose gown, a large white peruke, and a broad-brimmed hat. His pace was slow and solemn. He appeared overwhelmed with the shame which worthy, modest men must feel when compelled to solicit Christian charity. When questioned; he, with much reluctance, informed his Christian friends that he had filled the sacred office of clergyman at Aberystwith, in Wales. The change of government had engendered scruples of conscience which induced him to resign his living. The apt introduction of Latin phrases helped out the imposture, and his attenuated purse began again to swell into respectable rotundity.

A very fertile brain was Mr. Carew's. Reading in a newspaper that a ship bound for Philadelphia, in which were many Quakers, was lost, he diligently made himself acquainted with all

particulars, the names of the Friends and other essential details, and so furnished, presented himself as one of the shipwrecked Friends at a large gathering in London. He had lost all—everything except the clothes on his back. No doubt was entertained of the truth of his story, and he was generously relieved.

The few instances I have transcribed depictive of Carew's career will suffice to guide the reader to a right judgment upon it as a whole. He was a compassionate man. *Real* misery—and who so quick as he at detecting imposture?—he never failed to relieve to the utmost extent, beyond the extent of his ability. He was often known to sell or pawn articles almost indispensable to his own comfort, for the relief of starving, perishing wretches.

Carew's reputation amongst the Bohemian brotherhood was at its height when Clause Patch died. He made a pathetic last dying speech; the most interesting passage in which to his eighteen children was, that he left them one hundred pounds sterling each—not a large sum, the old reprobate observed, "but improveable."

Two or three weeks afterwards there was a grand assembly in London to elect a new king.

The voting was by ballot, and there were ten candidates. Carew being one, made a speech which carried all before it, so resplendent was it with the brilliant rogueries he had perpetrated. He was unanimously elected king. It was a very jolly meeting. The following verses were sung with uproarious applause. It was, and is, the gipsy coronation anthem :—

“ Cast your caps and cares away,
This is gipsies' holiday ;
In the world look out and see,
Who so happy a king as he.

At the crowning of our king,
Thus we ever dance and sing ;
Where's the nation lives so free,
And so merrily as we ?

Be it peace or be it war,
Here at liberty we are ;
Hang all Harmanbecks, we say,
We the Cuffins Queer defy.

We enjoy our peace and rest,
To the field we are not prest ;
When the taxes are increased,
We are not a farthing cessed.

Nor will any go to law,
With a gipsy for a straw ;
All which happiness he brags
Is only owing to his rags.”

Harmanbecks and Queer Cuffins was gipsy slang for constables and magistrates.

The new King refused to be a *Roi fainéant*,

sitting at home at ease, supported by the contributions of the community, after the fashion of his royal predecessors. The widow of Clause Patch was deputed to carry on the government during his absence, and he himself went on the forage as before. This was imprudent. He should have remembered that Fortune is fickle, and never more likely to desert her favourite than when he is perched on the top of her wheel. He himself, however, attributed the misfortune that befel him to an act of daring impiety. Finding himself at Stoke-Gabriel, near Totnes, and business in his ordinary line slack and unprofitable, the notion came into his head of waiting upon the parson of the parish to request him publicly to offer up the thanksgiving of himself and the reverend gentleman's congregation for the wonderful preservation of himself, James Hawkins, master mariner, when his vessel, the *Rose*, was struck by lightning, and all on board perished except himself. The *Rose*, James Hawkins master, hailing from Newcastle, had been struck by lightning a few days previously, off the Devonshire coast. The report in the local newspapers said all hands were supposed to have perished, though there

was a rumour that Hawkins, the master, had escaped by swimming. Upon that hint Carew acted. The credulous parson, who had read the newspaper account, readily believing that the devoutly grateful applicant was the real James Hawkins, willingly acceded to his request, and preached a pathetic sermon upon the perils and sufferings of those who go down to the sea in ships. A collection was made at the conclusion of the service, and the proceeds handed over to the pious mariner.

A few days had only elapsed when his Majesty came to grief in a most unexpected, aggravating manner. He rang the outer-gate bell at the house of Justice Lethbridge, near Barnstaple. He had not the slightest fear of being recognised, so carefully was he disguised, although as Carew he was personally known to the Justice, whom he had victimised, and his butler, John Wigan.

A very civil servant, uncommonly civil, answered the bell, promptly unchained the gate, rechaind it as soon as the distressed father of a large burnt-out family had passed through, then politely conducted the unfortunate vagrant, who was already struck with a presentiment that he had made a mess of it for

once in his life to the hall. Retreat being impossible, the only chance left was to boldly play out his part.

“Ha! good morning, Mr. Carew,” said John Wigan, the butler, who opened the hall door, and who had with him two other men servants — “good morning, Mr. Carew: we have been expecting you would favour your old friends with a visit. The Justice will be glad, very glad to see you; he has stopped at home on purpose. But,” added the chuckling butler, “that you may see his worship, it will be as well to pull off the black patch over your right eye.” Suiting the action to the word, “the mocking knave” tore it away with his own hand.

His worship was overjoyed, and first indulging in a hearty laugh at the gipsy King’s discomfiture and practical deposition from his high office, consigned him to “the care of his myrmidons,” with orders to lodge him safely in Exeter Jail. Colonel Browne, of that city, fully committed him, and shortly afterwards he was tried and found guilty, notwithstanding the ingenious pleas of the counsel retained for the defence by his sorrowing subjects.

“You have travelled, I believe?” remarked the facetious chairman at Quarter Sessions.

“Yes,” said Carew, “in Denmark, Sweden,

France, Spain, Portugal, Newfoundland, Wales, and some parts of Scotland."

"I have heard some story of the kind before. You will have to visit a hotter climate than either of those you have mentioned." Sentence was then pronounced. He was to be transported to Maryland, America, and there sold into slavery. A terrible downcome this for his Bohemian Majesty!

Carew was hurried on board the *Juliana*, Captain Froade, whose property he with many other prisoners on board had become. The practice was for the captain of a ship to pay so much a head for his convict passengers, taking the chance of profit or loss upon their sale at the plantations.

The *Juliana* cast anchor, all well, in Miles's river, Maryland, and the sale by public competition of a prime lot of English handicraftsmen, labourers and clerks, was immediately advertised.

The competition by the planters was rather brisk. One Griffith, a tailor, fetched a thousand pounds' weight of tobacco. Prices varied. As to Carew, he persisted that he could do nothing, was not worth buying at any price, and could not even dig, though to beg he certainly, as his antecedents proved, was not ashamed.

This modest estimate of his own merits was not believed ; his thews and sinews were witnesses against him ; his price ran up to a high figure ; the punch went merrily round ; Captain Froade had made a profitable venture. The competition for Carew was at last confined to David Hunter, formerly of Lyme, Dorsetshire, and one Hamilton, a Scotchman. Finally, they agreed, being near neighbours, to go halves in him, and had just concluded the bargain when it was discovered that Carew had contrived, during the uproarious jollity, to slip off unobserved, and was nowhere to be found. He had fled to the woods.

He managed to evade pursuit during several weeks, subsisting upon such wild fruits as he could find, and the product of occasional nocturnal visits to solitary farmsteads. He was at last apprehended, and not being able to give a satisfactory account of himself, was lodged in prison, preparatory, in accordance with the laws of Maryland, to being sold by auction, should no one claim him before the appointed day.

In this pretty predicament he chanced to hear that the vessels of Captains Harvey and Hopkins, of Bideford, had cast anchor in Miles's river. He was favourably known to

them as a Devonshire man, of ancient family. They sympathized with the unfortunate prisoner, who, in their eyes, had been guilty of no offence calling for such cruel expiation. Immediately Carew's message reached them, they sought him out, listened to his story, returned to their ships, opened a negotiation with Captain Froade, and finally agreed for the price of his freedom.

Carew, informed of the generous conduct of the Devonshire captains, after taking some time to consider the matter, refused to avail himself of the generosity of his friends. The price insisted upon was exorbitant, and he was not sure of being ever able to repay Captains Harvey and Hopkins, to whom such an outlay would, he knew, be a serious matter. He resolutely declined, therefore, to purchase his freedom at their cost, and to put an end to all importunity, informed the magistrate by whom he had been committed that he was the property of Captain Froade.

This heroic act of self-sacrifice, for such it really was, met with a scurvy reward. Captain Froade sent for him, and immediately he had him on board the *Juliana*, flogged him without mercy; then sent for a smith, who riveted an iron collar, called a pothook, round his neck.

He was, however, allowed to walk the ship's deck during stated hours of morning and evening. This circumstance suggested to the compassionate captains the means of procuring his release, and punishing Froade through the pocket for his cruelty. A boat after nightfall was rowed, as previously arranged between the captive and the captains, under the *Juliana's* quarter; Carew slid quietly down the side, and his escape was accomplished. Three months afterwards he was in England, not long before Froade arrived home.

This was a severe lesson, but it failed to cure Carew of his vagabond propensities. Sir Thomas Carew, to whom he paid a visit with his wife and daughter, offered him a handsome income if he would give up all connexion with the gipsies. The answer was an emphatic "No, I will not."

His habitual caution must have forsaken him. Walking on the quay of Exeter with his wife one fine afternoon, he was recognised by a convict-merchant, as such men were called, of the name of Davey. This man was copartner with Captain Froade, and considered himself very much ill-used — robbed, in fact, by Carew's escape from Maryland. "Ha! ha!" said he, seizing Carew with the aid of ruffians

by whom he was accompanied — “ha! ha! You came back from America for your own pleasure; now you shall go back for mine.” Spite of a frantic resistance, Carew was carried off to the *Phillares* brig, Symonds master, lying off Powderham Castle, bound to America with convicts, and waiting for a fair wind.

Carew again landed in Maryland, was sold at a high figure, and again made his escape to England. Misfortune, suffering—stern but true teachers—had at last brought home to him an abiding sense of the worse than folly which had flawed his eccentric, wasted life. He gained a large sum of money by speculations in the lotteries of the day, by which means he propitiated Bohemia, and obtained leave to resign the kingly office and cease to be an active member of the community. His influential connexions obtained from the Government a kind of ticket-of-leave for him, and retiring to a modest home which he had purchased in Devonshire, he died there in peace, aged sixty years.

Monsieur Blaise.

JEAN LOUVOIS MARIE BLAISE was an invalided French seaman, established for some years as a barber in the Rue du Bac, St. Malo. He was not an old man in 1804, not much more than forty years of age, when the war between Great Britain and France, lulled for a brief period by the truce of Amiens, burst forth again with augmented fury. Monsieur Blaise was delighted. He had never forgiven Messieurs les Anglais for blowing him up almost literally sky-high on the 1st of June, 1782 (Lord Howe's victory). He was then serving on board *La Sylphide*, frigate or corvette, which had been set on fire by the close broadsides of three English frigates. One only really engaged *La Sylphide*. But Monsieur Blaise, a worthy fellow in his way, had, as we shall see, an inventive genius. *La Sylphide*, at all events, caught fire, was soon enveloped in flames, which reaching the magazine, up she blew, and Jean Louvois Marie Blaise remembered nothing more till he found himself terribly

scorched and shaken on board one of the cursed ships that destroyed *La Sylphide*. He had been picked up by one of the frigate's boats, and Jean Louvois Marie could not deny that he was treated with skill and a sort of rude kindness—the insular brigands were not all, quite all, bad. “Certainly not,” Monsieur Blaise used to say when descanting upon the catastrophe of *La Sylphide*, a subject of which he never wearied, if his hearers did—“certainly not; but dam! they had made me pay dearly: but for the protection of the Holy Virgin” (here Monsieur Blaise, who was a devout man, always crossed himself and said an Ave)—“but for the protection of the Holy Virgin—nothing less than the price of my soul.”

Monsieur Blaise explained. He had been educated in the profession of a barber, and having, when convalescent, happened to mention that circumstance to a “meesheepman”—he had acquired a perfect knowledge of the English language whilst on board the cursed frigate, he candidly admitted having received that advantage—having I say mentioned that he was a barber *par état* to the “meesheepman,” he was forthwith pressed into the English service in that capacity, the English shaver on board knowing better how to handle a handspike than

razors, scissors, and curling tongs. "Thunder of God! it was terrible—the temptation, I mean. Imagine yourself to have at your mercy the very captain of the brigands who had blown up *La Sylphide*, myself with her, holding him by the nose, whilst the sharpest of razors glided over the *gredin's* chin and throat. But that I did not cease to implore the aid of the Holy Virgin throughout the operation, the devil would have had me,—nothing can be more certain than that; but I shall, *plaise à Dieu*, repay Messieurs les Anglais for all their favours yet before I die."

This grievance is strongly insisted upon by the patriotic barber in a *brochure* written from his dictation by "a compatriot of genius," and published at St. Malo in 1816, from which *brochure* are derived all the facts—liberally coloured facts, I suspect—of which this brief narrative is woven. It may be seen in the public library at St. Malo, and is entitled "Faits divers de l'Histoire Navale de la France depuis 1793 jusqu'à 1810." The chapter which dilates in exalted language upon the cruel illegality of being compelled to act as barber on board the English frigate is headed in capital letters—

"TEMPTATION OF JEAN LOUVOIS MARIE BLAISE."

“At last,” continues J. L. M. Blaise, *ancien marin*—“at last Providence favoured me—though I hardly thought it a favour at the time—with a chance of escape from the enemies of France and the human race. The brigands projected an expedition intended to burn and destroy the French merchant ships anchored near the mouth of the Garonne, under the protection of a battery. It was a night expedition in boats. It was dark as a wolf’s mouth, but the English were guided direct to the ships by the lights they showed. This was imprudent. They should either have been extinguished or screened to seaward. I contrived to slip into one of the boats unnoticed, being dressed exactly like one of the English pirates. Ah! that cost me dear. The boats pulled steadily with muffled oars towards the French ships. The boats were not seen. That in which I was, attacked the ship nearest the land. The French crew, completely surprised, could offer no resistance. She was the prize of the pirates. Suddenly a thought, an inspiration seized me. The wind had suddenly veered about several points since we, at a league’s distance, left the frigate, and was blowing towards the shore. The English officer commanding the boat had also observed this,

and his maledictions were furious, savage. It had been intended to let fall the sails of the merchantmen, and so get them off without the labour of towing. That would be now impossible. A thought, an inspiration, as I have said, flashed upon me. I glided to the bows of the ship, and with an axe severed the cable that held her. Ah! it was delicious to hear the chorus of goddams which arose from the savage Islanders when they found the ship was driving on shore directly towards the battery, the gunners of which had been roused by the firing on board one of the ships of muskets, pistols, &c.; her crew having, with the heroic courage which animates all Frenchmen, attempted a desperate, but, against such odds, unsuccessful resistance. Meantime, the *Ville de Nantes* was driving on shore. Blue lights were continually thrown up from the battery. It was in a certain sense light as day. The French cannoniers directed their fire at the French ships which the English were towing off—not, I regret to say, with success—I mean, the firing of the French cannoniers was not successful. The English sea-wolves carried off their prey. Only the *Ville de Nantes* escaped their greedy clutch, thanks to me; and charmingly I was rewarded for it. But of that pre-

sently. My young friend says I digress too much. *Eh bien!* The English, seeing they could not hope to carry off the ship, took to their boats, the officer shouting through his trumpet to his men to 'bairand,' which is English for *dépêchez vous*. All but two obeyed. These were below, and already half drunk with some brandy they had found in the captain's cabin. The English sailor *se soule* (gets drunk) whilst you are looking round. He does not drink; he pours brandy down his throat without tasting it. They had been of course left behind with myself.

"The *Ville de Nantes* beaches without sustaining much injury. We all get on shore;—the captain and crew of the ship are received with effusive cordiality by the commandant of the battery, his officers and men. They are warmly congratulated upon their escape from the English scoundrels, but I, who was the instrument of that escape, have handcuffs fastened upon my wrists, and am thrust with the two drunken English hogs into a dark hole where we cannot see, and can scarcely breathe. Vainly I have appealed to the commandant—proudly asserted my quality of Frenchman. 'So much the worse for thee, then,' said Monsieur le Capitaine d'Artillerie Hugon; 'for in that case

thou must be a traitor; one of the villanous émigrés, perhaps?’

“This was charming, as I have said; very much so. I had certainly done a very fine thing for myself. But it had always been so. I had a strange capacity for running my head against stone walls. My excellent father, Pierre Blaise—*ancien marin*, like myself, *perruquier* also—and a superb artist, thousands of the citizens of Saint Malo will testify, for many years kept an establishment at Numéro 14, Rue du Bac, three doors off to the right from the house in which I carry on business at Numéro 11, on the *right* of Numéro 14, as I have said, and repeat, mistakes having occurred. Numéro 14 is now occupied by a *soi-disant* professor of our art. ‘Bichon, late Blaise,’ is painted over the door. Bichon, which in itself is right, appropriate, in small insignificant characters—Blaise, which in itself is also in good taste, appropriate, in large blue letters. Halte! My esteemed young friend says I am dictating a long parenthesis which has nothing to do with ‘L’Histoire Navale de la France.’ I submit, and resume.

“My excellent father, Pierre Blaise, *ancien marin* like myself, used to say, ‘Jean Louvois

Marie Blaise, mon garçon, thou art too impulsive—eccentric ; art always getting thyself into trouble. Believe me, if thou hadst less generous *étourdissement* in thy composition it would be better for thee. It is not by the indulgence of philanthropic sentiments that one's bread is buttered—in this world at all events: how it may be *là haut* is another question.' From which parental maxim it resulted that I, looking to my own safety, considering the equivocal position in which I was placed, ought not to have cut the cable of the *Ville de Nantes*, rescued the ship and crew from the English brigands, and have returned quietly to the English frigate. Such reflections certainly crossed my mind during that terrible night passed in the dark hole with the drunken English sailors. But what will you? It is my nature, my destiny to be self-sacrificing. Still I strongly object to the sacrifice being too great, extending to the perdition of one's life, for example:—one must stop somewhere.

“ When day dawned through the crevices of the door I awoke the English sailors, who had slept and snored through the night to my intense disgust and irritation. As soon as they had yawned and stretched themselves into a sort of animal consciousness and vitality,

and emptied all three pitchers of water to cool their burning throats, I said, 'My friends'—they were not my friends, the brutes—far from that—but it is well to speak civilly to the devil himself, if you want a favour of him—'my friends, you will be asked if I willingly served on board the English frigate. Without doubt you will say I was forced to serve, under penalty of being hanged. Of course you will say that!' The infernal *scélérats* pretended not to comprehend me. It could not be that they did not understand my English, which is known to be perfect. No, they were resolved to betray, to ruin me. I could see that thought twinkle dimly in their blood-shot, ferocious eyes. A cold shiver ran through my veins!

"It was ten o'clock—bread and water were supplied to us for breakfast. I could not eat—the least morsel would have choked me—the English ogres ate mine as well as their own. We were taken before the commandant and other officers. An English lieutenant, a marine soldier—and the evil star of my destiny—who had been taken prisoner, and who spoke French very well, excellently for an Englishman, with a certain guttural accent, of course—the organization of that people is not delicate enough to give pure expression to the refined and noble.

language of France. They have not, I am informed, a respectable poet. No one could expect that an Englishman could rival the grandeur of our Molières, our Racines. Ah! I am digressing again, and at a most interesting crisis in the narrative. I beg pardon, and resume.

“The affair of the English sailors was soon disposed of. They were to be sent to the interior as prisoners of war. Then came my turn. ‘You say you are a Frenchman,’ said the Commandant, in a voice rough as gravel, and a face hard as granite. I felt myself to be on the brink of a precipice. A cold perspiration oozed out at my fingers’ ends. ‘You say you are a Frenchman. What is your name?’ ‘Jean Louvois Marie Blaise,’ said I, rallying, ‘native of Saint Malo, Brittany, perruquier *par état*, marin by profession.’ ‘In what ship have you served?’ ‘In *La Sylphide*; blown up at the great battle off Rochefort, so glorious for the French marine, defeated though we were by the tyrants of the sea. The cypress was full as glorious as the laurel.’ ‘No *bavardage*, if you please, Monsieur le Perruquier,’ said Monsieur le Commandant, with a *brusquerie* of tone and manner, which I may be permitted to say was not polite. ‘You were

picked up, I suppose, by the enemy?' 'Yes, Monsieur le Commandant. I found myself almost as much dead as alive on board the English frigate.' 'And out of gratitude, I suppose, you volunteered into the English service?' 'Pardon me, monsieur; I was compelled, under penalty of being hanged, to take service,—to officiate as barber to the captain, officers, and crew. Ah! it was terrible. The temptation, but for the protection of *La Sainte Vierge*, would have been irresistible.' '*Farce!*' growled the Commandant; 'the English, brutal as they may be, do not hang prisoners of war. Passing from that, barbers are not usually employed in cutting-out expeditions. Whereas M. Blaise, le perruquier, is found boarding *La Ville de Nantes*. He is armed to the teeth, and is seen to cut with an axe the cable of the ship. It was essential that the vessel, if it was to become the prize of the English, should be towed quickly out of cannon fire. Jean Louvois Marie Blaise, perruquier, recognising that important condition, and that time should not be lost in bringing the anchor home—severed, as I have said, the cable, with an axe. It is true that, owing to a shift of wind which the renegade was not aware of——' 'Monsieur le Commandant,'

said I, interrupting, 'this is a frightful misconception. Permit me to assure you upon the honour of——' 'Upon the honour of a perruquier,' broke in the Commandant with contemptuous anger. 'Holy blue! but that is rich, *impayable!* To finish. You with the others boarded the *Ville de Nantes*—the Indian weapon, a tomahawk, in hand—you took part in the slight conflict which ensued against your countrymen, and as I have said, to facilitate the capture of the French ship, severed the cable.' 'Excuse me,' I exclaimed again, eagerly interrupting. I was by turns cold and hot in every member of my frame; an officer entering having left the door open, through which I perceived a firing party drawn up, who were, I could not doubt, waiting to bestow their favours upon me, the situation was becoming desperate. 'Excuse me, Monsieur le Commandant——' 'Hold thy tongue, beast!' thundered the grim old veteran. 'How came it that there were found upon thee twenty-two English guineas? Answer me that!' 'Monsieur le Commandant,' said I, 'the English officers, to do them justice, are generous—extremely generous as to money—England, it is known, is the country of gold; and I was nearly two years in the infernal frigate.

Naturally hoping to get ashore in *La belle France*, to escape, that is, I placed all the money I possessed in my pocket.' 'Bah!' the Colonel broke in again. 'Let the English sailors be questioned.' The officer of marines interpreted the Commandant's interrogatories. 'What do you know of this man?' 'He is a Frenchman, and *fussraite chinscrapere*,' which is English for, 'barber of the highest class.' This I at first thought was generous, chivalric even, as I remembered having more than once gashed the fellow's chin out of spite; he being an impudent rascal if there was ever one. Ah! I was soon undeceived. 'Did he volunteer into the British service?' 'Yes; and took the bounty. He used to say he hated the *sans-culottes*, and loved the Bourbons.' It was finished with me. I felt that. Nevertheless, I denied the infamous charge with all the energy of my soul. It was useless. I was found guilty of having fought against France. I that would have shed my life-blood for our glorious *patrie*, and condemned to die the death of a traitor—that is, to be shot forthwith. By that time the room was quite filled with spectators of the beau sexe—several of them girls and women, one the charming daughter of M. le Commandant's wife. *Le beau sexe* is an expression

which I take leave to remark is not, according to my experience, strictly accurate, I mean not universally applicable—very far, indeed, from being so. Never mind, the women and girls present, five or six, all counted—the entire female population of the battery—with the exception of Madame, the Commandant's wife, sympathized with me, and when the sentence, *fusillé sur le champ*, to be shot immediately, was pronounced, testified that sympathy by tears and sobs. Several officers interposed, remonstrated—not against the sentence, but its hasty execution. Though unworthy to remain on earth, I might, with a few hours of priestly preparation, be made quite good enough for heaven. Miserable logic that, it seemed to me, but not under the circumstances to be repudiated. Certainly not. Till a man is dead, he lives—that is certain, positive—and whilst he lives there is hope. I prayed—still indignantly protesting my innocence—to be allowed time to avail myself of religious consolation—to receive the viaticum indispensable to a safe passage to the other world, and a benevolent reception there. Monsieur le Commandant smiled grimly, but granted eighteen hours' delay. The firing party was dismissed, and I led back to the cell.

It was solitary now, till the priest came. A famous *gaillard* was the holy man. He had seen so much of death from his youth upwards till he was fifty years of age—he looked, dimly as I saw, much younger than that—in the American war, when France delivered the people of the United States from the oppression of perfidious Albion, during the fever of the Revolution, when the guillotine was in full activity, and since, in the armies of the Republic, that he had at last come to regard shooting a man as quite a natural mode of insisting upon his exit from this world. He assured me it was nothing, positively nothing when over. ‘Good and evil, my son,’ said the old reprobate, ‘pain and pleasure are nothing when passed away. Dost thou really wish me to go through the service?’ he added, with a guttural accent, which reminded me of the Englishers—blind buzzard that I was—taking out of his pocket an old dog-eared breviary. ‘If so, kneel down; but I should advise—as, modestly speaking, I don’t think my certificate would count for much *là haut*—I should advise, *par préférence*, that we dispose between us of these two bottles of excellent wine.’ I had observed that he had a basket in his hand, and some capital cigars. ‘*Vogue la galère*,’ went on the Père

Meulon, 'you will sleep all the sounder, though not, *parbleu*, so sound, my son, as you will to-morrow night.'

"I reflected whilst he was pouring out the wine, the glug-glug of which was pleasant to the ear, that the priest could not be of the least service to me—if I could not get to heaven without his aid, the drunken old sinner, I might as well make up my mind for the other place. *Eh bien*—I could say my prayers when alone—invoke the Holy Mother's protection, which has never failed me. *En attendant*, a few glasses of wine and a cigar would be invigorating, decidedly so. '*Clinquons*,' said the Père Meulon. 'With all my heart,' responded I, affecting a gaiety I did not feel—my heart being just then as heavy as a lump of lead—'with all my heart. *Clinquons*.' We touched each other's glasses, and tossed off the contents. Really excellent wine!

"'Jean Louvois Marie Blaise,'" said the Père Meulon, his keen blue eyes glistening in the dark with mirth, much out of place at such a time—'Jean Louvois Marie Blaise, thou art *beau garçon*. I know at least *one* person who thinks so.'

"I did not, at first, understand what the priest meant; but gradually he enlightened

me. 'One Mademoiselle Jaubert, who was present when you were sentenced to death, has taken a fancy to you. She has great influence with Madame, the lady of the Commandant, who is, in fact, *the* Commandant, and can save your life, if she chooses to do so. The condition is *marriage*. I must make you man and wife, here, in this cell,—which I take to be, looking at the situation, genuine priestly consolation!' 'Mademoiselle Jaubert!' I stammered. 'Mademoiselle Jaubert!' My head seemed turning round, and I hardly knew whether I stood upon it or upon my feet. 'Mademoiselle Jaubert!—do you mean the young lady in a blue silk dress, with a white rose in her black hair?'

"The fellow grinned diabolically, showing his teeth, very white teeth, with disgusting effrontery. 'No,—no,—no. That is an excellent joke, Monsieur le Perruquier! The young lady in the blue silk dress, with a white rose in her black hair, is Monsieur le Commandant's daughter, *sa fille unique*.' 'Who then, in the devil's name, is Mademoiselle Jaubert? Except that young person, all the other females, as far as my certainly confused recollection goes,—there was, no doubt, a mist before my eyes,—were detestably ugly.'

‘That is a matter of taste,’ said the Père Meulon, as he called himself. ‘The Mademoiselle Jaubert is not probably a Venus, but she is young and sufficiently good looking. She will make Monsieur Blaise an excellent wife, and, which is the essential thing, save him from the bullets of the firing party. Does M. Blaise consent?’ ”

Jean Louvois Marie Blaise, in his prolix narrative, dwells at great length upon the mental *pros and cons* which suggested themselves to his mind; the conclusion finally arrived at being, that it was better—varying the precept of Saint Paul—that it was better to marry than be shot. He answered in that sense, and the priest, having settled some minor details, left the cell, promising to return with the lady in some three or four hours, to go through with the interesting ceremony, the means of flight having been previously arranged. M. Blaise and his bride would take wing from the prison-house. Mademoiselle Jaubert would, moreover, the priest said, bring her husband a dowry of six thousand francs!

All this was possible, if we are to accept, without reserve, the version of the story told by Barber Blaise, but he soon discovered a needless mystification played off upon him by the

drunken priest, or believed he did. It was Mademoiselle Roland, the Commandant's daughter, who had taken a fancy to the good-looking French seaman. In consequence of her intercession, enforced by Madame's *sic volo sic jubeo*, it had been conceded, he was presently told, by the Commandant, that the escape of the prisoner should be winked at, facilities even afforded him for getting away.

"The decisive moment approached," continues M. Blaise. "I was trembling from head to foot with excitement. The priest enters: he has a lamp in his hand; behind him steals gently, with softest footfall, a figure—a youthful figure—draped in blue silk. My heart beats violently. Am I awake? Can it be possible? Yes! the bride is the Commandant's daughter. . . . The ceremony is over:—we indulge in one embrace. The priest—whose face I had not once distinctly seen, it having been almost totally dark when he first came in, and now that he has brought a lamp, his cowl is drawn almost completely over it—the priest gives us his blessing, adding, as he draws the bride away some paces, and in a low voice gives her what I suppose to be confidential pious counsel, '*Ah! le scélérat.*'"

“The lady renews the cloak, that of an acolyte, the cowl of a priest concealed her face, as that of the priest did his, and which she had thrown off after entering the cell. The door was closed as the priest hands me a paper, which I read by the light of the lamp. It is a printed form, filled up and signed by the Commandant :—‘ Let the bearer of this and his companions pass out freely.’ We go forth : the sentinels, three of them in all, scrutinize the paper, recognise its validity, and we are presently clear of the battery. A *calèche* is in waiting for us, we take our seats, and are driven off at a gallop. The bride is reserved, draws herself up in one corner of the vehicle, and speaks but in monosyllables. The gravity of the situation, I think to myself, impresses her ; placing herself, as she has, in an access of romantic caprice, at the direction of a man whom she had seen but for a few minutes, and of whose character she is necessarily ignorant. Well, she is a charming creature, and will find me a tender husband, a man of strictest honour. I was disquieted somewhat, I must confess, as to the actuality of the six thousand francs ; no doubt they were in the *valise* under the seat. Madame Blaise could not, surely, have forgotten to secure

that essential item in our contract! Not likely—*cependant*. But it would be indelicate to speak upon such a subject. Besides, Madame Blaise had fallen asleep.

“The *calèche*, after about two hours, stops at a wayside *auberge*, not far, as I perceive by the pale starlight, from the left bank of the Garonne. We do not descend, and as the air is fresh and chill, I willingly accept one, two, three *petits verres*, brought out to me by the obliging conductor of the *calèche*. The *eau-de-vie* is not bad, but has, it seems to me, a peculiar taste. Again *en route*, faster, if possible, than before. Fatigue, the swinging motion of the vehicle, cause a drowsiness which I cannot resist. I fall into profound slumber. . . . At last I awake, slowly, with effort. I am wide awake. *Grand Dieu!* How is this? Am I mad? Why, a hundred thousand devils! I am again on board of the cruiser *Phæbus*, English frigate, in my old berth! ‘And where is Julie—where is my wife?’ I ask frantically of the sailors near by. I am answered with insult, laughter; told to sleep out my drunken fit, by the brutal god-dams. What do they know about my wife? I cannot yet believe my senses. Thunder of heaven, I am crushed. It is the end of

the world! I jump up, hastily search my pockets. *Nom de Dieu!* I find in them the twenty-two English guineas which had been taken from me—nothing else! A vertigo seizes me, and I swoon outright. . . .

“Recovered somewhat, I seek an interview with the captain. He tells me that a compassionate French fisherman found me lying drunk and speechless on the shore; that a ‘Monsieur’—a stranger to him—came up and said I was an English sailor who had escaped from a military prison, and that it would be a charity to place me on board the English frigate standing off and on the coast. The fisherman agreed to do so, and—*me voilà!* I was stunned, and could neither speak nor think connectedly for several days. The mystery was inscrutable.”

Not inscrutable, if not of easy solution, even to some who had been behind the scenes when the curious comedy was being acted at the Battery. Poor Blaise was soon made to comprehend the trick which had been played him—partially, at least.

Upon the fourth day subsequent to his being re-consigned to the *Phæbus*, a boat put off at earliest dawn from the shore, and pulled for

the frigate. Restless Jean Louvois Marie Blaise was on deck, and watched with curiosity and interest the approach of the boat, in which females were seated. That curiosity and interest became inflamed, intensified, as soon as he discerned that one of the ladies wore a blue dress. Could it be Julie, his charming wife, who was about to rejoin her husband? Blaise begged the loan of a glass. An officer handed him one. Heavens! the lady was Julie—his beautiful bride. The mystery would be explained, and he should be the happiest of men. No one—not even an Englishman—would have the heart to detain him on board the *Phæbus*, and deprive him of the society of a newly-wedded wife. Joy! Ecstasy! Jean Louvois Marie Blaise capered about the deck like a maniac, to the great amusement of the captain and lieutenants of the frigate, who were in the secret.

“Julie—adorable Julie!” exclaimed M. Blaise the moment the lady’s foot touched the deck, and rushing towards her with extended arms. “Julie—adorable Julie!——” “Go to the devil!” interrupted a gruff voice, accompanied by a violent thrust from a powerful arm, which hurled M. Blaise half across the deck. The assailant was the English lieutenant

who interpreted at the court-martial. Malediction!—he—that infernal lieutenant—introduced Julie to the captain of the frigate as “My wife, Madame Seymour.” This Monsieur Blaise saw and heard, for the moment doubting the evidence of his ears and eyes. A vertigo must have again seized him, as he was carried below “in a state of insensibility.”

The explanation, as given by M. Blaise, is not very clear. It appears that Lieutenant Seymour, who was a prisoner on parole, expecting every day to be exchanged, had found favour with Mademoiselle Julie, daughter of the Commandant, and that his secret suit was smiled upon, not only by the desired one herself, but Madame her mother. Lieutenant Seymour, besides being a handsome, well-bred man, was the heir of a large fortune and a title—would be a “milord,” according to Madame’s apprehension, and it was certain that his wife would be a “miladi” before many years had passed. That being so, the difference between a peerage and a baronetcy was inappreciable. But the Commandant was a stern hater of the English. True that Madame would ultimately have coerced her husband into giving his assent to the marriage, but that would have required time, and time was not to be had. Now the

Commandant had never seriously meant to allow execution to be done upon poor Blaise, and the expedient hit upon was to obtain the governor's consent to his escape upon condition that he married Annette Jaubert, who had really conceived a liking for the good-looking and unhappy French seaman; and of which damsel, a great favourite of his wife, Monsieur le Commandant was very anxious, for reasons of his own, to be rid as soon as might be, or else farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content on his, the Commandant's part, before more than five or six months had passed away. The drunken old chaplain attached to the Battery was made an accomplice in the plot. He lent Seymour his clerical habiliments, and the next morning, when the flight of Mademoiselle Julie was discovered, persisted that he had married her to the French seaman, by the especial order of Monsieur le Commandant. Had he not said, "A young lady has fallen in love with the French seaman condemned to death; marry them; after which they can both be off. This paper will enable them to leave without being questioned." It so fell out: though why Seymour, disguised as the priest, went through the mock ceremony, is not so clear. One understands that it was essen-

tial that Lieutenant Seymour should be entirely free from suspicion, or the Commandant might, till his daughter were restored to him, refuse—and the military authorities would have sustained such refusal—to give effect to the exchange which was about to be carried out. The female who came off in the boat with Madame Seymour was Mademoiselle Jaubert.

There was some attempt made to bring about a match between her and Jean Louvois Marie Blaise, but that persecuted *marin* was too much disgusted with the sex to listen for one moment to the proposal. It is incidentally remarked by M. Blaise, towards the end of his pamphlet, that the Commandant became reconciled to his daughter's marriage with the English lieutenant; and that both he and Madame speak with a proud complacency of Miladi Seymour. One condition of forgiveness he made, which was that Mademoiselle Jaubert should on no account return to France. He had conceived a violent antipathy to that damsel, who ought to marry and settle in England. "Effectively," adds M. Blaise, "Mademoiselle Jaubert did marry in Albion, and the dishonour which it was thought to fix upon me was reserved for an Englishman. *He* would not

care much for that if she brought him a dowry of six thousand francs.

Through the "bons offices" of Lieutenant Seymour, M. Blaise was sent ashore on some part of the coast of France with money in both pockets.

"From that time," says M. Blaise, "I was the irreconcilable foe of the English nation. Like the Carthaginian Hannibal, I shall at a fitting age insist that my two sons, Jean and Philibert, make oath at the altar of God, of waging eternal war against that perfidious people by whom I have suffered so much. Meanwhile I volunteered into active service against them. I entered on board the *Calypso* corvette, and may say, without boasting, that some rays of the glory acquired by that vessel fell upon me. After that I was drafted to the *Redoutable*, Capitaine Lucas. That ship was covered with imperishable honours at the fatal, but glorious battle of Trafalgar. I was a capital marksman, and was stationed in the maintop. I saw the famous Nelson on the quarter-deck, pacing to and fro. I aimed at him: my ball took effect, but not that time upon the admiral. No—but one fell! I afterwards, upon reading the bulletins, thought it might have been his secretary. Perhaps: I am not sure. I fired

many times, not without effect. At last I had an opportunity of taking steady aim at the English admiral—there was no mistaking *him*. I fired, as did, let me be frank, three or four of my *camarades*, at the same moment or nearly so. The great admiral—the terror of the French navy—no, not terror; the word is misplaced: terror is unknown to the French heart—I should say the great admiral, who was the most successful commander of the English sea-wolves, fell prone upon the deck, mortally wounded. I cannot positively say—I am not entirely sure that it was by my hand the English admiral fell; but the belief that it was is a balm to my heart!

“In that terrible fight I was wounded in the leg. We made frantic efforts, seeing that the battle was inevitably lost, to avoid an English prison. A dozen of us contrived to let ourselves down into a boat alongside. We rowed towards a Spanish ship, were received on board, and safely landed at Cadiz. Thence, by help of the French consul, I was enabled to reach France—St. Malo. I at once established in the Rue du Bac, married, and have, as I said, two children—boys—devoted to assist in the destruction of England. For myself, I

am constantly studying plans for the annihilation of the British Marine whenever the war breaks out again. I incline strongly to the use of balloons. But there are difficulties which I hope to be able to surmount. My wife is opposed to these enterprises of mine, one reason being that, by an accidental explosion during an experiment, the roof of the house was blown off, and a woman was killed in the street by the falling of a large piece of timber upon her head. Poor woman! I deplored the accident with a sincere sorrow. But what will you have? Science, like war, has its victims, yet both are glorious! Jeanette also fears that I may neglect my business. That is a vain fear. It is still carried on, as I have said, with vigour and success, at Numéro 11 of the Rue du Bac. Be pleased to notice the number; and I trust, before long, to present my beloved France with terrible engines of destruction, that will enable her to amply avenge Trafalgar, Waterloo, and many other battles, chiefly won by English gold."

These patriotic aspirations were not to be realized. The enterprising projector blew himself up one fine day, more effectually than did the English off Rochefort. In one of the

graveyards of Saint Malo, there is a rather pretentious monumental stone, upon which is inscribed, "*Ci-git Jean Louvois Marie Blaise, Perruquier, victime de son goût passionné pour le science. His afflicted widow and sons still carry on the business at Numéro 11, Rue du Bac.*"

The last two lines must either have been borrowed from an inscription at Père La Chaise, or the Paris widow must have copied that at Saint Malo.

Madame la Comtesse de Genlis.

THIS lady made a great noise in her time, was one of the self-appointed reformers of the world, and one, too, who set herself seriously to the task of teaching the nations how to live. The pity of it was that her lessons had but slight self-applicability. A very clever woman, no doubt of that, laughingly as we may demur to her glorifying self-estimate, when, writing in her eightieth year of the magnificent promise of her youth, she says :—" The colossal reputation I have since achieved, and which, I am bold to predict, time will confirm and extend, had then scarcely risen above the intellectual horizon." One may smile at this whilst admitting that she composed some very pretty papers. The " Palace of Truth," for example, might in these publishing revival days pay for reprinting.

The maiden name of Madame de Genlis was Stéphanie Félicité Ducret de St. Aubin. She was born at Champcéry, près d'Autun, early in the year 1746. That she was destined to distinction was evident to discerning eyes—I am quoting

her own "Mémoires Inédits"—when she was still in her cradle. By a special Providence only was this future light of the world saved from extinguishment, at that tender age, by the heavy, bleary-eyed Mayor of Autun. "The nurse," writes Mme. de Genlis, "having much needlework to despatch, and being careful of my safety, sewed up in a soft pillow—my body only, not my head—and placed me in a large *fauteuil*. I was always a quiet, docile child, of remarkable sweetness of disposition. Monsieur le Maire d'Autun came in; he wished to speak with mamma. The nurse said she would inform Madame that Monsieur le Maire had called, and wished to see her. 'Thank you,' said the ponderous functionary, and spreading the tails of his *redingote*, was about to seat himself upon me. Happily the nurse had not left the apartment. Her scream of alarm arrested the movement of Monsieur le Maire, and I was saved. It was not the good nurse who saved me; no; it was God himself, acting by her instrumentality. He had given me a mission upon earth, which he had decreed should be fulfilled."

The success of that mission was, according to Madame's own account, complete. She thus wrote, in the 82nd year of her age, when her

sight needed not the aid of spectacles, and her hearing was acute as ever; her memory, intellect, brighter, if that could be possible, than ever, and she was preparing to re-write the Encyclopædia with the very laudable purpose of superseding the impious compilation of D'Alembert, Voltaire, and their brother sceptics. "It is I," exclaimed octogenarian Madame la Comtesse, "who will strike down, never to rise again, the monsters of Infidelity and Atheism. To do so will be the fulfilment of my sacred mission. Already have I dealt terrible blows at a false, sterile philosophy. And who will deny that I have exercised a supreme and salutary influence upon public and private education, especially as regards the study of living languages which I have brought into fashion? The world, moreover, owes to me the total extinction of fairy tales, once permitted to be used in the education of children. To sum up, I have fought victoriously against heresy in all things, especially in literature."

The marquise and château of St. Aubin had been bought of a bankrupt proprietor by Stéphanie Félicité's father, he thereby acquiring nobility by purchase. "My first title to precedence," writes the De Genlis in those six thick volumes of "*Mémoires Inédits*,"—"my first

title to precedence was derived from a higher source. At seven years of age the Grand Prior of the Noble Chapter of Allix, at Lyon—discerning, he has been pleased to say, the *auréole* of moral grandeur, the first rays of which shed light upon my youthful brow—created me a canoness of the illustrious Chapter, a dignity which at once confers the secular title of Countess. If in after years the neophyte chose to complete her profession, to devote herself to a religious life, she could do so, and thereby share in the rich prebends at the disposal of the Grand Prior.” Only a Frenchwoman, and a singularly eccentric one, could write thus of herself—and with a naïve calmness too, indicative that her self-laudation was entirely sincere.

Stéphanie Félicité, I should have before stated, was publicly baptized in Paris, whatever public baptism may mean, at which ceremony the precious child wore an iron collar round her neck, “to keep my small Grecian head well set upon my shoulders, and blue goggles on my eyes, to conceal and correct a slight squint, which, if not remedied, would have marred the expression of mild, gentle candour, which has been held to be my eyes’ supremest charm.” The Marquise de Bellevue, her godmother,

remarking upon the name given her, Félicité, said: "Ah, dear child! Felicity will not be hers. She has too much sensibility." "She was right," remarks Madame la Comtesse. "Alas! she was right."

The reader will understand that I present them with the portrait of Madame de Genlis as painted by herself. I neither attempt to heighten nor subdue its colouring. "I acquired with wonderful facility the elements of education. My brother, who was esteemed a prodigy—he had learned to read and write perfectly in six weeks—I distanced with ease. In short, and I have earned the right to say so, before I was fifteen all the mental treasures of the world were familiar to me. Weary at last of poring over the thoughts of others, profoundly imbued with a prophetic instinct, which has not deceived me, that I had faculties, divine gifts, equal to those of the greatest lights in literature; conscious, too, that by force of the harmonies of my being I was a born musician, I determined first to be actress and author. No opposition was offered to the gratification of my wishes. They were encouraged, stimulated. Private theatricals were extemporized at the château; and it was declared by competent judges that my Zaire

was equal to, if it did not surpass, Clairon's, whilst my Phèdre [Countess Stéphanie being at the time in her sixteenth year] was held to be far superior in passionate force to hers."

Madame de Genlis piously attributes her faculties, her charms, to the all-powerful Being who created her. She seems, when half out of breath in enumerating her perfections, to be always modestly ejaculating with Dogberry, "Gifts that God gives—gifts that God gives!"

The Comtesse Stéphanie, as author or authoress, was from the first eminently successful. "My pen possessed a charm unknown to myself till I was made aware of it by the ardent applause of all classes. One thing I must say in praise of myself. That which distinguished me from all other persons of a romantic imagination was, that I only in my books invented incidents which would afford me opportunity for portraying qualities of the soul which I venerated—patience, courage, presence of mind, firmness. Thus even in the reveries of my infancy there was a foundation of love of glory and virtue, which in a child must be pronounced remarkable."

It was not alone in the field of literature, of poesy, that she could repeat Cæsar's Thrasonian brag, "Veni, vidi, vici"—("I came, I saw, I

conquered"). Kate Kearney,—Lady Morgan's Kate Kearney's glance could not have been more fatal to the rash gazer than that of the Countess Stéphanie. "I was but eleven years old," she writes, "and small of my age, when I inspired the first passion—at least the first avowed passion—quite unconsciously. I even felt shocked, grieved, when a son of one Pinat, an apothecary, proclaimed a devotion which he could no longer conceal, in verses glowing with a Sappho's fire. If there were no other proof of the distraction of mind, the delirium of love, with which Louis Pinat was afflicted, it would be manifest in the fact that he had overlooked the impassable gulf which must ever separate, as to honourable relations with each other, noblemen and apothecaries." Mademoiselle Stéphanie Félicité loftily rebuked young Pinat's audacity, and advised him, since it was highly improbable he could ever be cured whilst, residing near, he had daily opportunities of seeing her, to leave that part of the country before the mischief already done was irremediable, and betake himself to some part of the world where such fatal facilities would be denied to him. "The young man," says Madame de Genlis, "yielded to my advice, and departed for Paris, where he

obtained a situation." When lovers come, it would seem from the young Countess Stéphanie Félicité's experience, they come in crowds. "A Monsieur de Mendorge, the first man," she says, "who gave me the idea of a conversation really agreeable, after hearing me sing one of his own songs, composed in my honour, and feeling, that the disparity in our ages considered, marriage was out of the question, sought safety in flight, rejoined his family—a large one—and ultimately succeeded in banishing my image from his memory." One Louvel, an avocat, was the next victim. He was a young man of great promise in his profession, but coming within the influence of Stéphanie Félicité's "soft spiritual eyes," and meeting with a peremptory refusal, first determined upon suicide, but having been educated by a pious mother, he changed his mind, and emigrated to Saint Domingo.

This irresistible syren did not herself boast of transcendent beauty, with the exception of "the brightest of brown hair, and the sweet candour of soft spiritual eyes." It must, therefore, have been her accomplishments, her wit, her conversational powers, Madame herself inclines to this opinion, which compelled

the adoration of mankind. It is true that some snarling objectors—"sceptics of a mean, malignant type"—have asserted that Madame's "conquests" as reported by herself, are stronger proofs of her imaginative powers than all her acknowledged romances put together. But it was ever thus. Envy, we all know, does merit like its shade pursue. If Venus and Minerva were to appear in the flesh, thousands would pronounce one to be plain, the other a fool. So at least says the authoress of the "Palace of Truth" and the "Siege of Rochelle." She was perhaps right. There are scores of decently-educated men of the present day who will tell you to your face that Thackeray was a sour, pretentious pump; that Dickens is destitute of genuine humour; that Miss Braddon is a mistake. *Que voulez-vous?*

The brightest of brown hair, the sweetest candour of soft spiritual eyes, did not unfortunately avail to pay interest on mortgages, liquidate butchers', bakers', wine merchants' bills. M. de St. Aubin, after some despairing struggles against adverse fate, sold his marquise and chateau to meet the demand of ravening creditors, who insolently persisted in claiming and enforcing their just debts. Finding that but about four hundred per annum remained to

him, unmarquised Monsieur de St. Aubin embarked for Saint Domingo, where he met with Louvel the avocat, whose bleeding, broken heart a successful sugar speculation had staunched and bound up. De St. Aubin himself was not so fortunate, and after a not very lengthened residence in the island, returned to Europe, not to the port of France for which he sailed. The ship in which he embarked was snapped up by the English *loups de mer*, and M. de St. Aubin found himself a prisoner in Launceston castle, Cornwall, instead of with his wife and family at Plassy, France, whither they had betaken themselves when he left St. Aubin, and were still residing.

“It was at Plassy,” says Madame de Genlis, “that I myself first became conscious of a faculty bestowed upon me by the Eternal—no question with *spécial* purpose. It was the gift of judging the soul by the face. I possessed that gift in a high degree. I knew, and told Monsieur de la Papalinère, a farmer-general, and generous patron of literature, that De Chalons, a neighbour, was a secret assassin. This a subsequent discovery confirmed. And I foretold that the Abbé de la Caste would be hanged. This was not strictly, but substantially correct. The abbé, who was

not a clergyman, was condemned to the galleys."

It would have been merciful had the fascinating Countess Stéphanie Félicité published, placarded her inexorable determination, arrived at before she had passed her fourteenth birthday, to marry only a man of quality, and attached to the Court. It might have saved the life of poor Baron de Zeolachen, Colonel of Swiss Guards, and eighty years of age, who fell so hopelessly in love with the irresistible, fascinating damsel, "that his days," records his destroyer, "were shortened,"—(surely not by many years, he being eighty when he succumbed to the sorceress,)—"were shortened by the violence of his emotions. It was better so, perhaps," adds Madame. "There is forgetfulness in the grave."

Mademoiselle Stéphanie Félicité and her mother had meanwhile removed from their dwelling at Plassy to the Convent of Les Filles du Précieux Sang. Whilst there, Mademoiselle wrote a second novel, cured the mother superior and many nuns of seemingly mortal maladies by *sirop de calabash*—a compound of her own invention—and enslaved the Baron d'Audlaw, a gentleman of unblemished descent, who could prove that not one of his long line of ancestors

had ever done anything useful or beneficial to mankind,—built a house or a ship,—written, much less printed, a book,—neither invented nor improved anything. He sent a list of this illustrious ancestry, pedigree so called, to the divine Stéphanie Félicité, accompanied by an offer of marriage. The young lady, upon whose brow the *auréole* of coming glory was daily brightening, declined the honour. “But there was balm in Gilead,” she suggested; “could he not transfer his offer and pedigree to her mother?” He did so, it being then supposed that Monsieur de St. Aubin was dead. That supposition was premature, but when, very shortly after, he returned to France, and unmistakably died a prisoner for debt in Fort l’Evêque, Madame de St. Aubin became Baroness d’Audlaw. A Monsieur de Morville, “a youthful widower of large fortune, great accomplishments, and of a noble, romantic style of beauty,” vainly struggled to resist the spell which the future Madame de Genlis cast upon him. His suit was rejected, he being neither a man of quality, nor attached to the Court. Decidedly, if the institution called Committee of Public Safety had been invented in her young days, and the members had known and acted up to their duty, Mademoiselle

Stéphanie would have been locked up,—condemned to seclusion for life !

At last we obtain a glimpse of the right man, soon to be in the right place. He is M. le Comte de Genlis, who has served in India, under Lally Tollendal, the crazy, chivalrous Irishman whom the French king beheaded—"murdered," wrote Voltaire, "with the sword of justice,"—because he had not beaten the English soldiers commanded by Sir Eyre Coote. The Count de Genlis embarked for France, but, like M. de St. Aubin, was made prisoner by the English sea-wolves, after "a desperate combat," says Madame, "in which twenty-two out of twenty-three French officers were slain, and M. de Genlis, sole survivor, received eight wounds, one of which he kept open till he was married." The last sentence is a puzzling one. It could hardly mean a wound in the heart, wounds in that region, not by soft spiritual eyes, but by a cutlass or pistol-bullet, being generally fatal.

The Count de Genlis was confined in the castle of Launceston with his future father-in-law, M. de St. Aubin. The two became intimate acquaintances, fast friends, and the young gallant captain heard much from the father's lips of the genius and accomplishments

of Mademoiselle de St. Aubin, and promised himself the pleasure of seeing her whenever he again set foot upon the soil of la belle France. Both gentlemen were liberated at about the same time, and returned to France. M. de St. Aubin to be arrested for debt, and die in Fort l'Evêque; the Count de Genlis to be raised to the rank of Colonel of Grenadiers for his gallantry in the naval action related in the "Memoires Inédits," the only record of the fight I have met with. He appears to have been in no hurry to visit the daughter of his deceased friend. Possibly the awkward fact that that friend had died a prisoner for debt had a deterrent effect. He was about to be married, moreover, to a Mademoiselle de la Motte, a lady possessed of forty thousand francs per annum.

At last the Count de Genlis did pay a visit to the convent of Les Filles du Précieux Sang; "saw, conversed with me," says Madame, "and it was immediately evident that I had obtained an irresistible ascendancy over him."

So it proved. Mademoiselle de la Motte, with her sixteen hundred pounds a year, was forgotten, repudiated, and Mademoiselle de St. Aubin was converted by Holy Church into Madame la Comtesse de Genlis.

I rather doubt that the gallant count who had married in such haste thought even earlier than is generally the case, that he need scarcely have been in such a hurry. He should have taken more time to consider. He had married a remarkably strong-minded woman— young as she was—when her daughter Caroline was born, she was barely twenty ; and that particular variety of the female genus does not, with some men, improve upon acquaintance—a deficiency of taste, no doubt, upon their parts. Still one can scarcely help sympathizing with a gallant colonel of Grenadiers, whose wife, being a capital horsewoman, was perpetually scouring the country in quest of interesting people—such as betrayed damsels, neglected geniuses, indefatigable in her inquiries as to the state and progress of education, and as if this were not enough, must study phlebotomy under the guidance of one Racine, the village barber, to perfect herself in which science by practice, she paid thirty sous to every peasant or peasantess who would allow him or herself to be bled. M. le Comte complained, and one must admit with some reason, of the frightful expense incurred by such eccentricities. He remonstrates in vain ; Madame's mission must be fulfilled.

Soon her aunt, Madame de Montesson, succeeds in inducing the aged imbecile Duc d'Orléans, the father of Egalité, grandfather of Louis Philippe, to marry her. Great glory that for Madame la Comtesse, who forthwith makes her appearance at court, and soon becomes a great favourite with Egalité and his amiable duchess. The favour of her grace does not long endure, but that of the duke was lasting, permanent. Egalité offered the office of 'governor' to his children. M. de Genlis, who had not accompanied his wife to Paris, being informed of the duke's gracious proposition, demurred thereto, and requested his wife to rejoin him in the country. She refused to do so, and they never again saw each other.

Madame de Genlis forthwith entered upon her functions as governor or governess of the Orléans children, at a salary of about five hundred pounds per annum; apartments, board, and a promise of the *cordons bleu*, when her task should be fulfilled.

That task was an onerous one, if the lady governess is to be believed. The children knew nothing—positively nothing. She writes:—"The Duc de Valois (afterwards Duc de Chartres, d'Orléans—King Louis Philippe),

the Duc de Valois, who was eight years old, was totally devoid of application. I began with a few historical lectures. He, not even affecting to listen, stretched himself, yawned, lolled back upon a sofa, and placed his feet upon the table before us." This could not be endured; the young prince was discreetly punished, and thenceforth "he quietly submitted to my firm and reasonable rule."

One of this lady's educational crotchets was that every one, no matter what their station in life, should be instructed in one or more useful trades or professions. The male scions of the Orléans family were in accordance with her theory taught gardening, carpentry, shoemaking, surgery, &c. Madame herself undertook to preside over the pharmaceutical department, which she called instructing her pupils in chemistry. The Duc de Chartres, by diligent practice with the servants of the establishment, could open a vein with tolerable dexterity, and once broke the jaw of a boy-helper in the stables who was suffering from tooth-ache by way of trying his 'prentice hand in dental surgery. It was, however, in carpentry that the future King Louis Philippe best vindicated Madame's educational theory, though his abilities as a bricklayer and builder

were far above mediocrity. Madame's success with the Duc de Chartres had but one drawback ; he became so violently attached to her as to be quite troublesome. " He attached himself passionately to me," says the Irresistible, who as of right—being as she then was the young prince's senior by more than a quarter of a century—remonstrated with him upon the absurdity of having no eyes, no ears for any one but her overpowering self, putting himself, to use Madame's not very elegant expression, " putting himself always in my pocket." It was useless to attempt moderating the ardour of De Chartres' passionate devotion. It was throwing oil upon flame. Some years subsequently, when a civic crown was awarded to the prince for having saved a man from drowning, he instantly despatched a leaf, not to his mother, sisters, or brothers, but to Madame : " for without you, what should I have been ?" That leaf the romantic Comtesse preserved with religious care. It was one of her most precious relics of the heart. The fervid attachment towards her of Egalité Duc d'Orléans, and of De Chartres, caused Madame, who was on an educational tour through France with her grown-up pupils to exclaim in her very best, most affecting manner, whilst gazing with them

upon the sculptured tomb of Diana of Poitiers, "Happy woman! She was beloved alike by father and son."

Madame, who like De Chartres, had at first hailed the Revolution—the Prince, as most of us are aware, joined the Jacobin Club—like him was fortunate enough to evade, and but just in time, its deadly clutch. He escaped to Switzerland, Madame to England, thence passed over to Belgium, and was in Hamburgh, when a message from Napoleon, then First Consul, reached her through Lavalette. The victor of Marengo, "alive to the necessity of attaching to his triumphal chariot-wheels the great intellects of France, invited me to return to Paris. I was to have an allowance of six thousand francs per annum, upon condition that I wrote something every fortnight, whether of politics, literature, morality,—anything that came into my head. I eagerly complied, for exile had become insufferable, and Napoleon acknowledged he had made an excellent bargain." As Madame had previously obtained an annuity of one thousand crowns of Caroline, Queen of Naples, "by her Orphean skill on the harp, and impassioned advocacy of monarchical principles," she was at last quite well off. The consideration which was

stipulated for by Napoleon was a mere bagatelle to a lady who boasted of having written in one short morning an article upon the censorship of the Press, by official order; the first chapter of a new novel; a *feuilleton* called "Frédale the Artist;" and an "Essay upon Sympathy," at the solicitation of her amiable friends the Misses Byrne.

Madame continued her career of glory to the end; her powers of intellect and fascination remaining as bright,—we have her own word for it, and she ought to know,—“as bright and resplendent at eighty as at eighteen!”

I must not conclude this eccentric life without transcribing an episode which throws a strong revealing light upon it. Madame shall state her own case; the commentary will be furnished by Thomas Moore, author of “Loves of the Angels.”

In the year 1787 a charming English child was received into Madame de Genlis' family circle, and educated with her princely pupils. Madame, who was an admirer of Richardson, gave her the name of Pamela. This child grew up to be a beautiful young woman, and was, being very amiable and sensitive, profoundly grateful to her benefactress.

When Madame fled, just in time, from Paris, Pamela accompanied her, remaining with her throughout her continental wanderings, and when at Hamburgh, where Madame la Comtesse received the welcome as complimentary message from Napoleon, the charming Pamela attracted the notice and subjugated the heart of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the unfortunate Irish patriot in Milesian estimation, an audacious rebel in the English vocabulary.

Lord Edward, finding himself hopelessly enthralled by the divine Pamela, formally offered her his hand in marriage. This was a great catch for the young lady, a second edition of "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded."

The young lady was quite willing, and her kind, judicious preceptress accepted the homage for her *protégée* of so distinguished a nobleman, upon one condition, that the consent in writing of the Duchess of Leinster to the marriage should be first obtained. This, after some delay *was* obtained, and the wedding took place in Hamburgh. In the marriage register the bride is called "Citoyenne Anne Caroline Stéphanie Félicité Sims, daughter of William De Brixey." Immediately after the ceremony the happy pair set out for Dublin.

The early history of the interesting Pamela

is circumstantially set forth by Madame la Comtesse in one of her books." The pretty story is thus told:—

Pamela's father, whose name was Seymour, married in the city of Christchurch, Hampshire, one Mary Sims, with whom he embarked for a place called Fogo, in Newfoundland, where Pamela was born and baptized Anne, after her maternal grandmother. Seymour died, and the widow with her child returned to Christchurch, and there by a happy concatenation of circumstances happened to be M. Forth, an agent of the Duke of Orleans, specially commissioned by his royal highness to procure him a pretty English girl-child. M. Forth was struck with the beauty of the infant Pamela; a negotiation ensued, and Madame Seymour, *née* Sims, parted with her child for a handsome consideration. M. Forth brought her to Paris, and Madame de Genlis, with the tender generosity which distinguished her, agreed to superintend her education. As she advanced in years, beauty, and goodness, she became more and more attached to, and beloved by, Madame la Comtesse, who at last became alarmed lest the mother should reclaim her. "I consulted several eminent jurisconsults," writes Madame,

"and was advised that the only mode by which I could legally secure possession of one whom to part with would have been death to both of us, was by inducing the widow 'Sims' (*sic*) to apprentice her daughter to Madame de Genlis, for the whole term of Pamela's or Anne's minority. This was done," says Madame, "in a legal form. The mother was cited before the *grand banc*, then presided over by the *grand juge*, Lord Mansfield; the mother and Lord Mansfield signed the indenture of apprenticeship, and Pamela could no longer be torn from me."

This farrago of absurdities could hardly have been that which imposed upon Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the Duchess of Leinster. Pamela's father, as we have seen, was set down in the marriage register as William de Brixey,—not Seymour or Sims. The commentary of Thomas Moore in his *Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, is pithily expressed:—"The indisputable truth is, that Pamela was the daughter of Madame de Genlis by the Duc d'Orléans."

Madame la Comtesse continued to live a pleasant life in Paris. She was the adviser and confidante of the successive consular, imperial,

royal governments,—“but unhappily,” she sadly remarks, “my counsel, the result of profound study of the actual situation—study undisturbed by passion—was not always followed. Hence, the catastrophe of Moscow,—the July barricades! Napoleon and Charles X. were wise •too late. Had either permitted himself to be implicitly guided by me, all would have been well.”

This omniscient, if not exactly immaculate, lady died in her eighty-fourth year, on the 31st of December, 1830, a few months only after her distinguished pupil, Louis Philippe, “who without her would have been nothing,” leapt from the barricades into the throne vacated by Charles X.

The Lady-Witch.

THE curious story of the Lady Morris, once held in Doncaster and the country-side for miles around to be gospel-truth, but for the last century pooh pooh'd even then into oblivion, must have had a strong foundation of truth. Internal and external evidence seem to prove that. The lady, it may be admitted, was a magician, but hers was natural magic—the magic of singular beauty, combined with an astute, unscrupulous intellect; and her moral or immoral husbandry found an exhaustless field for its exercise in the ever-fruitful soil of human weakness and credulity. The success of the Lady-Witch, like that of Joseph Balsamo, is easily enough accounted for without the attribution of supernatural functions. It seems pretty clear that the only mesmeric influence, in which I have any faith—that which flashes from the dark, liquid, penetrative eyes of a beautiful woman, revealing by its dazzling light unfathomable depths—was with her a very potent instrument of power.

Helen Royston was born in a cottage situate in the environs of Doncaster, and distant a few miles only from that city. Her mother died when she was still an infant (1653), and her father, once one of Cromwell's world-famous troopers—"Valiant-for-Truth Royston" was his military *sobriquet*—after the "crowning mercy" at Naseby, where he was severely wounded, settled down for the remainder of his days near his native city; married; had one daughter, Helen; followed his loving and beloved partner to the grave; and thenceforward the stern practical man of war came gradually to be a dreamer of dreams. The near approach of the period when Satan should be bound for a thousand years—which he had once as firmly believed in as that it was his duty to smite the ungodly, hip and thigh, and spare not—faded from the tablet of his creed. He ceased to believe in the Millennium. At all events he ceased to hope that it would dawn upon a sinful world in his own lifetime—that is, if that lifetime could not be indefinitely prolonged. The hazy speculations of the veteran took that direction, and like hundreds of other alchemaic visionaries, diligently set himself to the study of the science taught by the adepts conversant with

the doctrines taught by the brethren of the Rosy Cross. In other words, he devoted himself to the discovery of the Elixir of Life—the manufacture of gold from the basest metals ; his dazzling reward, perennial life ; inexhaustible riches !

We need not follow John Royston through the mazes of a dream from which he never awoke, dying as he did at the very moment when for the thousandth time he believed that the hour of supreme success was about to strike.

Royston inherited a modest income, partly terminable with his life, more than sufficient for his own and daughter's needs. He had also skill in pharmacy, was acquainted with the qualities of herbs and other simple medicaments. These, in many cases—some pronounced incurable by orthodox practitioners, were administered with great success. His daughter, as she grew up in strength, remarkable intelligence, and rare beauty, took this good Samaritan work into her own hands. She acquired a strange influence over her patients. The most fractious, obstinate and wayward, were subdued in her presence as by an irresistible spell. Some muttered to themselves or each other that she had "an evil eye," and that though she cured persons for the time, it was

only to make them her bond-slaves, and that when the time came they would be made to feel the yoke of slavery to which, by having recourse to her, they had subjected themselves.

No fable was too gross for general acceptance in those days and, sooth to say, the present day, in many and many a rural district of enlightened England. The old Cromwellian and his beautiful daughter, burrowing in such strange seclusion, were believed by hundreds of men and women, who, in the ordinary affairs of the world, had their heads screwed on right, to be wizard and witch; and that, though apparently kind and charitable, their alms-deeds and medicaments were but devils' gifts, which would have to be repaid with hellish usury one day, no one knows how soon. One thing was certain—neither the father nor daughter ever went to church. This would, of course, be the case, orthodox Church of England services being alone tolerated. It was not likely that "Valiant-for-Truth" Royston would join a prelatric Church of which Charles I. was the first martyr, or encourage his daughter to do so.

The old man died dreaming, as I have said, of the immediate realization of his Rosicrucian visions. Helen shut herself up in strict privacy

for a while, during which time her keen, ambitious intellect was casting about to discover the true means by which gold could be extracted from inferior substances.

By and by, it was known that the lady-witch might be again consulted, and it was given out that she not only cured paralytic and otherwise diseased men and women by charms and spells, but that she could tell the future as well as the past of every one's life ; and that any one who should incur her enmity was doomed to destruction. Helen Royston had a singularly melodious voice, and would sometimes of a moonlight night betake herself to a sort of arbour not many yards distant from a tiny lake near the cottage, where her father had kept several swans ; and, herself concealed, warble forth snatches of delicious song. The singer being invisible, it came to be at last an article of popular faith that on certain moonlight nights Helen Royston assumed the shape of a swan, for some purpose certainly not heavenly, and known only to herself and the Evil One !

Suddenly an epidemic spread amongst the horses about the neighbourhood ; scores died ; veterinary skill was powerless to arrest the destruction going on, and horse-doctors whis-

pered solemn hints that the lady-witch was at the bottom of the sad business. Had not old Gaffer Hunsbridge, in whose stables the disease had first broken forth, quarrelled with and, being drunk, cursed her,—otherwise he would no more have durst do so than have taken a lion by the beard,—for allowing or setting on, as he said, the huge savage mastiff, without which animal she never left the cottage, to worry a favourite pup of his? There could be no doubt about it; and was she, because she was a lady-witch,—that is, dressed finely, and was beautiful—a device of the devil that too—to escape the well-merited fate which coarse and ugly witches had righteously undergone?

Certainly not. Still the most furious held back when it was proposed to convert intent into action. At last, the epidemic not ceasing, a professional witch-finder was summoned to the rescue; a kind of minor Hopkins, of the name of Stubbs. He had no scruples; and backed by a mob, the young lady-witch was seized, and, spite of the furious resistance of the mastiff, who lost his life in the vain attempt to defend his mistress, would have been subjected to the ordeal by water, in the

tiny lake where she had so often appeared in the semblance of a swan, but for the sudden appearance upon the spot of Arthur Morris and a number of college youths, who, like him, were at home for the vacation. Arthur Morris was the youngest son of the lord of the manor, and had been more than once seen sidling along with the lady-witch in her wood-walks. The interference of Arthur Morris and his friends was decisive. Stubbs, "whose heart was well in his work," angrily remonstrated, assuring Arthur Morris and his friends that whoever interfered by force in favour of a witch would certainly pine away and die before the year had passed.

The lady-witch was rescued and restored to her home, and the witch-finder's prophecy was realized so far as regarded Arthur Morris. He was the shadow of Helen Royston whenever she appeared abroad, and made some excuse for not returning to Cambridge, when he should have done so. He was not, however, it seemed, a favourite with the fair witch who held him in thrall; so Arthur Morris gradually pined away and died. At the last hour, or nearly so, of his life, the dying son prevailed upon his father, Sir Richard Morris, to send for the lady-witch, for whom the baronet

felt almost as superstitious a repugnance as did the stupidest of the boors upon his estate.

There was no end to the stories related of the mischievous marvels performed by the beguiling lady—her supernatural reputation being no doubt much heightened by the eccentric vagaries in which she delighted to indulge. I have no space to reproduce the many curious anecdotes circulated respecting her.

At last another victim was about to be offered up to the syren's infernal arts. Richard, eldest son of Sir Richard Morris, the brother of Arthur, had fallen under the spell. He, like that unfortunate, might be seen wandering about the woods and meadows with the beautiful witch. Sir Richard was warned. He hastened at once from London, instantly took his infatuated son into strict custody—at his own manor-house, of course—and consulted his brother magistrates as to how a person who habitually conducted herself in such an altogether out-of-the-way fashion, had, it could be proved, ruined the health, destroyed the peace of mind of several very estimable young men, and caused a pestilence amongst the cattle for miles around, should be dealt with.

There were, it would seem, long and grave

consultations, without producing any decided result. The stories told of the fair witch—her incantations, her flight across the lake, when, in the shape of a swan, she received a full charge of shot from the gun of a sportsman, screaming as she flew, and that in consequence of the wound she could not appear out for many days—broke down, even in the hazy estimation of the Doncaster Solomons. At last Sir Richard, it was reported, had determined to take the matter into his own hands, and no doubt justice would be done. The lady had been summoned to the manor-house, that was positive, for several persons had seen her enter therein. Judgment would no doubt be speedily pronounced by Sir Richard. The expectation was verified, and speedily. “It is all settled,” said one of Sir Richard’s deerkeepers, entering a hostelry one evening. “The lady-witch won’t trouble any of us much longer——”

“Hurrah!”

“Won’t trouble any of us much longer: ’cause why? She be gwine to be married right out of hand to Sir Richard’s eldest son! Talk of witches, I say. Whe-e-w!”

A Descendant of Owen Glendower.

I do not vouch for the authenticity of the genealogy claimed by David Ap Jones Ap Owen, sometime of Glamorganshire, Wales, and now, as reported, a saint of respectable standing, second or third only in authority and distinction to the great Brigham Young himself. Whether David Ap Jones Ap Owen really was, as he asserts, lineally descended from the warlike Welshman, at whose birth the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, who could call spirits from the vasty deep, but which spirits, if we may believe sceptical Hotspur, did not as a rule come at his call—David Ap Jones was certainly heir apparent, whilst only six years old, to a pretty estate in the vicinity of Glamorgan, his widowed mother having died soon after her beloved, wayward boy had passed his sixth birthday. He moreover inherited shares in coal and iron mines, and was thought to be heir to a nett rental of something like two thousand pounds a year—not to speak of the accumulations, judiciously invested by

his guardians, two highly respected Welsh notabilities, which he would come into possession of on the day he attained his majority. Blessed moreover with health, strength, fine animal spirits, and a handsome person, David Ap Jones was assuredly, could he have thought so, one of the luckiest fellows upon the face of the earth. The genealogy, reaching up to Glendower, might be, and probably was, moonshine; but the estate and mining shares were substantial verities, in the title to which the most critical and jaundiced antiquary in creation could detect no flaw. Fortunate youth!

Fortunate, do you say? David Ap Jones would have replied, whilst yet but sixteen—"a disputatious lad, from his youth upwards," swore one of his guardians in an affidavit filed for a certain purpose, to be presently mentioned, in the High Court of Chancery. "Fortunate, do you say? No, I am a robber, sir. The arrangements of society are most absurd, and I am one of its absurdest illustrations. What right, what possible right can I have to the property which the unsocial law will give me in a few years? None whatever. A new gospel is being preached upon the earth, and its apostle is Robert Owen."

In sober sadness, this descendant of Owen Glendower—*that* now was a distinction of

which he might be legitimately proud—was an enthusiastic adherent at a very early age to the social theories of amiable, crack-brained Robert Owen. He was endowed with fine qualities—brave, unselfish, generous—a heart open as day to melting charity; but all of which merits, in the eyes of his matter-of-fact friends and relatives, were marred by his ridiculous notions of social equality, equally divided parallelograms, and the like subversive nonsense.

Once, it would seem, in or about 1825-6, his friends had hopes of him. His fancy was caught by the charms of a young lady whom he met with at a county ball at Shrewsbury. A new light dawned upon him as to the expediency of sharing everything with everybody. He would have no partnership in the divine Miss ——. Certainly not. He proposed for the lady's hand—was conditionally accepted; meaning that he might hope to lead the enchantress to the hymeneal altar, if after due inquiries and wary negotiations the "settlements" could be satisfactorily arranged. This, to such a young gentleman as Owen Glendower's Owenised descendant, must have been altogether distasteful, disgusting. But he reflected that the peerless divinity herself could have had no voice in the initiation of such

a slave-mart bargain : he would appeal direct to her. Love in a parallelogram would more than suffice for him ; and no doubt the same sublimity of sentiment animated the gentle bosom of his beloved. Influenced by that conviction or feeling, David Ap Jones, Esquire, of Glendower Hall, Glamorganshire, penned the following missive, which subsequently formed one of the grounds of a petition to the Court of Chancery from his relatives, either to order a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, or at least to issue an injunction to restrain him from making over a fine property which had been in the Ap Jones Ap Owen family, for thirty descents, to social swindlers, or dreamers—the petitioners inclining for choice to the stronger designation. Such was the malignity of the old immoral world, as seen through socialist spectacles ! In this particular instance, however, that malignity was foiled by Lord Chancellor Eldon, who, after much less doubting than he was wont to indulge in, dismissed the petition *in re* David Ap Jones Ap Owen. The following is a copy of the letter :—

“DEAREST, — The fluttering delight with which I read your brief, charming though brief, note in answer to the letter I addressed

to you, no words of mine could express. Angel of my life ! every hour of that life shall be devoted to promote, ensure your happiness.

But, as sometimes happens at the brightest noon of a summer's day, an envious chilling cloud shadows and glooms the splendour and warmth of the genial day, so has a letter from Mr. —, your esteemed, well-meaning guardian, obscured, chilled the sunshine of soul kindled by your smiles. He talks of 'settlements.' I am to tie up estates, which but a few weeks since I came into legal possession of, for supposititious heirs : other conditions are mentioned, the sordid air of which could only be proposed by a gentleman whose natural goodness of heart has been perverted by the doctrines of a false immoral civilization, which doctrines or dogmas, I feel certain, cannot harmonize with the philanthropic sentiments of my adored Emily.

"I will, however, to prevent the possibility of misapprehension, be entirely candid with you upon this matter. Candour, openness of speech, is indeed a necessity of my nature, for which I claim no merit, being, as we all are, formed by the force of circumstances and education.

"I hold as an indisputable fact that I have no right, no moral right, to a larger portion of the earth or the earth's fruits than an equal share

with my fellow men and women. I intend, consequently, to hold the property which the old immoral law calls mine, in strict trust for the general uses of the community, and am now in communication with the venerable apostle of a new gospel of peace and harmony, Robert Owen, as to how the property at my disposal may be best invested in order to contribute, as far as it goes, to the general benefit of the human race—the community dwelling in this principality to be first considered.

“This declaration of a fixed principle, which nothing can shake or weaken, may, I fear, shock in some degree, I trust in a very slight degree, the natural prejudices which an erroneous system of moral polity may, by education, have engendered in your mind. I shall not therefore object—and I am certain that the Gamaliel without guile, whose reverent disciple I am proud to avow myself, would approve of the proposal—to settle upon you for our exclusive use, so long as you may deem it right to avail yourself thereof, three hundred pounds per annum. Beyond this my conscience would not permit me to go. Waiting with ardent impatience for a reassuring word from you, I am, with my whole heart,

Your devoted lover,

DAVID AP JONES AP OWEN.”

In the Chancery proceedings the young lady's reply is not set forth. She was, there can be little question, alike mystified, angry, and indignant. Three hundred a year! Preposterous! She, too, who might, by a smile, bring Sir —, one of the wealthiest magnates of Wales, to her feet. Not, perhaps, so handsome—certainly not so young, as David 'Ap Jones Ap Owen; but having an uncracked brain, at all events, and a clear rental of twice the amount of that which David Ap Jones was going to toss to a lot of Bedlamites to scramble for. Three hundred a year! Absurd! It would scarcely do more than find her in gloves.

I take the foregoing to be a pretty accurate guess at beloved Emily's soliloquy, basing that guess upon the fact that the lady's guardian promptly replied on behalf of his ward as well as himself to the "preposterous" letter of the eccentric descendant of Owen Glendower, respectfully declining an alliance with a gentleman infected by such levelling, outrageous principles.

David Ap Jones forthwith fled from his ancestral demesne, spite of the dissuasion of his best friends, amongst them a well-known M.P. for a Welsh county, betook himself to London, where he consorted, in all innocence

of heart, with the chiefs of the Socialist fraternity, and was seen, so his relatives alleged, engaged as a salesman in a bazaar at or near King's Cross, opened under the auspices of Robert Owen, of Lanark, and closed under an execution for rent.

David Ap Jones was far from being cured by that catastrophe of his "old corrupt world despising" opinions. His vagaries, however, did not run in a straight line,—I suppose vagaries seldom do,—and he diverged from King's Cross to some amateur theatrical concern, carried on in what is now Wellington Street, Covent Garden; played Romeo, Hamlet, and all the topping characters; but had not, it seemed, hit upon his true vocation. Certainly, he had the gift of genius, inventive genius, if it be true that he wrote a fictitious narrative, which attracted much attention at the time, purporting to be the actual experiences of a young man from the country, who had been buried alive by the falling in of the roof of the Brunswick Theatre.

It was written, unquestionably, with much graphic power, and I am inclined to believe that the damsel therein mentioned was no mythic personage, but the Rosina Kendall, a pretty and amiable milliner-girl, ambitious of

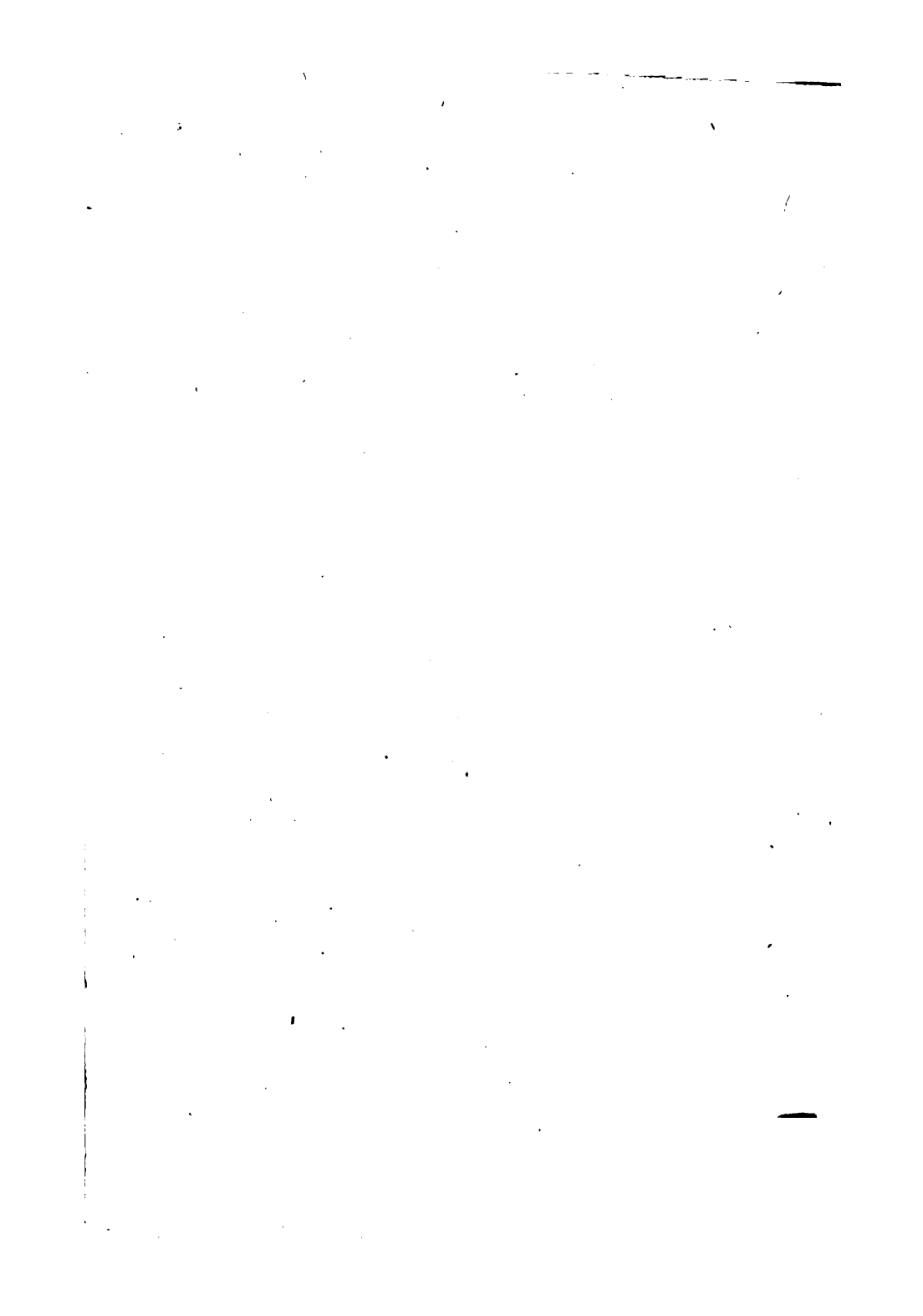
stage distinction, whom the heir of Owen Glendower ultimately married, and with whom he lived in tamed-down contentment somewhere in Devonshire. His wife died,—whether she was Rosina Kendall or not, but there is very little doubt about that—and three children, all they had, followed her in quick succession to the grave.

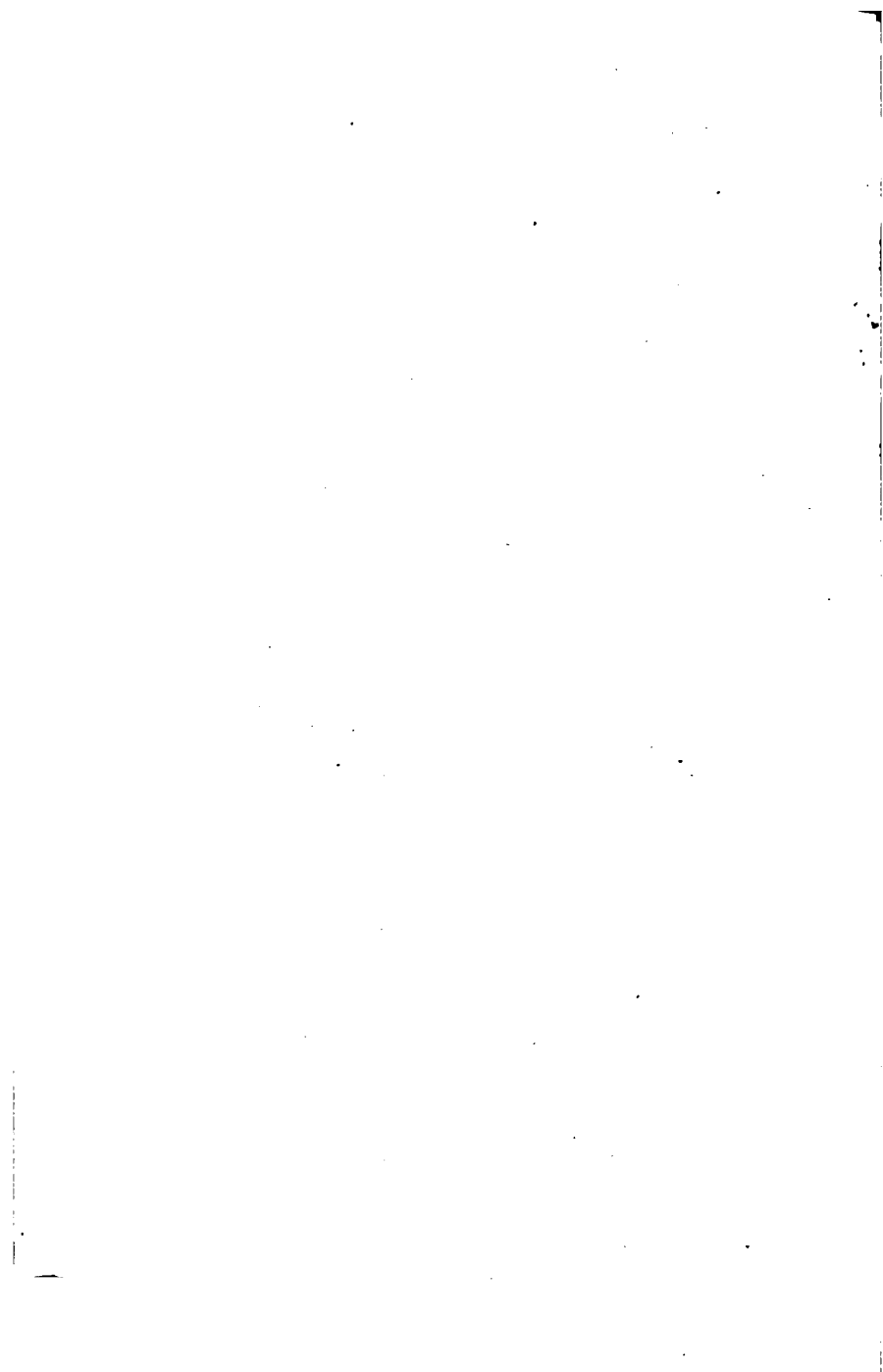
David Ap Jones Ap Owen had not yet made away with the bulk of his patrimony, and appears to have contemplated returning to the old corrupt world, in accordance with the advice of the M.P. before spoken of, who had never lost sight of him. There was blood relationship between them, and blood, we all know, is thicker than water; especially so in Wales, and amongst all Celtic nations.

Unfortunately, judging from my own standing point, some Mormon itinerants made the acquaintance of Owen Glendower's lineal descendant. Their theories seemed to harmonize with those which had been the dreams of his youth. Joe Smith and his golden book were swallowed by the neophyte, and in defiance of the reasoning and efforts of his friendly relatives, who again vainly essayed to invoke the restraining power of the law, David Ap Jones Ap Owen, the descendant of an ancient family,

if not of the half-mythic Glendower, sold his paternal estate, and, on the 21st of September, 1846, embarked at Liverpool, in the *Baltimore* liner, for New York, with the avowed intention of joining the community of Mormons. He realized that purpose, — became, and still, it is said, remains the confidential friend and adviser of Brigham Young. He sustained the hardships of the exodus with the people he had joined, till they found at least a temporary resting-place for the soles of their feet at Utah, on the Salt Lake, and as previously stated, is there, says report, second only in authority to the arch-impostor, Brigham Young. A melancholy catastrophe for such a man, who, no one can deny, was possessed of gifts, both mental and physical, which, under proper guidance and discipline, might have assured him a high social position in his native land.

THE END.







the 1990s, the number of people with a mental health problem has increased by 50% (Mental Health Foundation 2000).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the needs of people with mental health problems in the community. The Department of Health (2000) has set out a vision for the future of mental health services, which includes a focus on preventing mental health problems, supporting people with mental health problems in the community, and providing specialist services for people with severe mental health problems. The Department of Health (2000) also states that the future of mental health services should be based on a partnership between the NHS, local authorities, and the voluntary sector.

One of the key challenges facing mental health services is how to provide support to people with mental health problems in the community. This is a complex task, as people with mental health problems have a wide range of needs. Some people may need support with their medication, while others may need support with their housing or employment. Some people may need support with their social relationships, while others may need support with their self-esteem.

One of the ways in which mental health services can provide support to people with mental health problems in the community is through the use of community mental health teams. These teams are made up of a range of professionals, including psychiatrists, psychologists, nurses, and social workers. They work together to provide a range of services to people with mental health problems, including assessment, diagnosis, treatment, and support.

Community mental health teams can provide a range of services to people with mental health problems in the community. They can provide support with medication, housing, employment, and social relationships. They can also provide support with self-esteem and help people to develop coping strategies. Community mental health teams can also provide a range of other services, such as crisis support, day care, and residential care.

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